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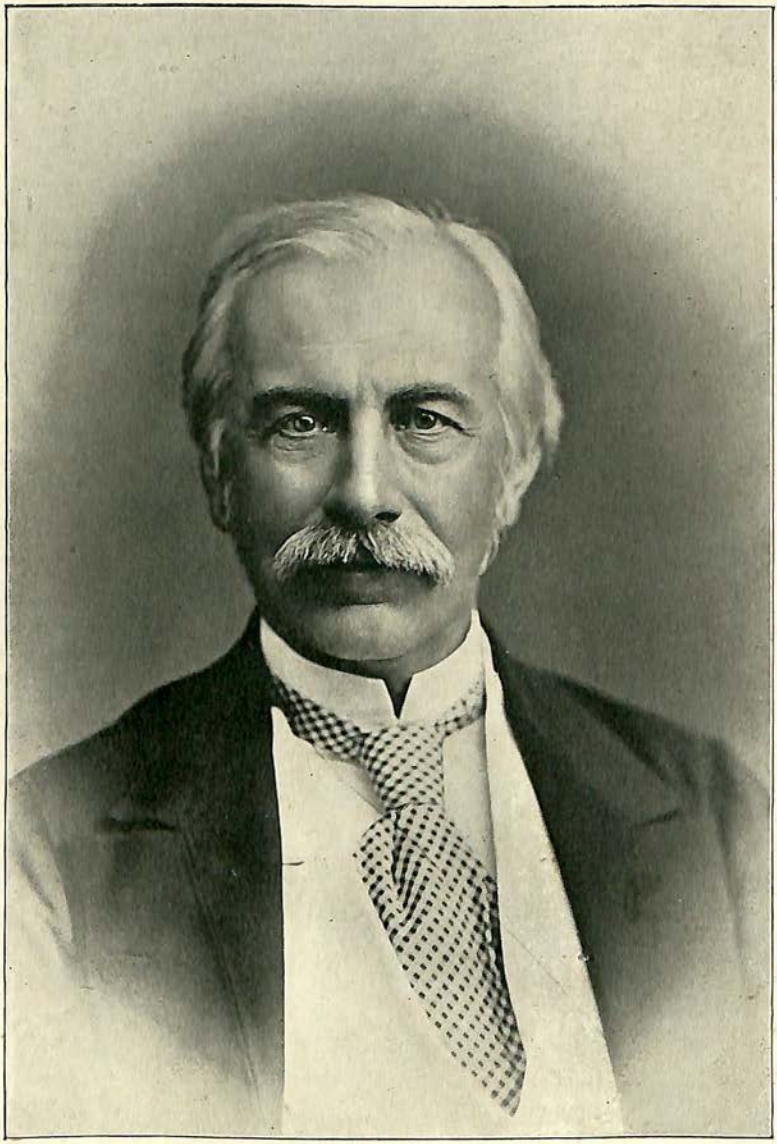
SOUTH AFRICA

'Hail! snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand,
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,
Of Empire to the northward: aye, one land
From Lion's head to Line!'

RUDYARD KIPLING



SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART., G.C.B., F.R.S.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

SOUTH AFRICA

PAST AND PRESENT

AN ACCOUNT OF ITS HISTORY, POLITICS AND NATIVE AFFAIRS

FOLLOWED BY

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AFRICAN TRAVEL DURING THE CRISIS PRECEDING THE WAR

BY

VIOLET R. MARKHAM

36661 ac

'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge'

WITH PORTRAITS AND HISTORICAL CHART

WW-a-46

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1900

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TO

MY MOTHER

PREFACE

So many books have been written recently on the African question, that perhaps some apology is necessary for my venturing to add yet another volume to the already large literature connected with the country.

Owing to a breakdown in health I happened to be travelling in South Africa last year during the months of crisis immediately preceding the war. I had no intention at that time of writing a book; in fact the remarks of my Cape friends anent English visitors and their volumes of 'African Experiences' still ring warningly in my ear now that I have succumbed to a similar temptation. On the other hand, the newcomer, without personal ties or interests in a country, who listens turn by turn to all opinions, and is brought in contact with every class of society, may perhaps learn more about the problems of such a land than seems possible at first sight to the resident. While travelling from place to place in South Africa I had

the advantage of becoming acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, both Dutch and English, and consequently I heard the Transvaal difficulty discussed from the most diverse points of view. On returning to England, the controversy, which I found had been created by the war, led me to think that a sketch of South African history dealing with the antecedents of the present struggle might be of interest to readers who have had no time to study the racial dispute in its earlier phases. I have endeavoured in the following pages to draw attention to various historical incidents which are worthy of notice, and also to certain political forces and sentiments which have operated and are still operating in the land. The native question is dealt with in a separate section; and in view of the large number of people at present interested in different South African localities, a few descriptions of the scenery and the principal towns may not be unacceptable.

As regards references, I am primarily indebted to the valuable writings of Mr. Theal for the early historical data in Part I, and also to Mr. Bryce, Mr. Noble, Mr. Martineau, Mr. Russell, Mr. FitzPatrick, Mr. Garrett Fisher, and many others, for information derived from their works. The help given me by my brother Arthur, in chapter xviii, is referred to at that

place. My best thanks are due to Mr. Stanford, C.M.G., of Cape Town, and Dr. Roberts, of Lovedale, for much kindness and many statistics regarding native affairs. Last, but not least, I should like once again to express my warm gratitude to many friends, both Dutch and English, for the unfailing help and hospitality I received from them. Their kindness robbed a new country of its strangeness, and rendered my stay within its borders an experience, not only interesting and pleasant, but one which will never be forgotten.

V. R. M.

April 1900.

*** Portions of Chapters XIV., XVII., XIX., and XX. have appeared in the 'Sheffield Daily Telegraph,' and I tender my thanks to the editor for his kind permission to republish this material.

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1652–1900

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PART I.

A SKETCH OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY

1652–1900

CHAPTER I.

ENGLISH AND DUTCH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE are few histories more depressing to study than that of South Africa. It is the history of a racial struggle, and of all struggles those connected with race call forth the maximum of bitterness and the minimum of wise and generous feeling.

The records of South Africa unfold the story of the origin, rise, and climax of a struggle for supremacy between two closely allied branches of the great Teutonic family. That similarity of character which marks both English and Dutch is perhaps the most deplorable feature in the whole controversy. By every natural law, two peoples so akin should long since have been fused into one race with common aims and ideals. The incompatibility of temperament existing between the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt, the Teuton and the Gaul, was no obstacle in their case. But when relations quarrel, they quarrel proverbially with greater bitterness than friends. The differences between the Dutch and the English have been rendered more acute by the similar stubborn uncompromising spirit each has brought to bear on the struggle. Thus it has happened that a series of lamentable mistakes has reached a still more lamentable climax to-day. Amid the clash of arms it is hard to reason calmly as to the origin of the strife now raging in South Africa, and yet such an

examination at a time like the present is the duty of every Englishman. The hour must shortly come when we shall be called upon to raise a new South Africa on the ruins of the old. When that hour arrives, a knowledge of where our failures have lain in the past will be of the utmost importance in devising a scheme for the future. The prejudices and sentiments strongly aroused by such a struggle as the present will be stumbling-blocks in the way. They have been stumbling-blocks in the past, and we should look to it that they do not fulfil that mission in the future. In the struggle which has arisen between them, neither race is free from blame. Both have signally failed from time to time in their relations and their duties towards each other. The future of South Africa will be no easy problem, but one which under the most favourable conditions will tax for many years to come the tact and governing qualities of her rulers. We have made grave mistakes in the past, and the mortgages on our national honour must be redeemed with wisdom and discretion.

It is impossible to look back on the history of British rule in South Africa, during the present century, without feelings of shame and wonder. The reader asks himself in amazement by what fatality the same race which built up, under enormous difficulties, empires such as Canada and India—to say nothing of Australia—should have failed from time to time in elementary statesmanship when dealing with South Africa. The English have been called upon to face in other quarters of the globe, and have faced victoriously, those same problems of dual nationalities, and of alien races living in close juxtaposition, confronting them at the Cape. The hardest and most humiliating admission which has to be made about our legislative mistakes in

South Africa is that little or no valid excuse exists for them. Canada, for example, presented the difficulties of a dual race in an infinitely more complex form than any which existed in South Africa. Those difficulties in her case were further augmented by that most disturbing of all factors, difference of creed. And yet in Canada these problems have been successfully solved, and there is no jewel in the English Crown to-day which shines with a truer light of loyalty and devotion than the one which represents Our Lady of the Snows. In India difficulties of another class have been attacked and conquered in a manner which has made the organisation of the Indian dependency a by-word for legislative ability. In Australia and New Zealand the old race has spread itself out over a new land, displaying afresh in the Southern Hemisphere all the vigour and energy which have marked its history in the Northern. In these countries and in many other smaller possessions we see that colonial genius on which the Anglo-Saxon race legitimately prides itself working out its destiny in a manner which has astonished the world at large. When other European nations, who have lagged behind in the race, question us as to the secret of this success, we point to our political adaptability, to our careful study of local conditions, to the governing methods which have been evolved little by little to suit the needs of each individual country and race. Perhaps it is only in the fitness of things that the reverse of the medal should exist somewhere. It exists in South Africa.

The Cape may be called the hair shirt of an empire whose outer garment is one of splendour and power. At the Cape it is as though some spirit of perverseness had take possession of its administrators. Any study of its history leaves the pained impression that, as

though to hold up a sort of inverse colonial object-lesson, England had gone back in this land on those principles which established her greatness in other countries. A careful study of local conditions has always been a feature of British colonial rule. It has not been made in South Africa. To conciliate local prejudices and opinion has also been an axiom in the government of Greater Britain. That spirit of conciliation was ignored at the Cape. England claims with pride that she bids her finest sons go forth to administrative labours under alien skies, and that her sons obey the mandate. In South Africa the Governors, with three or four exceptions, were not men of any distinction. Few things are more striking in South African history than the paucity of first-class names connected with it. Admiral Suffren, who frustrated Commodore Johnstone's attack on the Cape in 1781, is the only celebrity who intervened during the eighteenth century. 'Grey I know, and Frere I know; but who are ye?' is the query which involuntarily rises to the mind on glancing at the long list of British Governors. These Peregrine Maitlands, Henry Pottingers, Lowry Coles, and others, who are they? What were their qualifications for assuming the onerous and difficult burden of British rule in South Africa? Men of the stamp sent to Canada and India were never spared to the Cape. Any scion of a noble house, any military officer in want of a post was apparently allowed to govern Africa. That the complicated and difficult questions arising from the affairs of natives and Dutch required administrative capacity equal to that demanded by the affairs of India, was an idea which never troubled the head of any Secretary of State who happened to be in office.

Africa has suffered from the lack of trained intelligence in her administration, from the lack of a policy first carefully studied and then consistently carried out. There have been no South African specialists, no body of men trained to examine the difficult problems of the country and report thereon to the British Government. When once or twice—by accident, so to speak—a first-rate man was found who clearly foresaw that trouble must follow the popular policy of drift, he was invariably recalled and discredited. I have said that the Cape Governors as a whole strike the reader as a mediocre body of men. To this assertion there are two brilliant and two praiseworthy exceptions. Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere are men whose reputations are established all over the English-speaking world. Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Sir Harry Smith were sound capable administrators who did excellent work in South Africa. Each of these men in turn saw his efforts thwarted and overthrown by the action of the Home Government. The Governor on the spot whose opinions and methods differed from those of the Secretary of State 6,000 miles away was recalled under a cloud, and replaced by a more facile instrument.

The history of South Africa is not a creditable record for a great people. It is discreditable because the shortsightedness which has been its bane arose frequently from selfish motives. We took the Cape as a halfway-house to India, and having furnished the basement, so to speak, we were content to let the upper stories go to rack and ruin. South Africa was the Cinderella of the Colonies. It was a poor country, a difficult country to administer, and Downing Street found its population, both Dutch and Kaffir, awkward people to manage. So

every attempt was made to restrict the British dominion. We failed to grasp that, having annexed the coastline, our responsibilities could not end there. We were reluctant to take up the white man's burden and rule the land, and because we refused to do so trouble arose. A larger, a more generous recognition of our duties in the past would have averted the unhappy strife of to-day. The burden—and it is no light one—of an Imperial race has been laid upon the British people. It is their fate and their mission to govern, and for that burden they must fit themselves. We cannot hope to cast it from us so long as we remain a nation. The policy of evasion is the policy which after long years has been paid for at so terrible a cost of life and suffering. The keynote of South African history is retribution following a shirking of responsibility. 'I have never been able to discover any principle in our policy in South Africa except that of giving way whenever opposition or trouble is encountered,' writes Sir Bartle Frere with fatal truth. Because the country was a poor country, therefore it was not worth our while to carry the *Pax Britannica* to those remote districts for which nevertheless we had become responsible. To read South African history is to wonder why such things should have been.

It would be unfair, however, to lay the blame at the door of any one particular Minister or Ministry. The people of England are not scatheless in the matter. They too must bear their share of responsibility for the troubles which have arisen. A ministry is, after all, but the reflection of popular feeling. The nation at large was apathetic about South Africa. Other colonies went on smoothly; therefore the Cape sooner or later would do the same. Certainly it was not worth

troubling about. The whole question was thus ignored by the people in a light-hearted way, and there was not the healthy corrective of public interest to mitigate that spirit of red-tapeism and self-sufficiency at all times too characteristic of Downing Street. Had popular feeling in the affairs of South Africa been roused at an earlier date, many mistakes might have been avoided. The country would not have become a mere shuttlecock of party with a policy to be tossed hither and thither as the prejudices or sentiments of an electioneering campaign demanded. A more awakened public interest at home would have led to greater attention being paid to those local conditions which were ignored with such fatal results.

Again, it is necessary to remember the feeling which characterised the old colonial school. A thoroughly fatalistic spirit existed in the early decades of the nineteenth century as regards Greater Britain. The shock of the American secession was still felt. Turgot's doctrine that 'colonies are like fruits which cling to the tree only till they ripen' was the accepted axiom of most statesmen. The old idea that colonies existed as a source of profit for the mother country had passed away. America had rudely shattered that theory once and for all. The new imperialistic idea that they are but extensions and part of the mother country had not yet arisen. South Africa, unluckily for herself, became a portion of the Empire at an unfavourable moment. During the years immediately following the annexation little heed was paid to these far-distant possessions, the independence of which, sooner or later, was looked upon as inevitable. Things have changed for the better since then. The heyday of the Manchester school, when Mr. Disraeli could speak of 'those wretched

colonies hanging like a millstone round our neck,' has happily passed away, and the colonial policy resulting from such a spirit in high quarters has been replaced by juster views as regards our possessions and responsibilities.

The rapid advance of civilisation; newspapers, electricity, and swift mail steamers—all these causes operated to knit together the Great and the Greater Britain. The practical annihilation of distance led to new and popular interests arising in these far-off lands. The ideal of Unity throughout the English-speaking world took stronger and stronger hold on the imagination of the Anglo-Saxon race. Fresh vigour was poured into colonial affairs; feelings of pride and kinship had been awakened, and Africa, thanks to the discovery of her mineral wealth, had come to occupy a prominent position in the world. All things were changed and wholly for the better.

But that inexorable judgment following the sins of the fathers had yet to fall upon the country. South Africa still labours under the bitter heritage of past mistakes. It is as true to-day as it was in the time of the old Hebrew prophet, that 'the fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth have been set on edge.' Changed methods of government and full redress of grievances could not undo the evils of former days. Thanks to a series of blunders in the past, a hostile element had arisen in the land and assumed giant proportions. Africa has not been called the land of paradoxes without good cause. In the days when the English rule left much to be desired the paramountcy of Great Britain was never questioned. The Boers sought to find a dwelling-place beyond its influence, but did not seek to enter into competition

with the governing race. But in later years England, earnest in her wish to advance the general good of the country, has found each effort thwarted and paralysed by Dutch intrigues. The Dutch, freed from every grievance of which they had cause to complain in the past, now used their freedom to systematically undermine the influence of Great Britain in the land. 'Their quarrel,' writes Mr. FitzPatrick, 'had been with the abuses and blunders of one Government; but a narrow experience moved them to mistrust all but their own pastoral patriarchal way moulded on the records of the Bible, and to regard the evidences of progress as warning of coming oppression and curtailment of liberty and departure from the simple ideal way. The abuses from which they suffered are no more; the methods which were unjust have been abandoned; the ignorance of the ruler has been dispelled; in place of despotism there is autonomy; justice rules where ignorance and bias sat; liberty where there was interference; protection for oppression; progress and civilisation have increased as in no other epoch. But the Boer sees with the eyes of sixty years ago.'

I have said that neither race in South Africa is free from blame as regards the strife which has arisen between them. We have glanced at the faults on the British side; let us now turn to those on the Dutch. We saw that English rule in the past was often narrow, selfish, and short-sighted, but we also saw how, thanks to the growth of the imperialistic spirit, that rule steadily improved in character till no shadow of grievance rested upon any British subject in South Africa. But the discontent of the Dutch has only grown with their liberties. The redress of grievances

failed to satisfy them. Other aims and other ideals began to fill their minds. Faults and mistakes there had been plenty on both sides; but it may be fairly urged that when England gave back the Transvaal in 1881 she made frank recognition of her share, and with that recognition brought an honest attempt to govern the country impartially in the interests of both sections of the population. Can it be claimed for the Dutch that during the past twenty years they have shown any such good faith with us? Can it be claimed that they have tried to work loyally with England for the advancement and prosperity of South Africa; for the fusion of races and burying of old grievances? Has there been the co-operation for which we might have hoped or looked? The answer to all these questions is emphatically in the negative.

If for the early difficulties of South Africa England is to blame, the Dutch are as assuredly responsible for the troubles of to-day. Their spirit of relentless discontent has grown into a Moloch no sacrifice can appease. The justifiable agitation for freedom has been followed by an unjustifiable attack on the liberties of others. It may be fairly said in defence of England that she frequently erred, not through any deliberate wish to oppress, but because her policy was narrow and short-sighted. Grave mistakes were made, but the spirit animating them was not one of hostility. The latter-day faults of the Dutch, on the other hand, have been wholly aggressive. The Boer, though one of the most unimaginative of men, nevertheless cherishes a dream strangely at variance with his own mental and political status. He cherishes the dream of Empire. It may well be asked whether any people has ever presented such a curious picture of vast

political aspirations on the one hand, combined with an almost childish ignorance of the first principles of good government. Be that as it may, the ideal exists, and has been the disturbing factor in South Africa during the last twenty years.

How an obscure little State conceived the idea that the paramountcy of Great Britain might be successfully challenged; how a series of accidents confirmed them in this belief, and how from this belief the lamentable war of 1899–1900 arose as a direct result, we shall see in the following chapters. The mistakes of England laid the seed of this idea. Once sown, a conciliatory policy but fostered it. The present war will see its extinction. The problem of the future consists in the successful laying of the phantom.

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE EARLY DUTCH SETTLERS AT THE CAPE.

No survey of South African history is complete without an examination of those conditions which marked the early Dutch settlements at the Cape. I have spoken of that history as being the record of a struggle between two closely allied races. More accurately, it should be defined as the struggle of two white races complicated by the presence of a black one. Over and over again situations arise in which the Bantu factor is the determining agency. For the purposes of simplification, however, native affairs and the all-important influence they have exercised upon the relations of Dutch and English will, as far as possible, be treated in a separate section. Occasional references are unavoidable, but the general problems of the colour question are better considered apart. At present we are concerned with the origin of the dispute between the two European peoples.

It is necessary to go back to the earliest days of South African history to learn how that dispute arose. The quarrel between the English and the Dutch is no thing of yesterday. Its birth and development had nothing to do with Johannesburg. The troubles of South Africa did not take their rise, as is often erroneously stated, over matters concerning Transvaal

gold. The Uitlander difficulties were only the climax of a series of misunderstandings which had been accumulating during a long term of years. The seeds of the misunderstanding had been sown as far back as the seventeenth century. Sympathisers with the Boers represent the Transvaal capitalists as having created the war of 1899–1900. 'In so doing they strangely ignore the obvious teachings of history. It is wholly misleading to state that, but for the gold mines, no difficulties would ever have arisen between the Dutch and English. Difficulties very similar to those of our own times existed in an acute form in South Africa long before the mineral wealth was suspected. The early records of Dutch colonial rule are insufficiently studied by the heated partisans of to-day. Few people take the trouble to inform themselves as to that chequered chapter of history under the Dutch East India Company, or the years no less chequered which followed the British annexation. And yet at a time like the present it would be well if more pains were taken to examine the question from this point of view. England has always borne the brunt of every misunderstanding which has occurred in South Africa. It is true in many things she has been blameworthy, but it must be remembered she succeeded to a very difficult heritage. The directors of the Dutch East India Company officially stated in 1785 'that the Cape colonists gave more trouble than the inhabitants of all the Indian islands put together.' Many a perplexed English Minister has heartily re-echoed that sentiment.

These records of early Dutch colonial rule are interesting reading, telling as they do of the harsh and autocratic treatment of the Dutch East India

Company, of the turbulence and disaffection of the population, and their dislike, then as now, to the restraining hand of the Government. England cannot justly be held responsible for every unpleasant characteristic the Boer race has evolved in South Africa. The majority of those characteristics are to be found already fully developed in the eighteenth-century records of their own rule. The South African question cannot be merely judged from the aspect it has presented during the last twenty years. Any such partial attempt only creates confusion. The question must be examined in its earlier as well as its later phases; from the point of view presented by Van Riebeek's settlement just as much as from that of Johannesburg. Of the two, the earlier is perhaps the more vital, as it determined certain causes which have largely affected affairs to-day.

If we turn to the history of England and Holland during the seventeenth century we find that our forefathers spent a good deal of time fighting either with or against the Dutch. Our quarrels and our alliances arose from the fact that a similar spirit and similar ambitions were common to both countries. We came into collision with Holland more than once over matters of commercial and colonial extension. On the other hand, a nation who had resisted the tyranny of Philip of Spain and Alva; who had opened the dykes and submerged their country sooner than see it under the heel of an invader, necessarily commanded the respect and admiration of another race as independent as themselves. Holland sent us in William of Orange the finest of our kings; and in no country are the deeds of William the Silent, founder of the Dutch Republic, more honoured than in the

land ruled formerly by his great-grandson. Neither do we bear the Dutch any ill-will because they inflicted upon the maritime power of England two humiliations such as we have suffered at the hands of no other nation. The last invasion of England was a Dutch invasion. It was in 1667 that Admiral de Ruyter appeared with his fleet at the Nore, sailed up the Thames as far as Gravesend, burnt three English men-of-war, and for six weeks was undisputed master of our coasts. Fifteen years previously Admiral van Tromp, having inflicted a severe defeat on Admiral Blake, hoisted a broom to his masthead and went sailing up and down the Channel saying he had swept the English from the seas. It is certainly curious how that phrase, or rather its later development of sweeping the English into the sea, has taken hold of the Dutch mind. On more than one occasion they have wished to deal very drastically with the Anglo-Saxon race in South Africa. In 1659 we hear of Van Riebeek's council deciding to send all the Scotch and English settlers away from the Cape, 'so as to rid the place as much as possible of rubbish.' To this very day one may hear people talk in Cape Town about the good times coming when the English are all swept into Table Bay. Such sentiments recall the story of Van Tromp, and it must be owned that the moral is in favour of the English. For the Dutch admiral and his navy are now but incidents of history, whereas Admiral Blake's whip hoisted in reply to that challenge of the broom (or rather the pennant derived from it) still floats at the masthead of every British battleship in commission. Be that as it may, it is certainly an interesting historical coincidence that in the very year 1652, when Van Tromp was patrolling the shores

of England in this guise, the first Dutch settlers arrived at the Cape under the leadership of Jan van Riebeek. The incident is instructive on account of the light it throws on the character and temper of Holland at the period when those early emigrants left her shores. Incidents of this nature are often more instructive than the laborious compilations to be found in Blue Books. The Dutch are a truculent race, and truculency has marked their relations with us from the earliest times.

Van Riebeek and his followers, though the first settlers in the Cape Peninsula, were not the first comers in South Africa. That honour belongs to the Portuguese. Bartholomew Diaz first discovered the Cape in 1486, and in 1502 Vasco da Gama sailed round the coast as far as Sofala, where he established a fort at a spot near the modern Beira. The Portuguese, like many other people since their day, went to Africa in search of gold. However, they found no Rand near Beira, and, thanks to the unhealthiness of the climate, their settlements became stagnant, and are stagnant to this day. It is but another instance of that fatality which has dogged the colonising efforts of the Latin races, that the Portuguese in Africa should have passed over the healthy regions of the south and established themselves in a part of the continent which is not a white man's country.

Meanwhile, since the seventeenth century, both Dutch and English in pursuit of their trading operations in India were accustomed to call at Table Bay in order to refit their ships and obtain fresh water. The Dutch East India Company, which controlled the operations of Holland in the Far East, was one of the most powerful and wealthy corporations of that or

indeed any other time. They had the right under their charter to make treaties, build fortresses, appoint Governors, and enlist troops. The advantages of the Cape as a halfway-house to India had also been obvious to the English East India Company. In the early years of the seventeenth century it was a question as to which of the two nations would occupy the country first. But the eyes of England at that date were turned to the West Indies and the Virginian settlements rather than to South Africa, and the Dutch entered into peaceable possession of the Cape in the year 1652. The South African empire has grown from small and wholly utilitarian origins. There was no question in the mind of the Company as to territorial conquest or colonisation. Their aim was to establish a port of call where homeward and outward bound fleets might obtain water and fresh vegetables. The expedition was under the charge of an officer of the Company, named Jan van Riebeek. In view of the important part played by another medical man in the latter-day affairs of South Africa, it is interesting to read that the first commander at the Cape started life as a surgeon. Van Riebeek—'the little thornback,' as he was called—is described by Mr. Theal as 'a little, fiery-tempered resolute man in the prime of life, with perfect health, untiring energy, and unbounded zeal.' A fort was built, amicable relations opened with the Hottentots, and after many trials and difficulties a little settlement sprang up, in which the growth of wheat and the cultivation of vegetables were the all-important considerations.

The ancestry of the Boers is a matter of great importance when estimating their character to-day.

It is by no means a promising one. A motley crowd had followed Van Riebeek to the Cape. The Company's soldiers, adventurers drawn from every quarter of Europe, were imbued with the spirit of the buccaneer rather than that of the settler. The stable elements of a nation are not derived from forefathers such as these. After a time they were converted from soldiers into free burghers, and allotted plots of land as an inducement to study the pastoral side of life. From the earliest days many of the free burghers gave trouble and showed signs of that lawlessness which is still a striking feature of their descendants. Later on the colony was reinforced by some peasant immigrants from Holland; and in 1688 two hundred Huguenots, expelled from France as a consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, found a refuge in South Africa. Their advent brought the best colonising element as yet introduced at the Cape. Few things have been more unfortunate than the manner in which this Huguenot element rapidly lost its characteristics through contact with the Dutch. Fusion of races is always desirable, but a fusion of races wherein the higher is merged into the lower without perceptibly raising the standard of the latter, is, to say the least, unfortunate. The Huguenot influence is only to be traced in South Africa to-day through such names as De Villiers, Joubert, Marais, and many others which are still common in the country. In spite of the peremptory legislation which was enacted as regards the new-comers, it is surprising the Huguenots should have lost within a few years their own national traits, and become undistinguishable from their Dutch neighbours. Whether this incident be yet another proof of Teuton strength and Latin incapacity to resist its

encroachments, is a question not without interest for the student of heredity.

Another element in the Boers' ancestry must not be overlooked, namely, the strain of Hottentot and Kaffir blood which undoubtedly runs in their veins. The antipathy with which the Dutch at present regard the natives is not noticeable in their early records. On the contrary, marriages between the Company's servants and native girls were actually encouraged as tending to improve the mutual relations of Hottentots and settlers. We hear of the marriage of a Hottentot girl, Eva, with one of Van Riebeek's surgeons, and the festivities which took place on that occasion. Irregular alliances between the Dutch and the native women were very common. The Griquas, or half-breeds, sprung from such unions are a dwindling race, but the very existence of such a race is a commentary on that high morality of the Boers strongly insisted upon by some people. It is well to remember these simple religious peasants have nevertheless peopled whole districts of South Africa with bastard descendants of that unfortunate class who hate their fathers and despise their mothers. It is unnecessary to exaggerate this strain of black blood in the Boer ancestry, but it cannot be totally ignored. It exists to a certain degree, and to that degree is a pernicious element. Any admixture of black blood produces deplorable results in a white race. In the offspring of such unions it is as though the savage had lost both strength and vigour, and the European his moral sense. The expression 'a white Kaffir' is very significant in South Africa. Though frequently used as a political taunt, it is an expression which in its literal meaning graphically sums up the hateful characteristics peculiar to the half-breed. The

brutality and the cunning at times displayed by the Boers are more suggestive of Kaffir forbears than of those sturdy Netherlander ancestors who drove the Spaniard from their land.

The historical features of Dutch rule in South Africa till the English annexation in 1795 need not be considered in detail. Under a series of Governors good, bad, and indifferent, the colony expanded in many ways. Settlements were made in outlying districts; viticulture and agriculture encouraged. The oaks and white houses of Stellenbosch remain as memorials of Simon van der Stel, a Governor whose energy and ability cause him to rank among the most remarkable men ever connected with the Cape. Under Tulbagh, another justly celebrated Governor, the settlement was prosperous and contented. Serious evils, however, were taking root in the land. That this should have been the case is not extraordinary. The rule of the Dutch East India Company has been denounced with that lack of discrimination unfortunately rife in all matters connected with South Africa. Probably that rule was neither better nor worse than any other of the day, when the conditions and limitations of the settlement are considered.

> Walpole talked of a man and his price:
> Nobody's virtue was over-nice,

says a modern rhymester in singing of that period. The eighteenth-century Cape Dutch strike us as ignorant, harsh, and narrow; but ignorance and bigotry were equally rife in many parts of Europe. But whereas Europe advanced, the Cape stood still. Even at the present day the Boers retain their seventeenth-century standpoint. They were cut off from that vast intel-

lectual development of the eighteenth century and the civilising influences resulting from it. No ripple of that great progressive wave which was hurrying forward the nations of Europe to such momentous changes touched the distant shores of South Africa. The Cape had been colonised by a race of peasants. The isolated pastoral existence which was necessitated by the physical features of the country could not tend to raise them in the scale. As the colony extended, the settlers living on the outposts were necessarily more and more cut off from such scanty influences of civilisation as they might have obtained near Cape Town. The nomadic tendency begins to appear—the roaming life in the ox waggon. The wits of the population were never sharpened by an industrial or manufacturing element in the community. A scheme in 1782 for manufacturing cloth in the colony was denounced by the authorities as one little short of treason. If such was the perspicacity shown by the Company, it is hardly surprising their subjects were unintelligent.

The religion of the Boers is a theme on which many writers have waxed eloquent. Others, again, have commented on the fact that these religious characteristics are somewhat at variance with the moral qualities of the race. To sing the 107th Psalm and then loot your neighbour's cattle, savours somewhat of the famous exhortation, 'James, having sanded the sugar and watered the currants, let us now praise the Lord, by reciting the evening hymn.' As a people they were remarkable, and are remarkable to this day, for a religious fervour more indicative of a certain low grade of civilisation than for any mental or moral superiority derived from spiritual gifts. Religion of this type is not inconsistent with untruthfulness and faulty recti-

tude. Psalm-singing and religious phraseology have always been strongly-marked characteristics among the Boers. Mr. Theal, in commenting on them, remarks that in many cases such expressions were as much a matter of form as the words 'God save the Queen!' at the foot of a proclamation. Of Van Riebeek himself it is clear he never hesitated to tell a lie when it suited him to do so. The ingenuous letter he writes to his directors on the failure of a plot to entrap the captain of a French merchant vessel is very instructive as to the moral standard of the day:

It will be seen from the foregoing paragraphs that the comparison sometimes carelessly made between the Pilgrim Fathers and these early Dutch settlers at the Cape is wholly misleading. The original colonists in South Africa belonged to a very different class from that of the English settlers in North America. The soldiers of fortune, Dutch peasants and Huguenot tradesmen, established for commercial purposes at the Cape by the Dutch East India Company, had nothing in common with those English country squires and upper middle-class families who migrated to America beyond the reach of Stuart oppression. That genius for self-government which is the pride of the Anglo-Saxon race is in a large measure due to the fact that for centuries the English were being slowly disciplined in the use of representative institutions, when Europe as a whole was ruled by the mere word of prince or prelate. The Puritan Fathers carried with them to their new home not only a love of liberty, but also a practical knowledge of those principles of political organisation upon which the prosperity of a State depends. In South Africa matters were quite otherwise. The large bulk of the early settlers were, as we have seen, seventeenth-

century Dutch peasants of a somewhat truculent type. They were quite uneducated and devoid of all knowledge, whether of arts or the principles of government. It is obvious how small a proportion the official class of the time bore to the mass of the people, and the slight leaven their superior education could have exercised on the latter. For the matter of that, it is doubtful whether they ever sought to exercise any such influence. The rule of the Dutch East India Company was autocratic from the first. As time went on, it grew corrupt and oppressive. From the earliest days of Cape history we find the inhabitants labouring under heavy legislative burdens. In their attempt to evade them they in turn acquired habits of corruption and untruthfulness.

Few things are more persistent in South African history than the legislative difficulties which have arisen from commercial grievances. The troubles of the Dutch sprang in early times, as well as in our own day, from their more or less accidental association with the commercial affairs of other people. In the one case they were kept under; in the other they had the upper hand. Their lessons in oppression were apparently not thrown away, for when the time came they skilfully adapted similar methods, from which they had suffered themselves, to the subjection of others. It is impossible to read a clear and lucid statement of the Uitlander grievances as set forth by Mr. FitzPatrick in 'The Transvaal from Within,' and then to turn to the records of Dutch grievances under the East India Company, without feeling, *mutatis mutandis*, what similarity exists between them. The evils resulting from a vicious system of taxation, from an autocratic form of government in which the people had no share,

from monopolies, corruption, avarice, and untruthfulness; such are the grievances which reached their eighteenth-century climax in the revolts of Swellendam and of Graaf Reinet, and a nineteenth-century climax far more terrible in the present Boer war.

As regards the form of government, difficulties were bound to follow the divergent points of view from which legislation was regarded by the Company and the colonists. The former considered the latter as only existing for the benefit of the directors. The colonists, like the Uitlanders of to-day, objected to being treated as a commercial asset, from which taxes and profits might be squeezed when wanted. Little or no participation was allowed them in the direction of affairs, and the hand of the less enlightened Governors pressed heavily upon them. Pretensions to liberty of thought and action were dealt with drastically, as witnessed by the treatment of the Huguenots. Simon van der Stel was Governor when this immigration took place. He was a man in whose firm determination to make everything Dutch at the Cape we can already trace the germ of that feeling now known as the Afrikander sentiment. The new-comers applied—not unreasonably, as it strikes us—for permission to establish a church and their own form of worship. Governor van der Stel upbraided the deputation in unmeasured terms, concluding his remarks by telling them 'to restrain their French impertinences, and remember the oath of fidelity and obedience which they had taken to the Company.' An ungenerous feature of the Dutch is their consistent habit of denying to others that liberty they so loudly claim for themselves. No people have talked more of independence, or have so systematically refused its gift. The forcible incorporation of the

Huguenots into the Dutch community was soon carried out. Great discontent existed, but the unhappy immigrants were too small in number to make any forcible resistance. They were forbidden to use their own language or their own form of worship; and one finds with some astonishment that they so far submitted to the new order of things that fifty years after their arrival French was an obsolete tongue in the colony.

The system of taxation, of monopolies, and perquisites, all resulted more or less from the unjust rule of the Company. The trading operations of the farmers were subjected to countless harassing restrictions. The Company dictated the market price of their agricultural produce, varying the price according to the position of the buyer. It is needless to add, the arrangement was so contrived as to favour all purchases made by the Company. A system of monopolies flourished on much the same plan as that dear to the heart of President Kruger. The exclusive right to sell bread, meat and wine, &c., was put up for auction, the monopoly being sold to the bidder who undertook to supply the Company at the lowest rate. Alongside the monopolies was an equally vicious system of perquisites, by which the Company's servants eked out their very insufficient salaries. They indulged in trading operations on their own account, and naturally the officials' wares took precedence in the market before those of the farmers. The officials were allowed to buy at one rate of exchange and sell at another, and the police magistrates paid themselves on the simple system of keeping back such fines as they chose to appropriate. The system of general taxation set a premium on untruthfulness. The farmers made their own returns, and almost invariably falsified the tithe due to the

Company. The man who most successfully evaded the payment of his taxes came early to be looked upon by his neighbours as a clever fellow, and admired accordingly. Under the circumstances it was natural enough that they should try to circumvent oppressive charges. The low standard of the Boers to-day as regards commercial rectitude, and their rooted dislike to taxation, are failings directly traceable to the fiscal evils which grew up during the eighteenth century. Dutch 'slimness' had its origin in the game of corrupt practices indulged in by officials and people alike.

Avarice was another vice common to the period. Many of the Company's officials amassed large fortunes at the Cape. Matters came to a crisis under this head in the time of Adrian van der Stel, son and successor of Simon van der Stel. He started a farm named Vergelegen, and, thanks to the resources at his command, was soon able to carry out his agricultural enterprise on a very large scale. The discontent of the burghers, whose own produce was thus excluded from the market, was great. A memorial was despatched to the directors in Holland complaining of the corrupt and oppressive government under which the settlement was suffering. Adrian van der Stel, learning of this document, promptly imprisoned the ringleader, and forced 240 unwilling burghers to sign a second memorial lauding the virtues of the Governor. Yet again the seventeenth-century parallel ludicrously resembles the petitions and counter-petitions of President Kruger and the Uitlanders. In the end Adrian van der Stel was recalled, his estate confiscated, and the agitators restored to liberty and their farms. The colony was fairly quiet for a time after this upheaval, but the whole system of government was doomed to

failure. Individual liberty of action in matters both personal and commercial was constantly hampered by the Company's restrictions. The elementary rights of citizenship were denied to the colonists. They were the victims of a system which they had no power to remedy. But it would be a mistake to suppose they submitted tamely to their grievances. On the contrary, they protested against them energetically. Disaffection among the population is a feature seldom lacking in any decade of the Company's rule. The lawless element introduced by the first adventurers, and the stubbornness of the subsequent Dutch peasants, were hereditary traits firmly welded in the persons of their descendants. Already in the early days of the eighteenth century the 'irreconcilables' had acquired the habit of trekking into the isolated border districts beyond the reach of an oppressive Government.

Towards the close of the century, the Dutch East India Company was tottering to its fall in a state of complete insolvency. Matters went from bad to worse at the Cape during this period. The officials, clearly foreseeing the inevitable crash, were preoccupied in feathering their own nests. A variety of other causes aggravated the discontent among the burghers, who had suffered heavily from the second Kaffir war. Their complaints were disregarded, and finally the people rose in insurrection. The standard of revolt was raised, both at Graaf Reinet and Swellendam, these districts proclaiming themselves free republics.

It is impossible to surmise what might have happened without the European intervention now close at hand. At this psychological moment, however, the Cape was swept as a pawn into the first moves of the great game which was to be played between Great

Britain and Napoleon. England was at war with Holland. The Stadtholder had been expelled, and an English fleet appeared off Simon's Bay in 1795 bearing his mandate to surrender the Cape to Great Britain. The resistance made was not formidable, and the English forces took possession with little difficulty. The Cape remained as an English dependency till 1802, when it was restored to Holland by the Peace of Amiens. For three years the country was now ruled by the Batavian Republic. On the subsequent renewal of the Napoleonic struggle, England—at last thoroughly awake to the advantages of the Cape as a halfway-house to India—sent an expedition to South Africa in 1806, and forced the Dutch to capitulate. The annexation was definitely confirmed in 1814 by arrangement with the restored Stadtholder, who received in compensation some South American territory and a sum of six millions sterling.

It is improbable that the English had a premonition of the rocks which lay ahead. The study of philosophical history was unknown at the time. The influence of climate, of geography, of legislation, on the formation of national character had yet to be demonstrated. But the period of 1652 to 1795, when viewed from the standpoint of 1900, is pregnant as regards the years which were to follow. I have attempted to describe the character of that community over which the English rule was now established. It was a community possessing in itself few elements of progression. The material was hardy and self-reliant, but discipline, development, and education were necessary in order to bring such a population into line with the civilisations of Europe. During the first thirty years of British rule those influences were unfor-

tunately lacking. Many evil tares had been sown; the counteracting good seed was absent. On the contrary, events took place which but served to confirm the Dutch in those nomadic, solitary tendencies they already possessed. During the 150 years' oppressive rule of the Dutch East India Company, they had acquired an instinctive hatred of all forms of government. Another fixed idea had taken root in their minds: the association of government with corruption and autocracy. The democratic idea only existed in the crude conception of revolt against authority. These mental peculiarities, which lie at the root of our South African troubles to-day, are already firmly established traits in the Dutch character at the time of the first British occupation in 1795.

Some interesting sidelights on the social and political conditions existing at the Cape at the close of the last century are to be found in the correspondence of Lady Anne Barnard. This gifted and charming daughter of a gifted family, the Lindsays, was English *châtelaine* at Cape Town during the governorship of Lord Macartney. In a series of letters to her family she has put on record some valuable impressions of her surroundings in the year 1797. Lady Anne is rather hard in her strictures on the Dutch ladies. She complains of their large size, large feet, and large families, and declares the 'goeden vrowen' to be lacking in manners, graces, and charms. But she worked energetically for the reconciliation of the two nationalities, and her entertainments were celebrated in Cape Town. 'I wish to bring the nations together on terms of goodwill,' she writes; 'and, by having public days pretty often at the Castle, to reconcile the Dutch to the sight of their masters by the attraction of fiddles and the French

horns.' Lady Anne speaks very amusingly of the sulky disaffected men, on whose wives and daughters she lavished attention in the hope of bringing their lords to a better frame of mind. She compares herself to the binding cement, 'light, strong, and powerful, towards the associating together the scattered atoms of society.' No less instructive are some of the observations made by this shrewd lady during a tour in the interior with her husband. Her description of an eighteenth-century Dutch farm exactly reproduces the conditions existing to-day in the Transvaal. She deplores the apathy and slovenliness of the population, and the lack of all initiative in agricultural matters. At this early period the Boer had apparently acquired that rooted dislike to his neighbour's smoke which characterises his descendants. 'Still I found the same want of plantation,' writes Lady Anne; 'rich soil remaining in unproductive barrenness for want of industry, though the grasping hope of possessing all the land between the settler and his next neighbour makes every man place himself at as great a distance from him as he can.' On her return to Cape Town she sums up her experiences in a few graphic words: 'Upon the whole we found the peasantry hospitable and good-humoured, at least to travellers, but without industry, emulation, or capacity, attached to habits and careless of improvement; in their persons and houses slovenly and dirty, a few excepted. But while improved minds are happy from religious contentment, from philosophy, or from a combination of blessings, these good folks seem to me to be equally so from their want of care, thought, or feeling, from a good deal of self-conceit, and from the charms of power experienced by every master, mistress, and child of every house.'

I have quoted Lady Anne Barnard's correspondence at some length because it is certainly remarkable to find from her letters at how relatively remote a period the Dutch character had already crystallised into those forms destined to produce such trouble in the future.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT TREK AND THE BOER CONVENTIONS.

AMONG the political ups and downs which have marked British rule in South Africa during the present century, three events stand out dominating the situation like peaks in a hilly country. These are the Great Trek of 1837, the Boer Conventions of 1852–1854, and the Transvaal annexation of 1877. South African history groups itself somewhat conveniently round these three dates, which mark events of capital importance. The causes leading up to them must be examined separately, even at the risk of wearying the reader by details which at first sight do not appear to be of much importance.

It was unfortunate for the English that during the brief period between 1803 and 1806 the Cape Dutch should have flourished under the Batavian Republic. The rule of the Dutch East India Company had been abolished, and they had enjoyed good government under men of their own race. The feeling therefore was stronger against the British annexation of 1806 than it had been in 1795, when the arrival of the English put an end to the chaos reigning in the country. The new English administration was entirely autocratic in form. The Governor's council was abolished, also the independence of the High Court. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, there was every prospect of the two races

settling down together on terms of peace and mutual goodwill. The first two Governors, Lord Caledon and Sir John Cradock, were sensible high-minded men who dealt justly by the people. It is perhaps to be regretted that charming Lady Anne Barnard was no longer there to further conciliate the races with her fiddles and French horns; but intermarriages were already common, and it was reasonable to hope that little by little the leaven of English education and intercourse would soften down the asperities of the rude Boer character. The government, though autocratic when judged from our modern standpoint, was free and enlightened when compared with the corrupt and oppressive administration of the Dutch East India Company. Legislative errors and abuses had been remedied. It is well to bear in mind when criticising, and justly criticising, the many mistakes made at this period, that they were not dictated by an overbearing spirit. Where the English failed was in the unsympathetic rather than in the harsh character of their rule. This lack of sympathy arose not through any bad will towards their South African subjects, but through departmental ignorance of local conditions. No country in the world possesses what may be called a more baffling national equation than that of South Africa. It is one almost impossible to understand without some personal acquaintance with those difficult problems to which the land owes its present unenviable notoriety. During the first fifty years of the century these problems, broadly speaking, were completely misunderstood by the English. A policy was accordingly adopted quite unsuitable for the ends it had in view. Hence the governing classes had an unhappy knack of irritating the Dutch over small matters, thus causing endless friction, though there

was no wish to coerce them in important affairs. Over and over again in the course of South African history one is reminded with exasperating force of the motto anent good intentions, and where they lead. 'Don't try and be good; be as bad as you like, so long as you use a little common-sense,' is the paradoxical sentiment which frequently rises to the mind. Dutch misrepresentations about English oppression are very common, but they are not justified by facts. On the contrary, it was the reluctance of England to adopt a forward policy, and the devices by which she endeavoured to shirk the latter, which led to all the trouble.

The rock on which the two nations were doomed to strike was the problem of native affairs. A series of irritating incidents had taken place between 1806 and 1815 as regards the natives and the Europeans. The enrolment of a Hottentot regiment had given great offence, the feeling then, as now, being strong in South Africa that white men were not to be policed by black ones. It was when matters were at this point that the unhappy event known as Slachter's Nek took place. A Dutch farmer named Frederik Bezuidenhout was summoned for ill-treating a black servant. He refused to appear before the court, and some Hottentot soldiers were sent to arrest him. He fled to a cave, fired on the approaching troops, and was finally shot dead himself. His brother, Jan Bezuidenhout, and a few friends rose in insurrection. The attempt, however, utterly failed, and the revolt was soon suppressed; the loyal burghers assisting the authorities. Jan Bezuidenhout was shot dead, resisting to the last, but thirty-nine prisoners were brought to trial. They were sentenced to terms of varying severity, five of them being condemned to death. Lord Charles

Somerset, who was Governor at the time, refused to commute the death sentences, though strongly begged to do so by the loyal Dutch who had helped him to suppress the revolt. The harshness of the sentence created a feeling of dismay and resentment throughout the colony. It is unfortunate that so often the Government gave way when it should have stood firm, and on the other hand remained obdurate when concession would have been politic. At the same time, the Slachter's Nek incident has been greatly magnified by the Dutch of this generation. Armed insurrection in the year 1815 would have received capital punishment in most European countries, and Bezuidenhout's captors and judges were, after all, men of his own race. The incident, unfortunate though it was, derived its magnitude from the discontented state of the country.

Further grievances arose in the year 1828 through the abolition of the Courts of Landdrost and Heemraden, which revolutionised the system of justice. Judicial reforms were necessary, but again it was the manner of their execution which gave offence, rather than their matter. Still worse was the order enacting the exclusive use of English in all official affairs. This was looked upon as a very real hardship, for a large section of the population could not speak English. The Dutch were now subjected to some of the same restrictions as they had laid upon the Huguenots, and resisted them more strenuously than the French refugees had done.

Two events which took place in 1834 brought the discontent to a climax. The first was the abolition of slavery; the second, the events following the fifth Kaffir war.

It is necessary, at this point, to glance for a moment at the general feeling which was prevailing in

South Africa as regards native affairs. The abolition of slavery raised in an acute form a question the principle of which was hotly contested by the Dutch and English. This was the theory of equality between blacks and whites. The Dutch have never recognised this theory. In the Transvaal Grondwet, one of the principles laid down is that no Kaffir shall be admitted to equal civil and religious rights with the burghers. That as a race they bitterly resented the principle of abolition is beyond question. Avarice and love of power were, as we have seen in the last chapter, failings for which they were early remarkable. The Emancipation Act hit them hard in both respects. It was not only the loss of property it entailed, but the loss of prestige among the blacks. The Dutch were not sufficiently civilised to recognise the moral wrongs of slavery. They could not understand that a system by which one human being became the chattel of another was more degrading for the slave-owner than for the slave. Their views on the subject were of the most primitive nature. Such opinions can be excused on the ground of ignorance, but they do not command sympathy. For a number of men to abandon their homes because the right of keeping slaves was abolished showed a tyrannical disposition. On the other hand, it is necessary to remember that the Dutch had a real grievance on the subject of native affairs, thanks to the systematic misrepresentation to which they had been subjected by the missionaries. It was owing to this latter circumstance that a spirit of hostility had grown up about the whole question which rendered its calm discussion impossible.

I approach with some hesitation the topic of missionary work among savages, that thorny problem of which it is impossible to speak without offending

the susceptibilities of one person or another. But as regards South Africa the facts are too well established to admit of controversy, and they cannot be overlooked in any historical examination of the country. Criticism of missionaries is at all times a somewhat invidious task. It seems ungenerous that any writer from the standpoint of a comfortable English home should denounce those men who sacrifice the blessings of civilisation and risk their lives in order to work among the heathen. But a missionary career, perhaps more than any other, demands high qualities of tact and discrimination. Unfortunately, tact and discrimination are not always characteristic of certain enthusiasts who plunge into this complicated question with ignorance proportionate to their goodwill. Misguided zeal, ill-directed effort, and enthusiasm unbalanced by common-sense, are often more fatal in their effects than deliberate wrong-doing. In any country where a higher and a lower race live side by side, a most difficult situation necessarily exists. That it is the duty of the higher to ameliorate as much as possible the condition of the lower is obviously dictated by the claims of both humanity and justice. As to the method of such amelioration, however, great divergence of opinion exists. It is thought by many people that the regeneration of the black races is better achieved through secular than through ecclesiastical agencies. In the one case the aim is to make the Kaffir a citizen; to teach him the restraints of, and the obedience due to, the law; in the other, the aim is to make him a Christian. The missionary wishes to civilise, but his first aim is to achieve a convert. Having attained that object, the duties and restraints of a citizen are no longer matters of first-rate importance. It is necessary

to discriminate carefully between the various societies and their methods; but evangelistic missionary effort, when judged by its results, appears to be of more than doubtful value. Lengthy lists of baptized and converted savages do not necessarily ensure the mental and moral development of the tribes. The fatal tendency of some missionaries to extend their spiritual functions to political affairs has been wholly productive of harm. Missionary influence played a very important and, I regret to say, a very unfortunate part in the early days of British rule at the Cape. The conviction is forced upon one that in some cases these gentlemen were influenced not only by their desire to regenerate the heathen, but by less honourable ambitions as regards political power.

At the beginning of the century a certain Dr. Philip, an agent of the London Missionary Society, had much authority in Africa. He laid down three principles of government by which he hoped to rule the country. It was declared, in the first place, that the coloured races were in all respects save education on a mental equality with the white ones. Secondly, that they ought to be placed on the same political footing as the latter. Thirdly, that they were shamefully oppressed by their rulers.

I shall revert in a later chapter to the highly controversial questions raised by Dr. Philip's first two theories. The charge as to oppression, however, was a statement of fact, and as such could be met by direct evidence. That evidence was not forthcoming in any degree proportionate to the sweeping charges advanced. It is difficult to exonerate Dr. Philip from the counter-charge of wilful misrepresentation in matters concerning native affairs. Even the learned Mr. Theal,

so judicial and impartial in all his statements, does not conceal his opinion as to the mischief worked by this agent of the London Missionary Society. Unfortunately Dr. Philip had the ear of the British Government, and his theories were allowed weight when the facts presented by the colonists were disregarded. Few things have had more far-reaching influence in South Africa than that disastrous native policy between 1843 and 1847 for which Dr. Philip was responsible. It was a policy founded on the theory of political equality between black and white, and it broke down completely. The net result of Dr. Philip's work was the alienation of the Dutch from the English section of the population.

It is surprising to find a missionary assuming such an authoritative attitude, and, still further, wielding so much influence over the Secretary of State. Certain philanthropic societies, however, had great power in England during the first decades of the century. It is a sad illustration of the spirit of evil in things good that people actuated by the most humanitarian motives as regards the natives should nevertheless have been directly responsible for much trouble and bloodshed in South Africa. The abolition of slavery is a landmark of civilisation, but the abolitionists went too far in their ideas of the mental and moral capacities of the races they had freed. Certain theories had been formed about the Hottentots and Kaffirs, and into these moulds facts were either forced or else disregarded. Sentimentality was allowed to influence the conduct of affairs, which above all others demand not only a high degree of sympathy and humanity, but the most strict justice and sound judgment. The same sentimental qualities with which the Boers are to-day endowed by

many people in this country were similarly bestowed on the Kaffirs by the so-called philanthropists of the thirties and forties. Everything the Kaffir did was right, and everything the European did was wrong. The one was a cruel, oppressive, grasping tyrant; the other a noble-hearted, down-trodden victim. There was much talk of injustice and wrong-doing, and very little trouble taken then, as now, to weigh justly the opposing claims. The societies meant well, but they were mistaken. Their motives were excellent, but their judgment was at fault; and history unfortunately is determined for good or evil by acts, not motives. It is obvious friction was bound to arise sooner or later between the European colonists at the Cape and the missionaries. The residents on the spot viewed the native problem differently from the great societies at home. Extreme views on the one side not unnaturally provoked extreme views on the other. The Europeans resented the assumption of equality between blacks and whites, and considered themselves slandered by the charges of ill-usage which were brought against the slave-owners.

The missionaries were, of course, fully justified in their attempts to save the natives from any oppression on the part of the Europeans. Undoubtedly there were many individual cases of harsh and cruel treatment. Though the Boers have put on record from time to time some admirable sentiments about the Kaffirs, their brutality towards the natives has become a by-word in South Africa. On the other hand, there is some reason to think that the savage life led by the Trek Boers, and their sanguinary conflicts with the Kaffirs, tended to brutalise the descendants of the emigrant farmers. As regards the specific charges

made by Dr. Philip, judicial inquiries were held in several cases and entirely broke down through lack of evidence. Where the missionaries failed was in the lack of a judicial spirit and a faculty of seeing the other side. They invariably supported the blacks as against the whites, whatever the merits of the case. Native legislation concerning Vagrant Acts, Pass Laws, and Apprentices—measures which were considered desirable for a country in which there was a large floating impoverished coloured population—was strenuously opposed by them. It is easy to imagine the bad feeling created by this unfair and injudicious attitude. The Dutch declared with bitterness that their case was always prejudged and their representations ignored, whatever difficulty might arise. Cape Colony therefore was in no frame of mind to enjoy academic discussions on the rights of man when Fowell Buxton's Bill became law.

In 1834 Sir Benjamin d'Urban arrived at the Cape to carry out the Emancipation Act and effect certain reforms. In spite of the unpopular circumstances which marked his advent, few Governors have been more beloved than this honest sturdy Englishman. The emancipation of slavery caused no surprise in the colony. It had been in the air, so to speak, for some time past, and various preliminary steps had been taken in the matter.

The more enlightened members of the Dutch community made little or no attempt to resist the measure, probably because they knew resistance would be futile. But the colony was seething with discontent, and it found expression in the genuine hardships which attended the carrying out of the Act. The whole system of slavery was wrong and degrading; at

the same time, it is unfortunate that the Magna Charta of the coloured races was not promulgated with more care as to the immediate effect it was likely to produce. A system, however vicious, when it has once taken root in a community and entered largely into its life, cannot be abolished by a stroke of the pen without causing a serious upheaval. It is certainly an open question whether, after centuries of slavery, the Act would not have been more judiciously carried out by an operation extending over a certain term of years. The very real menace to life and property with which a small white community is threatened by the sudden freeing from their bonds of an overwhelmingly large coloured population, is one that few people in this country can realise or appreciate. But the danger exists, and was much feared at the time. A more tangible grievance arose over the inadequate pecuniary remuneration allotted to the slave-owners at the Cape. The compensation was assessed at far below the value of the slaves, and the consequence was that many owners found themselves ruined. Great poverty and distress existed among families formerly very well to do. Still worse was the condition that all claims for compensation had to be made good before the commissioners in London. It may well be affirmed that departmental perverseness was never more strikingly illustrated than by this unjust and irritating condition. A journey from Cape Town to London was not the simple matter it is nowadays, and such a journey was quite beyond the means of many Dutch farmers. Financial agents of the worst type and character arrived at the Cape and bought up the slave claims, in many cases for a fraction of their value.

These administrative errors caused not only poverty but widespread and most justifiable irritation throughout the country. Already the question of emigration was mooted to a land beyond the reach of the English Government, with its fads and philanthropists. Matters were in this state when the troubles which arose over the sixth Kaffir war seemed to the colonists a final act of perverseness on the part of their rulers.

The then eastern boundary of the colony was in a very unsettled state. Time after time the colonists had seen their farms devastated by those savage hordes for whom so much pity was felt in England. The 'gentle Kaffir' of that day was as great an adept at military matters as the 'simple peasant' of whom we have now had some experience. A very serious outbreak, causing much destruction of life and property, took place a few months after the arrival of Sir Benjamin d'Urban. The Kaffirs were defeated, and the Governor, with a view to a better organisation of native affairs, proclaimed the British sovereignty over the district between the Keiskama and the Kei Rivers, and appointed officials to control the chiefs. It was a sensible arrangement, and one which met with almost universal approval in the colony. Dr. Philip, however, thought otherwise. His native policy, as I have said before, was based on a theory of Kaffir excellence as opposed to European baseness. He wished to see the establishment of independent native States ruled by Kaffir chiefs without European control, but assisted by missionary advice. Having little or no support in Cape Colony, he returned to England and carried on an active propaganda in this country so as to effect these changes. Unfortunately he succeeded. Lord Glenelg, the Secretary of State, was an amiable philanthropist, but perhaps the most

incompetent of the various incapable noblemen who have from time to time adorned the high offices of the Crown. Dr. Philip's opinions coincided with his own, and he determined on a reversal of Sir Benjamin d'Urban's policy. The despatch conveying his views on the settlement of the sixth Kaffir war was looked upon as an outrage by Dutch and English alike at the Cape. The Secretary of State informed the Governor that the colonists themselves had provoked the war, that they had oppressed and ill-treated the natives, that justice was on the side of the vanquished, not on that of the victors; finally, that the British sovereignty was to be withdrawn, and the chiefs reinstated as absolute rulers of the tribes.

All writers on South Africa agree as to the anger and resentment caused by this unjust and mistaken document. The colonists had suffered heavily from the war. With the withdrawal of the sovereignty, the farmers in the eastern districts saw themselves deprived of all protection as to life and property. The placing of Kaffir chiefs on terms of political equality with the English officials, and the subjection of white men to Kaffir law in the native districts, produced an outburst of feeling. A turbulent, domineering, independent people like the Dutch were poor material for the diplomatic experiments to which they had been subjected. A hatred of restraint had, as we have seen, always characterised them, and their intellectual level was too low for any appreciation of those abstract philanthropic ideas which had been presented to them in this unpalatable form. Therefore they decided to put themselves beyond the reach of a state of affairs to which they objected. They determined to leave their homes and trek into those wildernesses further north

which had been left desolate by the devastations of Chaka and his Zulu warriors. The step seems to us extreme, the motive mixed and in some respects unworthy; but when every allowance is made, there is a residuum which commands genuine admiration in this exodus of the Boer farmers.

They trekked with their wives and little children into the wilderness, abandoning their homes and suffering the greatest privations in pursuit of what they deemed to be independence. Their courage and fortitude in that struggle compel our respect and esteem. Over and over again in the course of South African history one is left lamenting that certain admirable qualities in the Boer character should be stultified and deprived of their worth through the existence side by side of failings unworthy of even a semi-civilised race. The following document, penned by Pieter Retief, setting forth the grievances of the Boer emigrants, has a dignified ring about it which none will deny:—

'Graham's Town: Jan. 22, 1837.

'I. We despair of saving the colony from those evils which threaten it by the turbulent and dishonest conduct of vagrants who are allowed to infest the country in every part; nor do we see any prospect of peace or happiness for our children in a country thus distracted by internal commotions.

'II. We complain of the severe losses which we have been forced to sustain by the emancipation of our slaves, and the vexatious laws which have been enacted respecting them.

'III. We complain of the continual system of plunder which we have for years endured from the Kaffirs and other coloured classes, and particularly by

the last invasion of the colony, which has desolated the frontier districts and ruined most of the inhabitants.

'IV. We complain of the unjustifiable odium which has been cast upon us by interested and dishonest people under the name of religion, whose testimony is believed in England, to the exclusion of all evidence in our favour; and we can foresee as the result of this prejudice nothing but the total ruin of the country.

'V. We are resolved, wherever we go, that we will uphold the just principles of liberty; but whilst we will take care that no one is brought by us into a condition of slavery, we will establish such regulations as may suppress crime and preserve proper relations between master and servant.

'VI. We solemnly declare that we leave this colony with a desire to enjoy a quieter life than we have hitherto had. We will not molest any people, nor deprive them of the smallest property; but if attacked we shall consider ourselves fully justified in defending our persons and effects to the utmost of our ability against every enemy.

'VII. We make known that when we shall have framed a code of laws for our guidance, copies shall be forwarded to this colony for general information; but we take the opportunity of stating that it is our firm resolve to make provision for the summary punishment, even with death, of all traitors without exception who may be found among us.

'VIII. We purpose, in the course of our journey and on arrival at the country where we shall permanently reside, to make known to the native tribes our intentions, and our desire to live in peace and friendly intercourse with them.

'IX. We quit this colony under the full assurance that the English Government has nothing more to require of us and will allow us to govern ourselves without its interference in the future.

'X. We are now leaving the fruitful land of our birth, in which we have suffered enormous losses and continual vexation, and are about to enter a strange and dangerous territory; but we go with a firm reliance on an all-seeing, just, and merciful God, whom we shall always fear and humbly endeavour to obey. In the name of all who leave the colony with me,

'P. RETIEF.'

One is glad to give the Boers full credit for the courage they showed during the vicissitudes of the Trek. At the same time the sentiments expressed in this document must be discounted to a certain extent, as far as their application to the rank and file of the emigrants is concerned. Retief himself was undoubtedly a noble-hearted hero, but the Boers as a people have shown a complete incapacity to live up to the spirit of their own declaration of rights. Sadly have they fallen below the ideals of liberty, freedom, and justice so eloquently set forth by their leader. What a gulf is fixed between the spirit animating that declaration and the latter-day sordid rule of Pretoria! Acts of treachery, such as Bronkhorst Spruit and the murders of Captains Elliott and Bethell; financial scandals, such as the Selati Railway or Lippert concessions, contrast unpleasantly with the exploits of the old Trek Boers.

It would be beyond the scope of this brief historical review to follow in any detail the wanderings of the Trek Boers. Between the years 1835 and 1837 various

detachments left the colony for the up-country districts. Four commandos under the respective leaderships of Henry Potgeiter, Gert Maritz, Pieter Retief, and Andries Pretorius deserve mention. These leaders were all men of good position and high character, Retief and Pretorius being wealthy well-known citizens. The combined forces of Potgeiter and Maritz defeated the Matabele tribes under Moselekatse at a spot near the Vaal River, and drove the survivors further north to the territories between the Limpopo and Zambesi. A simple form of government was organised at Wynberg in 1837 by Pieter Retief, who had arrived with his followers from Graham's Town. Retief was in many ways the most remarkable man the Boer race has produced. Though only a well-to-do farmer, it is curious to trace in him that spirit of what might be called clumsy idealism to which the Boers are addicted. Retief dreamed of a great and glorious Republic free from English control, which should monopolise the Africa of the future. The disturbing dream of Empire is, as I have said before, the vision which has troubled the Boer mind.

A detachment of Boers now determined to occupy the fertile country of Natal. Dingaan, King of the Zulus and head of a military nation whose fighting powers had been brought to perfection by Chaka, however, blocked the way. Pieter Retief and a band of emigrants, when on a mission to the Zulu king, were treacherously murdered by Dingaan. Pretorius, the fourth Boer leader, who appears on the scene at this point, reorganised his demoralised compatriots and amply avenged this act of treachery. By a series of victories he completely overthrew the Zulu power and entered Natal. The Boers occupied the country,

founded the town of Pietermaritzburg, and from 1838 to 1842 claimed to have established the colony of Natalia. The British Government, however, viewed the subject differently. Though no attempt had been made to stop the exodus from Cape Colony, the English officials had never recognised the independence of the emigrants. It was always asserted that the latter were still subject to the British sovereignty. The Boers were warned at the moment of their departure that they were trekking into English territory. The establishment of an independent Boer State with access to the sea was considered very undesirable. There had been an English settlement near Port Natal for some years, and in 1842 troops were sent and the country reoccupied by a British force. The majority of the Boers now trekked back across the Drakensberg Mountains, and spread themselves, roughly speaking, over that inland territory comprising the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

There for the present we must leave them. It is necessary to revert to certain events taking place in Cape Colony which were to determine the eventual recognition of the two independent States.

We have seen how, thanks to the representations of Dr. Philip, Sir Benjamin d'Urban's frontier policy at the close of the sixth Kaffir war had been upset by Lord Glenelg. It was replaced by a system thoroughly unsatisfactory in every respect. Sir Benjamin d'Urban, whose views on native affairs and the value of missionary advice had been considerably modified since his arrival in the colony, protested unavailingly against the decision of the Secretary of State. The protest cost him his post, for Lord Glenelg recalled the Governor in 1838. Though Sir Benjamin's policy, like Sir

Bartle Frere's in later years, was amply vindicated by time, Cape Colony thus lost the services of this upright and capable ruler. Comment is superfluous on the behaviour of Lord Glenelg and Dr. Philip. Sir Benjamin d'Urban's recall was but another instance of the triumph of ignorance and bigotry in South Africa. But the sinister influence of Dr. Philip had yet to work further mischief. The roaming bodies of emigrant farmers in the interior caused the Government much anxiety. Dr. Philip advised that in order to cut them off from the settled districts a series of Treaty States should be created on the northern frontier of the colony, along the line of the Orange River. These treaties were concluded with native chiefs, and comprised arrangements with Moshesh, the Basuto chief, on the east, and Waterboer, a Griqua chief, on the west. The territory between these two extremes was occupied by Adam Kok, another Griqua chief. These chiefs were to exercise sovereign powers over black and white alike in their own States. They were amenable to missionary influence, and as such the scheme, known historically as the Napier Treaties, found favour and protection in high quarters. The European population, both Dutch and English, treated the arrangement with anger and contempt. They entirely refused to recognise the authority of native and half-breed chiefs. After a time it was found necessary to appoint a British Resident at Bloemfontein to govern the European section. But the whole system was vicious and failed completely. It arose through that ungenerous desire of the British Government to shirk their responsibilities which has unfortunately characterised much of South African history. Chaos and anarchy prevailed in the Treaty States. The immigrant farmers,

harassed by this vague assumption of British authority without experiencing any of the blessings of good rule, grew more and more confirmed in their dislike of all things English.

The seventh Kaffir war, in 1846, further aggravated the political turmoil existing in South Africa. Luckily, it brought matters to a climax by a practical demonstration of what might be expected from government under Christian Kaffirs. Also it brought on the scene Sir Harry Smith, that capable energetic Governor to whom belongs the honour of having established the first rational native policy in South Africa. In 1847 a new province named British Kaffraria was proclaimed on the eastern frontier, the power of the Kosa chiefs curtailed, and an English commissioner appointed to supervise the administration. On the northern frontier the Treaty States were abolished, and the whole district as far north as the Vaal River proclaimed British territory under the name of the Orange River Sovereignty. Local rule as regards their own tribes was still vested in the chiefs, but sovereign powers were in the hands of the English.

'Here at last,' writes Mr. Theal, 'was a policy such as nearly every man in Cape Colony approved of. Unfortunately, however, it came too late. The vast majority of white people living between the Modder and Vaal Rivers were indisposed to submit to British rule in any form.'

The Boers under Pretorius rose in arms and captured Bloemfontein. Sir Harry Smith hurried north with such troops as he could collect and severely defeated the farmers at Boomplaats. Pretorius and the majority of his followers fled across the Vaal, where they were followed by some of the most intractable

members of the Boer community. Pretorius was proclaimed a rebel, but otherwise he and his followers were left undisturbed.

After this event matters settled down for a time in the Sovereignty, but the evil effects of the Treaty State system were destined to culminate in events still more important. That system had enabled the sagacious Basuto chief Moshesh to build up a great power on the border of the colony. Naturally he disliked the curtailment of his prerogatives. He accordingly seized the opportunity in 1851, when Cape Colony was involved in the eighth Kaffir war, to rise in revolt. Still further, he severely defeated a British force which was sent against him. Matters were very serious, for the farmers in the Sovereignty were at the mercy of the Basutos, as no reinforcements could be spared from the colony. At the same moment Pretorius and his followers on the other side of the Vaal assumed a threatening attitude. The humiliating position was now forced on Major Warden, the British Resident at Bloemfontein, of having to make terms with a rebel Dutchman. Pretorius wished to be confirmed in the possession of the territory north of the Vaal. The British Government, on the other hand, had not the smallest desire to add that territory to their South African dominions. Accordingly, on January 17, 1852, a treaty named the Sand River Convention was signed, by which the British Government guaranteed to the emigrant farmers north of the Vaal the right to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference from the British Government. In this manner the South African Republic came into existence and the Boers received the charter of their independence.

The difficulty with Pretorius was thus averted, but the question of the Orange River Sovereignty itself remained. Further trouble arose with Moshesh and his Basutos, who succeeded in placing a British force, under Sir George Cathcart, the Governor, in a most awkward position. Peace was made shortly afterwards, but the British Government, weary of the complications which were always arising in South Africa, determined to abandon the Orange River territory. A large and influential section of the inhabitants protested in vain against this decision. A special commissioner was sent out to withdraw the Sovereignty, and by the Bloemfontein Convention of 1854 an independent Republic was created under the name of the Orange Free State. There was nothing generous in the independence granted on this occasion by England. She simply wished to free herself from any further complications on her borders as regards the Dutch. This was most easily effected by declaring they were free to manage their own affairs in future. By this selfish, short-sighted act the British Government deliberately cut itself adrift from a large number of people whose only wish was to remain subjects of the Crown. Ministers, when complaining of the Kaffir wars, apparently took no trouble to inquire whether these repeated disturbances were not the fruits of their own weak, vacillating, and ill-informed policy. Experiments and errors are of course unavoidable in the varied field of colonial enterprise; but if other colonies were subjected to the same diplomatic mismanagement as befell South Africa, Anglo-Saxon expansion must indeed be a plant of sturdy growth to have survived the repeated shocks of such a system.

The Boer Conventions of 1852 and 1854 mark a

turning-point in South African history. From this time onward national life was to flow in two separate channels, the courses of which became more and more divergent as years rolled by. By our own act we established two independent States beyond the English borders. The population was, generally speaking, alien by race and hostile through force of circumstances. We abdicated the sovereign position, and the abdication, as Sir Bartle Frere remarked on a subsequent occasion, was doomed to cost us heavily in blood and treasure.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ANNEXATION AND RETROCESSION OF THE TRANSVAAL.

THE curtain falls in 1854, at the signing of the Bloemfontein Convention, on the second act of the South African drama. It rises again, twenty-three years later, under very different circumstances. A great change had been effected in Cape Colony during this period. The unsatisfactory legislation of the past had given place to an enlightened government. Grievances had been removed, freedom and justice secured to the inhabitants. South Africa, no longer the Cinderella of the Colonies, but a country with a future, had made good her position among the valuable dependencies of the British Crown. During the governorship of Sir George Grey, one of the most able administrators of the century, great and beneficial changes were effected. Not only did he show much wisdom in his direction of native affairs, but he energetically supported the commercial and economic development of the colony. Railways and telegraphs were introduced, harbour works constructed, education encouraged, and the welfare of the inhabitants promoted in countless ways. Thanks to Sir George Grey's efforts, the sunshine of prosperity now began to break through the dark clouds which had long overhung South Africa. But even yet Downing Street had not fully shaken off the cramping

doctrines of the old colonial school. Sir George Grey was the first statesman to realise that the future of South Africa lay in a United South Africa. His opinions on this point differed from those of Ministers at home, and he was recalled: only to be reinstated, however, by popular acclamation. Troubles in New Zealand claimed his attention shortly afterwards, and he left the Cape in 1862 amid universal regret.

Parliamentary institutions went through two phases in the colony. The first Constitution was promulgated in 1853. It consisted of two Houses of Representatives, with an Executive appointed by the Governor. In 1870 a complete form of responsible government was introduced after the English plan. The Executive consisted in future of Ministers responsible to the electors, not to the Governor. They were chosen from the party commanding a majority in the House of Representatives, and held office at the pleasure of the latter. Simultaneously with the establishment of responsible government, the diamond fields were discovered at Kimberley. The opening up of this new industry gave a further impetus to the development of South Africa. It was as though the old evil days were dead and buried, and the future contained nothing but hope. But the reckoning for those days had yet to be paid. 'Our deeds are like children that are born to us,' writes George Eliot, 'they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never.' It was 'that dreadful vitality of deeds' which was doomed to press hard on the British Government, though ample restitution had been made for their past legislative errors in Cape Colony.

From this prosperous picture it is necessary to look at the condition of affairs existing in the Boer States.

We saw in the last chapter how the two Republics had been started on their independent careers. The Orange Free State reluctantly received the gift of freedom. She nevertheless made an excellent use of it. From 1854 to 1899 the history of the Free State is an honourable and praiseworthy record. The Government was honest, and free from any taint of corruption. Its rule, though simple, was just and impartial to all nationalities. 'Freedom, Immigration, Patience, Courage,' is the motto of the Free State, and this little Republic has lived up to it worthily.

Very different was the state of things existing across the Vaal. The order which has characterised the affairs of the Free State, as opposed to the anarchy reigning in the Transvaal, is to be explained by the different character of the populations. The Free State Dutch belonged to the more enlightened and Anglicised portion of the Boer community. They were not animated by that intense hatred of everything British which has always been a peculiarity of the Transvaal Boers. The Free State Dutch were people of some education, and showed a praiseworthy wish to improve themselves. Many English people were settled in the country, and intercourse with Cape Colony was frequent. This leaven was wholly beneficial to the Republic. The proximity of British territory and the amicable relations existing between the two races soon produced the happiest results as regards their feeling towards each other.

But in the Transvaal matters were otherwise. From the earliest times the wildernesses across the Vaal were the refuge of the most turbulent lawless sections of the Boer race. Froude has happily termed that country the Alsatia of South Africa. The civilising

influences which were brought to bear on the Free State were unable to penetrate so far as the South African Republic. The material of the population was in many cases bad, and their conditions of existence unfavourable to progress of any kind. It was the irreconcilable faction who fled with Pretorius across the Vaal. A race of farmers, nomad by disposition, loving liberty more for the reasons it is prized by the savage than for those which endear it to the civilised man, they spread themselves over the vast inland tracts of veldt and karroo, trekking away in their waggons beyond the reach of any settled government. Primitive in manners and customs, hating authority, knowing nothing of and caring less for the refinements of civilisation, the character of the country in which they found themselves was singularly liable to confirm them in all these instincts. The arid waterless wastes of that great plateau which constitutes the centre of South Africa were not favourable to the formation of towns. Before methods of artificial irrigation were introduced, settlements could only be made where the accident of water occurred. The inhabitants of the country districts were therefore compelled to lead very isolated lives, being separated even from each other by wide distances. As time went on the subtlety and craft peculiar to primitive races filled the gap among these small Boer communities of that educated judgment which the civilised man brings to bear on his affairs. Life in the wilderness lowered their standard in every way, and that in a remarkably short space of time, as time is reckoned historically. The Boer character has undergone great deterioration since the exodus from Cape Colony. We look in vain among the present-day Transvaalers for such men as Pieter Retief and Pretorius,

or even Maritz and Potgeiter. These men were only farmers, but they were honest according to their lights, and their lights were of a nobler quality than those of their descendants.

It is unfortunate for the Boers that they are always more admirable in adversity than in success. Unseemly differences existed among them from the earliest times as regards the exercise of authority. The South African Republic of to-day grew up after the Sand River Convention, by the gradual coalition of four independent districts existing across the Vaal. The previous attempts to establish any settled form of Republican Government had failed, owing to the intractable character of the farmers and their mutual jealousies. Their love of liberty was of that undisciplined nature which made combination even among themselves impossible. The history of these early miniature Republics is one of chaos and misrule. Jealousy was rife between the first leaders, Potgeiter and Maritz, as to the conduct of affairs in the early days of the Trek. Later on, after the death of Maritz, jealousy equally bitter existed between Potgeiter and Pretorius. The brief history of Natalia is a record of confusion worse confounded. Then, as thirty-five years later in the Transvaal, the British Government were almost compelled to intervene in order to end the existing state of anarchy. A very similar condition of affairs prevailed north of the Vaal in the years after the signing of the Sand River Convention. Government in its most democratic form implies certain restraints, but restraint is what the Boers will never recognise. They are called a strong race. It would be more accurate to say they are a race strong enough to throw off authority, but entirely lacking in the higher strength

which makes a man bow to the inevitable restrictions of the State. The petty squabbles of the Transvaal need not be recounted in detail. They are only interesting as an illustration of the complete lack of governing capacity in the Boer race. After the death of Pretorius in 1853, his son was elected President. He held that office twice, and, curiously enough, between those periods was President of the Free State. This was the more remarkable as Pretorius in 1857 conceived the brilliant idea of forcibly annexing the neighbouring Republic. He marched a commando over the Vaal in order to attack Bloemfontein. However, better counsels prevailed, and Pretorius went home again. Raiding was an amusement with which the Boers frequently varied the monotony of existence. The innumerable freebooting expeditions on which they have been engaged from time to time are a somewhat ironical commentary on President Kruger's pious horror of Dr. Jameson's misdeeds.

The annexation of 1877 is so frequently misrepresented and held up as a proof of English tyranny and land hunger, that it is well to inquire under what circumstances it took place.

'In matters commercial the fault of the Dutch is the giving too little and asking too much,' writes Canning. This is essentially the attitude of the Boers in their political relations. It is often stated that the annexation of 1877 was a violation of the Sand River Convention. A convention, however, naturally implies obligations to be carried out on each side. The Boer view of the question is to rigorously bind down one contracting party, leaving the Transvaal at liberty to break each clause in turn. It is true that by the Sand River Convention Great Britain undertook not

to interfere in the internal affairs of the Republic. If at a later date she was compelled nevertheless to do so, it must be remembered that the Boers in the meantime had consistently broken the two most important stipulations of the arrangement made in 1852. One clause had expressly stated that the country was to remain free and open for all traders and settlers. The tendency to exclude strangers was already a marked feature among the Boers. Various people, for one reason or another, found that it was impossible to settle in the Transvaal. This was the first violation. A second evasion, far more serious, was evoking considerable criticism among the English authorities beyond the border. The Sand River Convention laid down in precise terms that no slavery should exist in the Transvaal. This undertaking was almost openly violated. A thinly veiled system of legalised apprenticeship barely concealed the abuses of the old order of things. The worst feature of slavery flourished under a new name. The condition of the coloured people was deplorable. Whatever exaggeration there might have been in the old days as to the Boers' treatment of their slaves, there is no doubt as to their brutal conduct towards the native tribes with whom they were brought in contact. That a black man had a body, let alone a soul, that he might call his own, was a theory scouted by the Boers. They looked upon the Kaffirs in the light that Joshua regarded the Amalekites. Their native wars were carried on in the same spirit as the children of Israel conducted military operations against the Canaanites. Like Joshua and his forces, the Boers prayed lustily before the conflict, and massacred mercilessly after it. When this behaviour led to remonstrances, they appealed to the Bible as an excellent

precedent, and deplored the impiety which could question the ruling of such an authority. The British Government, however, who were blasphemous enough to consider Pentateuchal methods somewhat out of date, grew insistent as to a more enlightened rendering of the Old Testament text.

In 1872 Mr. Burgers was elected President of the Transvaal. The country at that time was already in great administrative and financial difficulties. That strain of idealism which here and there crops up curiously in the stolid Boer race was never better typified than in the person of Thomas Burgers. The President was a visionary enthusiast who headed the progressive party in the Transvaal, and was full of earnest desire for the advancement of his country. He promoted educational schemes, excellent in every respect save that there was an entire absence of pupils. In the same way railway enterprise was encouraged, though roads barely existed; and rolling stock purchased before the line was even commenced. Loans were negotiated and taxes reorganised, though there was no security forthcoming for the first, and the burghers energetically refused to pay the latter. The President was a dreamer of dreams, and so for a few brief years he nursed his vision of a great Dutch South African Republic, while the country drifted to the inevitable crash.

It was the ever-recurrent difficulty of native affairs which brought matters to a climax. The Transvaal was in no position to withstand any attack from without. Cetewayo and his Zulu warriors hung like a war-cloud on the frontier. The Boers had also become embroiled with a Bapedi chief named Secocoeni. An expedition sent against him, under the command of

President Burgers, failed ignominiously. The burghers fled in disorder, and the President in tears begged that he might be shot, and thus spared the humiliation of surviving such a disgrace. A barbarous filibustering expedition, under one of those disreputable foreign adventurers who have always found comfortable homes in the Transvaal, was then organised for the subjugation of Secocoeni. These operations were carried on with such wanton cruelty as to provoke strong protest from the neighbouring States. Clearly something had to be done. The Transvaal was completely insolvent: it owed 215,000*l.*, and there was 12*s.* 6*d.* in the Treasury. The whole civil administration was in chaos, taxes were unpaid, and lawlessness practically prevailed throughout the country. Order and authority no longer possessed a shadow of existence. It was a state of anarchy, and Cetewayo and his Zulus were preparing to profit by it. It was impossible that such a condition of things could be tolerated indefinitely. In a country where the black population largely outnumbers the white, demoralisation among the latter invites massacre from the former. Great Britain as paramount Power was compelled to interfere for the maintenance of peace and order. No one stated the case with more trenchant bitterness than President Burgers himself, who in the Volksraad debates made his countrymen wince under the lash of his tongue.

'I would rather be a policeman under a strong Government than the President of such a State,' he said. 'It is you—you members of the Raad and the Boers who have lost the country, who have sold your independence for a *soupe* (drink). You have ill-treated the natives, you have shot them down, you have sold them into slavery, and now you have to pay the

penalty. Do you know what has recently happened in Turkey? Because no civilised government was carried on there, the Great Powers interfered and said, "Thus far; no farther." And if this is done to an Empire, will a little Republic be excused when it misbehaves? If we want justice, we must be in a position to ask it with unsullied hands.'

Such was the state of affairs; the *Deus ex machina* appeared in the person of Sir Theophilus Shepstone. Towards the end of 1886 Lord Carnarvon, who was maturing his federation scheme for South Africa, appointed Sir T. Shepstone as special commissioner to the Transvaal, Sir Henry Barkly being Governor of the Cape at the time. Sir Theophilus was instructed to inquire into the condition of the country, and, if necessary, to annex it. The anarchy reigning in the Boer Republic was, of course, unfavourable to federal union, and about five months later Sir Theophilus issued a proclamation by which the Transvaal became a State under British protection.

Sir T. Shepstone has been blamed for rushing the annexation. It is said he should have waited till the pressure of circumstances compelled the Boers to openly ask for British help in their difficulties. Pressure of circumstances, in blunt language, meant a Zulu raid and a massacre of Transvaal inhabitants. To wait for the occurrence of such an outrage might have placed Sir Theophilus in a technically correct position, but his action would have been open to much condemnation on the ground of humanity. There was no reason to suspect the bitter opposition of the future. Also it was suspected that President Burgers was entertaining the most unwelcome idea of an appeal to German protection. Be that as it may, the demorali-

sation in the Transvaal and the activity of Cetewayo were patent facts demanding urgent attention. Cetewayo wrote insolently on hearing of the annexation. 'I thank my father Somtseu'—as Shepstone was called —'for his message: I am glad that he sent it, because the Dutch have tired me out, and I intended to fight with them once—only once—and to drive them over the Vaal. Kabana, you see my Impis are gathered. It was to fight the Dutch I called them together. Now I will send them back to their houses.'

Where Sir Theophilus made a great mistake was in his tacit connivance at a characteristic act of double dealing carried on by the President and the principal Boer leaders. Burgers and his followers professed in private that they were ready and willing to accept the British rule. They promised to help in the establishment of the new order of things. But, to save appearances and put themselves right in the eyes of the burghers, they wished to make a public protest against the annexation. Shepstone, through a grave error of judgment, consented to his improper arrangement. 'Hedging' of this nature has always been a feature of Boer policy, and on this occasion opened the door to countless misrepresentations in the future. Sir Theophilus had received public and private petitions in favour of annexation weighty enough to warrant his action. He should have insisted on the open recognition of what he did. By not forcing the Boer leaders to take a straightforward course, opportunities for future disaffection were deliberately created. The Boers have a Micawber-like affection for anything which may turn up, and by this clever ruse they secured their position against all eventualities. The malcontents continued to foster the idea that British

authority in the Transvaal would be renounced after a time, as it had been in the Orange Free State. This theory, sedulously cultivated, unsettled the country. In many cases it prevented well-disposed inhabitants from siding openly with the British Government, for fear of vengeance overtaking them should a Republic be re-established.

A fortnight before Sir Theophilus Shepstone issued his proclamation, there arrived as Governor at the Cape the man who above all others has left his mark on South African history. There are few records more tragic, few figures more pathetic in the annals of the British Empire than that of Sir Bartle Frere. A striking portrait of him hangs on the staircase at Government House, Cape Town. It is a picture which would arrest the attention of the most casual observer by the mingled strength and spirituality of the kind strong face. Any mention of Sir Bartle's name in South Africa to-day calls forth a burst of enthusiasm and indignation from those who knew and honoured him. He stands out a great and noble figure in the history of the country he served so well. Slandered, unsupported, betrayed; Time, that just and incorruptible judge, has splendidly vindicated his work and memory. No man more fully grasped in all its bearings the hydra-headed problems of South Africa, no man laid down a more satisfactory scheme for their solution, no man more accurately foresaw the miserable sequences which were bound to follow the policy actually adopted. His correspondence, read in the light of present events, comes with startling prophetic force. 'Any attempt to give back or restore the Boer Republic in the Transvaal,' he writes in 1879, 'must lead to anarchy and failure, and probably at no

distant period to a vicious imitation of some South American Republics, in which the more uneducated and misguided Boers, dominated and led by better-educated foreign adventurers—Germans, Hollanders, Irish Home Rulers, and other European Republicans and Socialists —will become a pest to the whole of South Africa, and a most dangerous fulcrum to any European Power bent on contesting our naval supremacy or in injuring us in our colonies.' And again he writes, putting his finger on that weak point from which all our South African troubles have arisen:

'There is no escaping from the responsibility which has been already incurred ever since the English flag was planted on the castle here. All our real difficulties have arisen, and still arise, from attempting to evade or shift this responsibility. . . . Your object is not conquest, but simply supremacy up to Delagoa Bay. This will have to be asserted some day, and the assertion will not become easier by delay. The trial of strength will be forced on you, and neither justice nor humanity will be served by postponing the trial if we start with a good cause.'

There is no more deplorable page in South African history than that of the abandonment of Sir Bartle Frere. It is one over which I would gladly pass in silence, but the story has to be told, and cannot be told too often as an illustration of the evils worked by the party system in foreign and colonial politics. Sir Bartle Frere was a distinguished administrator who in the course of a long career in India had acquired that intimate knowledge of native races which fitted him peculiarly for the difficult and onerous post of High Commissioner in South Africa. He had received a legislative training such as had fallen to the lot of no

previous Governor at the Cape. Lord Carnarvon, who was Colonial Secretary in the Conservative Ministry of the day, had been urging a general Confederation scheme for the various South African states and colonies. The first propositions were put forward somewhat tactlessly in 1875, and the ill-judged mission of Mr. Froude had to a certain extent discredited the scheme. Sir Bartle Frere, two years later, was specially selected by Lord Carnarvon as the most capable man of the day for giving actual expression to this policy.

The Governor landed at the Cape in April 1877. Four months after his arrival the ninth Kaffir war broke out. A wave of disturbance was passing at this time over all the Bantu races in South Africa. A restless spirit among the native tribes manifested itself by constant outbreaks in different quarters of the country. There was a focus for this disturbance, a centre of action from which it radiated and spread. This focus was to be found in Zululand. Cetewayo had successfully revived that military power of Chaka, whose devastations among the native tribes at the beginning of the century cost, so it is estimated, over a million lives. Zululand was inhabited by a savage race trained to perfection in the use of arms. Cetewayo's Impis numbered a force of 40,000 men. This unbroken Zulu power, hanging on the border of Natal, was a standing menace to the peace and safety of that colony. Still further, the Zulu military strength was the centre of disaffection which disturbed every tribe in South Africa. They looked to Zululand as a fulcrum to be used against the British Government, and the white races in general. The idea was steadily gaining ground among the Bantu races that, with the

Zulu warriors for its nucleus, a powerful combination might be formed against the white men. As far back as 1861 Sir George Grey drew attention to the critical state of affairs developing in Zululand, and urged that steps should be taken to place matters on a better footing in that country. No notice, however, was taken of his advice, and matters were allowed to drift on, the Zulu military power growing daily stronger. It is difficult, if not impossible, to bring home to a certain type of untravelled Englishman the conditions of life in the native districts of South Africa. Such a man finds it hard to grasp the real position of a handful of Europeans living in the midst of armed savages. The extraordinary and mischievous views put forward from time to time by such bodies as the Aborigines' Protection Society can only be excused on this ground of complete failure to grasp the local conditions. Few things cause more resentment among the South African colonists than the powers abrogated to themselves by societies such as these, whose paid officials stir up strife and misrepresent facts in some cases to justify their salaries. The views of Upper Tooting on South African native policy do not command that respect in Cape Colony to which Upper Tooting probably considers them entitled. Philanthropy is an admirable sentiment, but it is thought in Africa that people who have spent their days in comfortable red-brick villas, and have never in the whole course of their lives been separated by more than ten miles from a lamp-post, would do better to confine their philanthropic work to matters within their own sphere of knowledge, leaving native affairs to the British Government and properly trained civil servants. No one in this country knows what it is to live in danger of his

or her life, thanks to the perfect system of law and order by which we are surrounded. Therefore it is argued, with a striking lack of logic, that people in South Africa live in no risk of theirs. If this theory is ever upset by a native rising, it is promptly assumed that the brutal Englishman has goaded the poor Kaffir to desperation. Argument is useless with people whose personal knowledge of savages is limited to the warriors at the Earl's Court Exhibition. The practical assumption that without the watchful eye of Upper Tooting all manner of atrocities would be committed among the natives, casts a slur upon the British Government and its officials they have every right to resent. It cannot be too often insisted upon that where savages and Europeans live side by side, the paramountcy of the latter must be established without a shadow of doubt. To encourage the former in ideas of political independence is to invite upheaval. When the savage will not bend to law and order the savage must end. It may seem a harsh statement, but the fact is inevitable. At the same time, it does not imply brutal treatment or serfdom. Countless tribes are secured full rights and liberty under British authority. Some, indeed, like the Basutos, have voluntarily sought protection under what the sagacious Moshesh termed 'the large folds of the flag of England.' But when a native race is recalcitrant, its subjection becomes inevitable sooner or later.

The Zulu war is a good case in point. An outcry was raised over the conquering of a brave nation. The broad policy which lay behind the war was disregarded. The Zulus were a picturesque and in many respects a fine race. Few people seemed to grasp that their military power was not maintained for manœuvres

of the Salisbury Plain type. 'Cetewayo,' writes Mr. Theal, 'was a man of prepossessing appearance, dignified in manner, and gifted with mental power in a high degree. But he was as pitiless as a piece of steel, and human life under his government was sacrificed with as little compunction as the lives of cows or oxen.' The whole country was organised on a military basis. No Zulu was allowed to marry until he had 'washed his spear' in the blood of some enemy. 'No murder, no matrimony,' was the axiom of Zululand. As the Zulus became more and more hemmed in, it was obvious the only blood in which they could wash their spears was that of British subjects. Their enmity with the Boers was one of long standing, and when England became responsible for the safety of the Transvaal the Zulu difficulty assumed still more formidable proportions. That fatal habit of playing off one tribe and one race against another could not be carried out when they were all under British protection. The Natalians and the Zulus cherished a common dislike to the Boers. Therefore, as Sir Bartle Frere said on one occasion, 'while the Boer Republic was a rival and semi-hostile Power, it was a Natal weakness rather to pet the Zulus as one might a tame wolf, who only devoured one's neighbour's sheep. We always remonstrated, but rather feebly; and now both flocks belong to us we are rather embarrassed in stopping the wolf's ravages.'

Sir Bartle went to Natal at the close of the ninth Kaffir war. The whole country was very unsettled. The defeated tribes in Cape Colony still hoped that Cetewayo might revenge their losses. 'Yes, you have beaten us,' said an old Galeka warrior to a native magistrate, 'but there'—pointing eastward—'there are

the Amazulu warriors. Can you beat them? They say not. Go and try. Don't trouble any more about us, but beat them and we shall be quiet enough.' Cetewayo was assuming a more and more defiant attitude. Outrages had occurred for which no redress was forthcoming. Sir Bartle Frere, wise and courageous, recognised that this nettle must be grasped firmly before too late. The Zulu military power was essentially aggressive. The peace of Africa rested not upon the British Government, but upon the caprice of a savage despot. Sir Bartle decided that this state of things must end, and, though overwhelmed with censure at the time, all men not blinded by prejudice recognise to-day that he acted wisely. An arbitration award which had been given in favour of Cetewayo was seized as an opportunity to formulate certain demands on the part of the British Government. Cetewayo refused to entertain them, and in this manner the Zulu war began.

The military disasters and incidents of the campaign, from Isandlwana to Ulundi, need not be repeated here. It was in its indirect effects that the Zulu war played so great a part in South African history. The origin and results are of more concern to us than the actual story. The war was very unpopular in England, where the real facts of the case were misunderstood and misconstrued. It had proved disastrous; consequently it was judged to be aggressive and unnecessary. A small but active philo-Zulu party in Natal, headed by Dr. Colenso, denounced Sir Bartle Frere in unmeasured terms. The war had been costly in life and treasure. The Government was vacillating and visibly afraid of an approaching General Election. Lord Carnarvon had resigned his place in the Cabinet through differences

with his colleagues as regards the Eastern question. He had thrown up his Confederation policy and left Frere in the lurch. Lord Carnarvon was succeeded by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, whose treatment of Sir Bartle was rather that of a critic in opposition than what might be expected from the head of the Colonial Office. A scapegoat was necessary to appease the public, and Lord Beaconsfield's Government tacitly decided that it should be the faithful long-tried official who had served his country so well. Even then, had they recalled Sir Bartle, their behaviour would have had the excuse of consistency. But they did nothing of the kind. They censured him, humiliated him, and begged him to stay on with one and the same breath. Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent to Natal in 1879 as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. The same despatch announced that he was to supersede Sir Bartle as High Commissioner of South-East Africa.

To appreciate in its full force the evil effects which were bound to follow the slur cast upon Frere, we must now revert to affairs in the Transvaal, and see how things were shaping there since the annexation. It was owing to the ninth Kaffir war and the Zulu troubles that Sir Bartle had been unable to give his undivided attention to the establishment of a satisfactory form of government in the Transvaal. Much had been done, of course. The danger threatened by Secocoeni and Cetewayo was removed, debts were paid, and credit restored. The Boers, now that law and order were re-established in their country, began to grumble at the means by which these changes had been effected. Mr. FitzPatrick truly remarks: 'The wave of the magician's wand looked so very simple that the

price began to seem heavy. The eaten bread was forgotten.' But it is true that the promises made by Shepstone at the moment of annexation had not been fulfilled. Full legislative privileges were promised; a government practically autocratic had been established. The grievance, though not crushing, was genuine, and as a result of much vacillating policy in the past, the idea that in some way the English annexation might be upset took firmer and firmer hold of the Boer mind. All these causes fostered and encouraged discontent, and the anti-British party, headed by Kruger, started an active agitation against the English rule.

It is the custom to hold Sir Owen Lanyon responsible for all the troubles which arose in the Transvaal. Sir Owen Lanyon was a complete failure as an administrator, but the question forces itself upon one whether Sir Theophilus Shepstone, during his two years' rule, did not leave many things undone which should have received attention. Sir Bartle Frere has left in his correspondence an interesting character-sketch of that remarkable man he calls a South African Talleyrand, 'shrewd, observant, silent, self-contained, immobile'—the man who is described as having 'a vast fund of useful information if one could get at it; but who was apt to regard it as his own private armoury, and not as belonging to the State.' Sir T. Shepstone's knowledge of native affairs was unrivalled, but his former hold over the Zulus, by whom he was called 'Our father Somtseu,' was a fact which did not commend him to their hated rivals the Boers. It is doubtful whether he ever won the confidence of the latter: certainly he mismanaged them during his term of office. It is just as well to remember also that Sir Theophilus held his authority directly from the British Government, and

not from the Governor of the Cape. In April 1879 Sir Bartle Frere was at last able to visit the Transvaal. He was much dissatisfied with the state of affairs he found there. The conviction was forced upon him that the Government had been unsatisfactory in many ways. The country was very unsettled. A large camp, numbering 4,000 disaffected Boers, had been formed near Pretoria, and they were terrorising the country. Frere visited them unarmed and practically alone. Even yet all might have been well, for he won the Boers' respect and liking, and the result was the peaceable breaking up of the camp. Sir Bartle steadily resisted all demands for a restoration of independence, but he listened to the Boer view of the case with attention, treated the burghers with justice and courtesy, and promised them a constitution and a liberal measure of self-government. They parted with mutual good feeling on each side. Frere's courage, rectitude, and noble qualities of heart and mind made an impression on the Boers they did not soon forget. One of them went so far as to call him a 'regt Dopper'—a compliment which has probably never been won by any other Englishman. Frere returned to Cape Town, and his journey back was in the nature of a triumph. The censure of England had been answered by the warm praise and approval of South Africa. From all parts of the country he received addresses of support and sympathy. A fortnight after his return to the colony came the news that Sir Garnet Wolseley was to supersede him as High Commissioner. The settlement of Zululand and all affairs connected with the Transvaal and Natal were removed from Sir Bartle's jurisdiction.

It is hard to speak in temperate language of this action of Lord Beaconsfield's Government. Let it be

remembered that the two great political parties in this country are equally responsible for the evils which have overtaken South Africa. If a Liberal Government signed the Convention of 1881, it was a Conservative Government who forsook the honoured servant of their own special selection, who disgraced him in the eyes of the world, and by dividing his authority brought about the disruption of South Africa. Sir M. Hicks-Beach euphemistically explained that Frere, relieved of the High Commissionership, could turn his undivided attention to the Federation cause. A policy of federation and union which manifests itself by a disintegration of authority is not very clear to the lay mind. Frere's influence, of course, was shattered. The Boers, whose sympathies he had won, whose case he thoroughly understood, were removed from his jurisdiction. They were handed over to an administrator of a very different type in the person of Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley. The settlement (which was no settlement) made in Zululand by that distinguished soldier has no direct bearing on our story. His conduct of affairs there and in the Transvaal is a period of his career which probably his best friends wish forgotten. Suffice it to say he established a form of military government in the Transvaal as far removed as possible from the scheme drawn up by Sir Bartle. The Governor at the Cape was, naturally, powerless to interfere. Of Sir Garnet and his doings he generally received the first intimation through the medium of the newspapers. Any man whose sense of duty was less strong would at once have resigned so thankless and invidious a post; but Frere was too patriotic, too loyal to adopt a course he saw would add further confusion to the already existing chaos. He remained at the helm, promoting

the welfare of the colony in every feasible way, till the last act of the disgraceful drama was played out.

Discontent and disaffection reigned supreme among the Boers, to whom the methods of Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Owen Lanyon did not commend themselves. Then came the General Election of 1880. Politicians on each side of the House did not scruple to turn the sorrows and difficulties of South Africa to their own special ends. In all the records of that time I can find no sign of any leader whose views on the South African question were dictated by other than the claims of party interest. The welfare of the unhappy country was apparently a small consideration, when its neglect might ensure the sweets of office. No one had the moral courage to declare that if South Africa was to be saved from internecine strife a firm policy must be carried out, however unpopular. No one took the trouble to educate public opinion and to explain the real facts of the case. Mr. Gladstone's famous Midlothian campaign strengthened the hand of the Boer malcontents. This 'invasion of a free people' was an excellent rallying cry for the Liberal party. A high moral standpoint is pleasing to the great heart of the nation. So when Mr. Gladstone eloquently declared, in speaking of the Transvaal, 'that if those acquisitions were as valuable as they are valueless I would repudiate them, because they are obtained by means dishonourable to the character of the country,' England applauded loudly. There are some people in the country who still uphold that famous phrase, though South Africa rudely puts her tongue in her cheek and declares what every sensible person perfectly well knows, that had the Rand mines been discovered at that date Mr. Gladstone's views on the

moral turpitude of the Transvaal annexation would have undergone vital change. His return to office in 1880 filled the Boers with hope. This eloquent defence of their independence would now, of course, be translated into actual facts—so they argued, and argued with every right. Mr. Gladstone was in honour bound to restore the Transvaal independence after the election pledges he had made. He did nothing of the kind. It was one thing to unsettle and disturb South Africa by his speeches when there were ends to be gained by them in England. Those ends achieved, Boer grievances might be viewed in a different light. 'The Queen could not be advised to relinquish her sovereignty over the Transvaal,' said Mr. Gladstone politely in reply to the Boer appeals. 'Slimness' of this nature is too well understood by the Boers not to be resented bitterly by them. Mr. Gladstone paid them back in their own coin, and they disliked the return of that medium of exchange which had been successfully palmed off on many English statesmen. Whether President Kruger's little device of saying one thing and doing another was a worthy standpoint for the Prime Minister of England is a question on which opinions may differ.

Be that as it may, the Liberal Government came into power in April, and promptly dropped the idea of Transvaal independence. Sir Bartle Frere, however, was still in Africa, and an easy instrument on which to wreak their vicarious morality. Strange to say, there was no talk at first of superseding in his office the man who had been overwhelmed with censure for his action concerning the Zulu war. Naturally, the different standpoints of the 'ins' and the 'outs' must be taken into account, and probably Lord Kimberley who

now reigned at the Colonial Office, fully understood the value of the man he had in Africa. But party system demanded its victim. 'South Africa might go to the wall, but Little Peddlington must be considered. At the suggestion of Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Dillwyn, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the following memorial was drawn up and signed by ninety members of the Liberal party :—

'To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury,—

'We, the undersigned members of the Liberal party, respectfully submit that, as there is a strong feeling throughout the country in favour of the recall of Sir Bartle Frere, it would greatly conduce to the unity of the party and relieve many members from the charge of breaking their pledges to their constituents if that step were taken.'

'A more cynically candid document,' writes Mr. John Martineau, 'perhaps never was penned.' It is a document which makes one blush for the men who signed it. Not one word as to what might be wise or expedient for South Africa. Not one word that Sir Bartle should be recalled because his policy was unsuitable for the colony he ruled. Not one word that the honour of England had suffered through his action. No; unity of party and pledges to constituents were the only considerations. In all the annals of English public life there is perhaps not a more depressing record than this document, in which ninety members of Parliament deliberately stated that the first consideration in politics was not the welfare of the country, but the security of individual political interests. Well may Mr. Courtney now become President of a South African Conciliation Society and pose as an authority

capable of educating public opinion as to the rights and wrongs of South African affairs. It is to be hoped that his knowledge of the latter has improved somewhat of late years. Has he forgotten his leading share in the events of 1880? Does he imagine, in face of the above document, that his action on that occasion was such as to win him confidence or respect to-day? There are some people still foolish enough to think that the claims of England should be considered before the claims of party. The lofty-minded doctrinaires of the Conciliation Society, who have undertaken the task of supplying England with 'accurate intelligence' about South Africa, had better look to it that they do not emulate the edifying behaviour of their chairman on a former occasion. The conscience of England is sufficiently elastic, but the people of this country still demand that the men who profess to lead them should display more courage, more generosity, and more political honour than is to be found in the round-robin of June 3, 1880.

The fruits of this document were soon visible. The Confederation scheme in South Africa had fallen through. The discontent in the Transvaal and the general confusion which had resulted from a series of Imperial blunders rendered all hope of federal union impossible. The scheme was withdrawn from the Cape Parliament, and the opportunity was seized to recall Sir Bartle Frere.

All that followed is a story too well known to need repetition. The Boers rose in arms on December 16, 1880, and on February 26 they defeated Sir George Colley at Majuba Hill. Reinforcements were hurried out and the means were at hand to vindicate the British supremacy in Africa. But Mr. Gladstone,

vexed by the necessity and the costliness of war, now bethought himself of those forgotten Midlothian speeches. What a saving of trouble—a little late in the day perhaps—to fulfil those unredeemed pledges! The Government would be free from 'blood-guiltiness'—and be able to bring in a better Budget next session. And so, to the dismay and indignation of every loyal British subject in South Africa, a peace was concluded in March 1881 by which England, still discredited and disgraced by her military blunders, restored the independence of the Boers, subject to the suzerainty of the British Crown. The deplorable effect of this settlement on the people of South Africa can perhaps even yet be only understood by those who have visited the country. Confidence in the British Government was shattered. Pledges of the most solemn and emphatic nature had been broken; for English and Dutch alike had been told that so long as the sun should shine the English flag would wave over Pretoria. No one then, as now, believed that the withdrawal was dictated by other than selfish motives. The disastrous results of what Mr. Gladstone considered magnanimity were thoroughly foreseen. His behaviour before and after the Midlothian campaign had rendered any appreciation of his conduct on high moral grounds impossible. Sir Bartle Frere knew, and so did every one else in South Africa, that for this deplorable withdrawal a terrible day of reckoning was bound to come. Responsibilities evaded and thrown off have a habit of recoiling with force gathered a hundredfold. For that fatal act of 1881 we are dreeing our weird to-day.

I think that I speak not only for myself but for many of my own generation in saying that Mr.

Gladstone's former hold over the people of this country is something of a riddle to us. We can remember nothing of those great social movements with which his name is connected. The glamour of his wonderful personality and matchless charm never touched us. The words Majuba and Khartoum may be among the most dim recollections of childhood, though the events attaching to them were matters entirely beyond our ken. But, on the other hand, many of us who were born and brought up in the Liberal camp can remember the painful breaking of social and political ties caused by its disruption. We have seen our party fallen from its high estate, and the sight has been a grievous one. We have lived to see the betrayal of Gordon and the honour of England in Egypt slowly redeemed at the cost of many trials and sacrifices. The still more terrible redemption of Africa presses hard upon this country as I write. We are watching the gathering in of the bitter harvest sowed in 1881. We have seen our homes desolated and the best blood of England poured out in a war directly resulting from an act neither just, honourable, nor statesmanlike. Hence it is that many of us who may have suffered by these things ask why the man responsible for them was held in such estimation by our parents. To us his reputation is a hard saying:

> Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
> We write in water.

So says Shakespeare, and so indeed it seems to us.

CHAPTER V.

THE EFFECTS OF THE MAJUBA POLICY.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more deplorable than the condition of South Africa on the signing of the Pretoria Convention in August 1881. Moral anarchy prevailed throughout the land. It should be clearly understood that any grievance at the territorial abandonment was as nothing compared with the political shock caused by Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal. It was the loss of prestige, the loss of confidence, the loss of honour which stirred South Africa to its depths. That any loyalty or affection for the mother country should have survived the Transvaal retrocession speaks well for the fidelity of the English population. No one could have blamed them, under such circumstances, if they had cut themselves adrift once and for all from a Power whose direction of South African affairs had been marked by a complete disregard for the wishes of the country.

In the Transvaal itself things were in a very bad state. The claims of the English and loyal Dutch were disregarded and set aside in a manner which fills one with amazement. Not the smallest consideration was shown for the welfare of these people. No care was taken that their rights should be safeguarded under the restored Republic. It was the obvious duty of the Commissioners to protect the loyal Dutch, at least,

from suffering by their adherence to England during her occupation of the Transvaal. Nothing of the kind was done. They were practically handed over to the tender mercies of their victorious compatriots, who proceeded to wreak vengeance on them for the help they had given the British Government. The English residents were insulted and badly treated in every possible manner. Many settlers were completely ruined, and left the country bankrupt and broken-hearted. The hysterical scenes which took place at Pretoria when the news of the surrender was received illustrate the despair felt throughout the country. Accounts of those scenes were not exaggerated. Any colonist who remembers the events of 1881 will testify to the deep and bitter feeling they created. I was much struck in South Africa by the indelible sense of shame and indignity the retrocession has left on the minds of those who witnessed it. And one and all say the same thing: 'It was not giving the country back we minded, it was the shabby, shameful way it was done.'

Before turning to the career of the newly restored Republic, it is just as well to call a halt at this point, and before entering on the last phase of South African history examine the general effects of the Majuba policy both on England and Africa.

In England that policy served to confuse public opinion in a most unfortunate manner. It is only just to say the nation viewed the circumstances of the Transvaal retrocession athwart the mirage of Mr. Gladstone's personality. The high moral grounds on which he based his action were accepted somewhat carelessly without further study of the case. The local conditions were not examined or considered.

Where Africa saw betrayal, cowardice, injustice; England quite honestly saw only courage, truth, and magnanimity. Misapprehension and misunderstanding between the colony and the mother country were inevitable under such circumstances. The English South Africans were sore and sullen; chafing under the humiliation of the false position in which they had been placed; and their irritation was doubly increased by the discovery that England viewed her own action in the matter with complacent self-satisfaction. The political misconceptions existing in this country about the Boers has been the worst heritage left by Majuba. 'Truth comes more quickly out of error than confusion,' writes Bacon, and it was the confusion of ideas about the whole situation which was prejudicial to the establishment of a sound policy.

As regards South Africa, a change still more important and far more disastrous was effected. Majuba inaugurated the era of aggressive Dutch policy towards Great Britain. The germs of that policy were of old date. The conservative and intensely racial ideas of the Boers are found in existence as far back as the days of Simon van der Stel. The English, by their advent in 1806, introduced various new governing principles, some of them most antipathetic to the Dutch mind; and, as we have seen, those principles were not imposed upon them in the most tactful manner. The reader who has had the patience to follow me through the preceding chapters has probably come to the conclusion that British rule in South Africa from 1806 to 1881 was of a highly unsatisfactory character. There is little in that record on which one cares to dwell with any pleasure. On the other hand, the problem of dual nationalities is always a difficult

one, and a more intractable people than the Boers it would be hard to discover. Neither as subjects nor neighbours have they shown any adaptability to their surroundings. Their political relations, be they with the English, the Portuguese, or the natives, have invariably proved stormy. 'If there's a Government, I'm agin it,' is essentially the attitude of the Boer. Probably it is the characteristic which wins them the sympathy of the Irish party. They resent settled rule of any kind, however light its yoke. The British Government represented law, order, and taxation, and as such they disliked it cordially. Every people cherishes its own dream of happiness. Freedom from the restraints of civilisation was that of the Boers. And so it came about that in the earliest days of the Great Trek we find a vague ideal arising among the emigrant farmers of a South Africa in which the English factor would be eliminated and the Boer reign supreme as lord and master of the situation. Pretorius and Pieter Retief both dreamed of a great Dutch South African Republic free from English control. It was a dream also dear to the heart of President Burgers. Mr. Froude, who visited Pretoria in 1874, writes as follows :—

'The President spoke at a public dinner last night, talking with vague enthusiasm about a United South Africa. I asked him what the flag was to be. He hesitated, but I saw what he meant. I told him that a South African flag would float over Cape Town Castle and Simon's Bay when South Africa were strong enough to drive us out, but neither he nor I would live to see it.'

The idea that the English rule might be contested, and upset eventually, had taken a firm hold on the Boer mind. It must be owned that a series of mis-

takes and accidents had given some ground for this belief. We saw how British vacillation in the past militated against the Transvaal settlement in 1877. No one can accuse England of aggressive land hunger in South Africa during the first part of the century. On the contrary, her expansion was a halting and reluctant one. Over and over again circumstances drove her forward when she only wished to hold back. But her very reluctance had a bad effect on a people like the Boers, who recognise no superiority save that of the stronger. The renunciation of the Orange River Sovereignty dealt a most fatal blow at Great Britain's prestige. Much future mischief sprang from this act, which the Boers regarded as a startling exhibition of weakness. Their experience of England was only that of a country with a changeable uncertain policy. English strength and English power were matters of which they had received no practical demonstration. They cannot be blamed if under the circumstances they never realised the mighty authority wielded by their rulers in other parts of the world. And so the idea grew up, little by little, that some day somehow the English would be driven from the land, and a racial Utopia established in which the Ooms and Tantas would live happily together, undisturbed by the impious and progressive Briton. It was a dream of the most visionary nature, but an accident transformed it into a reality. That accident was Majuba.

The circumstances which preceded the Pretoria Convention must have seemed little short of amazing to the Boers. They had defeated the all-powerful British nation in fair and open combat. They had wrested victorious terms from this mighty race. Surely the British power was no power at all, but a

bubble pricked by the God-fearing Dopper. So they argued from the standpoint of their ignorance and their limitations. It is not surprising that their slow imaginations were fired by so extraordinary an occurrence. The surprising part is that no British statesman had the wisdom to foresee the inevitable results of the policy adopted. An overwhelming sense of importance filled the minds of the Transvaal Boers. The sentimental desire which had vaguely existed for a great Dutch Republic took form and shape after the events of 1881. The sentiment had prepared the way for a hostile policy, and the policy itself sprang from the grievous mistake made by England at this date.

I particularly wish to draw the attention of the reader to this hostile anti-English current in South African affairs before describing those events of the last few years which centre round Johannesburg. It is a common fallacy to speak of the Jameson Raid and the capitalist intrigues as the origin of all evil in South Africa. I have endeavoured to show in the previous chapters that strife and difficulty had existed long before the discovery of the Rand. A long series of disputes had marked our relations with the Dutch from the earliest times. From grievances (many of them genuine, be it said) to disaffection; from disaffection to disloyalty; from disloyalty to an active attack on the British supremacy are the stages through which Dutch political aspirations have passed. England for many years placidly ignored this development of affairs in South Africa. The contempt for Great Britain bred in the Boer mind by Majuba was a fact beyond the grasp of that all-powerful person the man in the street. He probably regarded any theory of an attack on British supremacy with the concern

one views an attack on the principles of gravitation. The pretensions of Pretoria when viewed from London seemed only worthy of a smile, certainly not of serious consideration.

A great change was passing at this time over English colonial policy. A more generous spirit animated the councils of her Ministers. Whatever her shortcomings in the past towards South Africa, England during the last twenty years has attempted honest reparation for them. She has shown patience and forbearance under provocation such as no other Great Power would have tolerated. And she did so through an honourable sensitiveness as to the rights of a race politically and intellectually her inferior, and also through a genuine desire to promote the commonweal of the country, and put a period, once and for all, to the endless dissensions which disturbed its progress. But the lucky accidents of what mortals call chance never fell to the lot of South Africa. It is a sad fact in her history that the reparation for mistakes has always come too late. The firm but conciliatory policy advocated by Sir Bartle Frere might have achieved a United South Africa before Majuba, but conciliation after such a surrender was more liable to misconstruction than any act of oppression. The theory of government which has gained President Kruger unenviable fame was already firmly established in his mind. The more generous colonial policy which synchronised with the events of 1881 was doomed, under the circumstances, not to win either respect or gratitude, but only to add further fuel to the fire of Boer pretensions.

It is extremely difficult for any person who has not been in South Africa to realise all that is meant by

that fateful word 'Majuba.' Majuba as a military defeat is not worth serious consideration. Majuba from the political point of view, from the effect of such a diplomatic surrender on an ignorant arrogant race, becomes of supreme importance. Now, whatever motive led to the Transvaal retrocession, be it magnanimity, be it expediency, it is very evident that only a most powerful nation could have behaved in such a manner. An act of that nature implies a large reserve fund of prestige to be drawn upon in the bank of political credit. A civilised State would have grasped that fact. It was entirely misunderstood by the Boers. A great nation finds some difficulty in bringing itself to the intellectual level of a weak and feeble one, and in remembering that acts of political generosity in dealing with such a race are dangerously liable to be misconstrued as avowals of weakness. The characteristics of the Dutch were so little understood that the probable effect upon them of the policy of 1881 was a factor never taken into consideration. To this day many people in England are at a loss to understand how an accidental British defeat by a handful of farmers, followed by the retrocession of a country the annexation of which had been condemned by many people, could have exercised any lasting political influence. When Mr. Gladstone's Government handed back the Transvaal to the Boers it was certainly not expected by the general public that a policy honestly applauded and upheld as one of conciliation and magnanimity would be looked upon by those it most concerned as a proof of England's cowardice and weakness. That as a result of such a policy an obscure semi-nomad people should imagine they had brought England to her knees, and were at liberty to flout her

for the future, seemed an idea too grotesque for consideration. Yet this conviction on the part of the Boers, impossible though it seems, is the key of the present situation, for on it—thanks to the tardy realisation by England of what was taking place in South Africa—turns that unnatural inversion which has arisen in the relations of the two races.

Majuba inaugurated a phase of swollen head among the Boers. The discovery of the Rand, which took place almost simultaneously, enormously complicated matters. It developed the anti-English policy by leaps and bounds, for the very simple reason that it provided the sinews of war. From that policy the Uitlander grievances were bound to follow; but these latter were only the outward and visible signs of a faith more far-reaching in its consequences than any local disabilities existing in the Transvaal. The attempt is made to confuse the greater and the lesser issue, but it is imperative that they should be kept separate and apart. It is as an incident weighty and most important that the gold interest must be regarded, but it was not a first cause of the strife which now divides the land. The great fact which should be remembered about Johannesburg is that it transformed a local dispute and local ambitions into affairs of world-wide importance. But had the gold interest remained in abeyance the struggle would have taken place all the same. It would have assumed another form, it would have lacked the giant proportions of to-day, it would have been known to history as a petty revolt instead of a great war; but the trial of strength was doomed to come. President Kruger, before the discovery of the Rand, had put his helm hard over, and was steering straight for the rocks marked 'Danger.' His policy

was born of an idea which had vaguely existed for many years in South Africa; it was cradled and fostered by a mistake—Majuba; but it sprang to maturity, fully armed, thanks to an accident—Johannesburg.

We must now revert to the Pretoria Convention, and take up the thread of Transvaal history on the conclusion of that event. I am conscious of many digressions in the course of this narrative, but the influences at work in South Africa during the last twenty years are most divergent, and each in turn calls for attention before the actual historical facts are related.

Five years or more elapsed after 1881 before any large Uitlander incursion took place in the Transvaal. According to the capitalist theory of the war, there should have been years of peace and contentment in the newly restored Republic. Let us now see how this idyllic community fared during a period undisturbed by the evil influences of modern development. Had the political ambitions of the Boers been confined to a desire to govern as they liked and how they liked within their own territory, it is reasonable to assume that every wish of their hearts must have been gratified by the settlement of 1881. Practically, they dictated terms to England, and England gave way on every disputed point. Certain conditions, however, were laid down, and it was natural to imagine that the Boers, having received such liberal treatment, would abide faithfully by the settlement. A complete disregard of treaty obligations is, however, a moral shortcoming which never weighs heavily on the Boer conscience. Political honour is practically unknown among them, and the ink of the Pretoria Convention was hardly dry before the Boers were attempting to break through its

articles. The spirit of this Convention, like that of its successor, was broken over and over again. The niceties of moral distinctions being perhaps beyond the grasp of President Kruger, some excuse may be made on this score; but the deliberate and tangible infringements which occurred can only be defined as wilful.

Article XIX. laid down in the clearest terms that no territorial expansion was to take place beyond the Transvaal borders. It was the only clause in that unsatisfactory document which had the saving grace of forethought. The article begins as follows: 'The Government of the Transvaal State will strictly adhere to the boundaries defined in the First Article of this Convention, and will do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachments upon lands beyond the said State.' A rectification of boundaries took place on the signing of the London Convention three years later, but the above phrase reappears in the second document with the following addition:

'The Government of the South African Republic will appoint Commissioners upon the eastern and western borders, whose duty it will be strictly to guard against irregularities and all trespassing over the boundaries.'

The undesirability of the Boers being left free to roam all over the interior of Africa, raising political difficulties wherever they went, was patent even to Mr. Gladstone's Government. The British authorities accordingly guarded, or rather they attempted to guard, against the danger by accurately defining the Transvaal boundaries. The clause, however, was obnoxious to the Boers. Though the vast area of land constituting the Transvaal was far beyond their requirements, they

still yearned for more territory. President Kruger complained plaintively that he was shut up in a kraal, and raiding operations were undertaken first in one direction, then in another. The conduct of affairs in the Transvaal was already exciting unfavourable comment in many quarters. The Boers declared, however, that the Pretoria Convention was unworkable, that difficulties arose in consequence, and that further concessions would smooth the path of the Republic. 'Anything for a quiet life' seems to have been the motto of the British Government at this time, and they obligingly consented to the new demands. In 1884 the Pretoria Convention was superseded by the Convention of London. Several clauses distasteful to the Boers were cancelled in the new agreement, the old name of the South African Republic being also restored to the country. A veto was placed on the foreign relations of the Boers, which were to remain subject to the approval of Great Britain.

Whether the famous preamble of 1881 was abolished, or whether it still held good in the Convention of 1884, is a disputed matter. The arguments on the subject are fresh in the memory of every one, but the discussion after all is more or less academic. It makes little or no difference to the position of Great Britain whether the preamble was dropped or retained. Assuming that the preamble was abolished and the subject reviewed again in its entirety, the London Convention certainly starts somewhat abruptly *in medias res*. It begins with a preface rectifying certain specific clauses of the 1881 agreement, and in so doing apparently assumes the existence of a groundwork on which those clauses are based. It has been pointed out by Mr. Garrett Fisher, and it is a point

worthy of notice, that the preamble containing the suzerainty clause also contains the clause recognising the independence of the Transvaal. If the former is dropped, the question arises as to the fate of the latter. No such word as 'independence' occurs in the Convention of London, save in a sentence referring to the Swazis. The twenty articles which compose the document do not raise the question directly or indirectly. The Transvaal claim to be regarded as a free and independent State must accordingly rest upon other grounds than an agreement which makes no mention of any such vital fact. The control of foreign relations, on the other hand, clearly places the South African Republic in a position of dependence to Great Britain. Suzerainty is a word upon the exact meaning of which the highest authorities differ; but any nation possessing a power of supervision and veto over the foreign affairs of another country necessarily occupies a position of paramountcy to the State so supervised.

The London Convention was but a few months old when Great Britain found herself involved in the Warren expedition, owing to Boer raids in Bechuanaland. In flagrant defiance of their treaty obligations, the Boers had attacked the native chiefs, occupied a territory to which they had no right, and set up the Republics of Goshen and Stellaland. President Kruger declared himself to be helpless in the matter, and followed up his statement by a proclamation annexing the country. Even Mr. Gladstone was forced to take action under such circumstances. Sir Charles Warren's force cleared the country of the freebooters, fortunately without loss of life. The Bechuanaland Protectorate was proclaimed, the road to the north thus secured, and the British taxpayer, with as good a grace as possible, supplied a

million sterling in payment of President Kruger's picnic party.

But the President was not discouraged in the attempt to enlarge his boundaries. His attention was directed in turn to Zululand, Swaziland, Matabeleland, and Tongaland. A varying measure of success attended these attempts, which do not call for detailed account. The crowning achievement of access to the sea was, however, frustrated, to the President's keen annoyance. There was more in this restless desire for territorial expansion than at first meets the eye. The various attempts of the Boers to acquire a seaport, their struggle to enlarge their boundaries, first in one direction, then in another, all form part of the anti-English policy upon which President Kruger had definitely embarked.

The foreign relations of the Republic, which may be conveniently glanced at here, have been wholly determined by the President's hatred for all things British. The friendship of Continental Powers was looked upon as an excellent lever to be used against Great Britain. President Kruger, who had visited England in 1884, subsequently undertook a Continental tour which led to many important results. He was received with marked cordiality both at Paris and Berlin. No one imagines that the Boers were quite so foolish as to wish to exchange the English King Log for the Gallic or Teutonic King Stork; but a diplomatic flirtation had obvious advantages for each party, and, still further, it achieved the desirable end of annoying Great Britain. The prophecy of Sir Bartle Frere anent the retrocession of the Transvaal, quoted in the last chapter, was in a fair way to be fulfilled. His theory, that under the guidance of foreign adventurers the South African Republic would become a pest to

South Africa and a dangerous lever to any hostile foreign Power bent on contesting our supremacy, has been amply borne out by the course of events. Dr. Leyds was a diplomatic jewel secured at the moment of President Kruger's Continental trip. The incursion of Hollanders to South Africa also dates from this period.

The friendship with Germany was of older growth. The reader may remember how in 1877 President Burgers was meditating the advantages of German protection when Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the Transvaal. Though the facts are not established with absolute certainty, there is good reason to think that the possibility of German interference lay in the background of the Warren expedition. The history of the Bechuanaland Protectorate is, in fact, a curious tale. Germany had declared a protectorate over Angra Pequena in 1883. Sir Bartle Frere during his term of office had pressed for the extension of British sovereignty over Namaqualand and Damaraland, a territory left vacant by international law. No notice was taken, however, of his representations, and Germany established herself there in due course. Teutonic aspirations as regards the Greater Germany had found active expression about that time in various 'scientific expeditions' to South and East Africa. The German settlement at Angra Pequena was a move in the game which the Boers hoped to turn to their own ends. There was an understanding that Germany should proclaim a protectorate across Damaraland and Bechuanaland to the Transvaal borders, thus effectually cutting off England from the great northern territories now known as Rhodesia. A German mission to Lobengula was set on foot about the same time. British expansion in South Africa was certainly menaced at this moment,

but the danger was averted, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Rhodes and a missionary named Mackenzie. They thoroughly understood the position of affairs in Bechuanaland, and, still further, they succeeded in impressing their views on Lord Derby. Bechuanaland has been called the key of South Africa. The necessity of keeping an open road to the north was at last brought home to the British Government, and they decided to take the action described above.

The affection and regard of President Kruger for foreign Powers, Germany in particular, has always been maintained. A speech made by him at a banquet in 1895, on the occasion of the German Emperor's birthday, attracted much attention in South Africa. Among other eulogies the following significant sentence occurred:—

'I shall ever promote the interests of Germany, though it be but with the resources of the child such as my land is considered. This child is now being trodden upon by one Great Power, and the natural consequence is that it seeks protection from another. The time has come to knit ties of the closest friendship between Germany and the South African Republic—ties such as are natural between father and child.'

The cynic may perhaps regret that President Kruger's yearning for paternal German ties has remained an abstract longing rather than a concrete fact. A taste of Teutonic rule might have taught the Boers a few unpalatable but highly instructive lessons as regards so-called British oppression in South Africa.

The German Emperor's famous telegram on the occasion of the Jameson Raid was perhaps the culminating moment in President Kruger's career as a foreign diplomatist. The outburst of feeling it created

all over the English-speaking world, the unmistakable threat of 'hands off' it conveyed to Europe as regards South Africa, somewhat startled the Powers. It has always been the policy of such countries as France, Russia, and Germany to side with the Transvaal in her disputes with England; but it would be a mistake to think that this attitude is inspired by a profound sense of Boer virtue, or deep indignation at their ill-treatment at our hands. The glowing panegyrics of the Continental press are surely somewhat a waste of time. The most simple nation, let alone the perfidious Albion, would have sufficient sense to estimate those eulogies at their proper value. For the Boers and their independence Europe cares nothing. The Courts of Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg would assuredly not trouble themselves over the abstract rights and wrongs of this peasant race. But for the political aspect of the case Europe cares a great deal. The Boer difficulty is a weapon from which she herself might derive much indirect advantage. The position of the Transvaal has been looked upon as a most satisfactory counterpoise to the undue power and influence of Great Britain in South Africa. Europe views the British Empire with a jealousy none the less bitter because up to the present time the accidents of Fate have militated against its gratification. The Transvaal was a standing menace to the interests of a hated rival, and as such it was to be encouraged. It was a source of discomfiture to England, and consequently a source of satisfaction to Europe. Still farther, it served the ends of the Powers without costing them a penny. This hostile strongly-armed State, this *imperium in imperio*, was regarded as a desirable stumbling-block in the path of British expansion in South Africa. It is

from this point of view that Europe regards with dislike and resentment the disappearance of the Transvaal as an independent State. That disappearance heals a vulnerable spot in the British Empire, and still further destroys a weapon which combined the advantages of cheapness and efficacy. The high moral discourses in which foreign nations have indulged of late, at our expense, may accordingly be dismissed with that scant courtesy accorded to any hypocritical utterance. This enthusiasm for the Transvaal has had for its sole basis the principle of anti-English leverage, by which Sir Bartle Frere foresaw that Europe would seek to profit.

To encourage the Transvaal against Great Britain was, however, one thing; to become actively embroiled in the dispute was another. The solid advantages of doing so were somewhat dubious. Europe was willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike. Since the warning conveyed to her in 1896, her attitude towards the Transvaal has become one of increasingly platonic interest. Vituperation of England, though soothing to the feelings, is not business, as Dr. Leyds has probably found to his cost in the course of many weary Transcontinental wanderings. The Great Powers do not wish to help the Boers. They wish to help themselves to certain portions of the British Empire, but so far the difficulty of the task has outweighed the desire of attempting it. It may accordingly be surmised that, unless some accident arises owing to which the position of England might be attacked with ease and certainty, foreign Governments will continue to maintain an entirely 'correct' attitude as regards intervention in South Africa.

President Kruger, on his return to Pretoria after the Continental tour described above, found matters in a

very unsatisfactory state. Insolvency, debt, and difficulty were already threatening the career of the newly restored Republic. The difficulties which had arisen over the various raiding operations, and the bad feeling created by the Warren expedition, had caused serious trouble. But for the startling transformation close at hand, it is hard to say what might have been the fate of the Transvaal. A second interference on the part of Great Britain, sooner or later, would have been inevitable.

The climax of 1877 seemed on the point of repetition when suddenly an event took place which was doomed to revolutionise the whole course of South African history. The existence of gold in the Transvaal had been established for some years past. Diggings had existed at Lydenburg as far back as 1871, and in 1882 gold mining was commenced on a small scale near Barberton. But these minor ventures pale into insignificance before the discovery of the Witwatersrand banket gold in 1886. The vast and apparently inexhaustible source of wealth which the discovery brought within reach of the Transvaal Government is an influence the greatness of which it is hard to exaggerate. A petty State lost in the African veldt suddenly sprang into a position of first-class importance in the eyes of the world. The archaic governmental methods of a peasant community were brought in sharp collision with the commercial interests of the keenest financial heads in Europe. The local ambitions of a local autocrat were swept into the broad current of international politics. Aims and ideals which would have run a natural course and died a natural death acquired strength and vitality by contact with the golden stream which was poured over them.

For the second time the Transvaal was to owe its salvation to Anglo-Saxon enterprise and development. But the sudden conflict of new interests with old prejudices inevitably resulted in confusion. Johannesburg has been at one and the same time the source of power and the source of ruin to the Transvaal Boers. Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice was the mighty weapon strangely added to President Kruger's armoury in the struggle he was impotently meditating against Great Britain. Its acquisition robbed that struggle of its impotence, but it is the weapon which in the day of Armageddon has turned against the hand wielding it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AFRIKANDER BOND AND THE RISE OF JOHANNESBURG.

THE political history of South Africa from Majuba onwards becomes extremely involved, owing to three new and powerful influences which were operating in the country. The genesis of the Afrikander Bond, the rise to power of Mr. Rhodes, and the foundation of Johannesburg, were all events which took place between 1881 and 1886. Each of these influences in turn was fated to play a vital part in the affairs of the last fifteen years. Sometimes distinct, sometimes antagonistic, sometimes united, they have acted and reacted one upon another in a very remarkable manner. It is impossible not to wonder what might have been the fate of South Africa had any one of these three factors disappeared, thus narrowing the struggle between, or facilitating the victory of, the other two. Certainly the course of events would have been radically changed and the map of Africa assumed other shapes and colours.

We saw in the last chapter how the Dutch mind after Majuba reverted to the ideal of Pieter Retief and Pretorius of a great South African Republic stretching from ocean to ocean. Out of this idea arose the Afrikander Bond. It started unassumingly enough in 1881 as an association of farmers for forwarding the

agricultural interests of the country. In reality it was an organisation for the cultivation and propaganda of what is known as the Afrikander sentiment. Branches were established all over the country, ostensibly agricultural, but actively political. The moment after the retrocession of the Transvaal was very favourable for the formation of such a union, and the Bond grew rapidly in power. It stated in its manifesto that 'the Bond places before it as aim the welfare and the bloom of South Africa in general, but especially the calling into being of true national feeling.' A United South Africa under its own flag, and the cultivation of the Dutch as against the English language, were also principles tacitly laid down for future realisation. It is superfluous to add that this programme was to be carried out at the expense of the British section. To subvert the position of England as paramount Power in South Africa, and to give a preponderating influence to the Dutch were the distant objects aimed at by the Bond. The first manifestation of this spirit is to be found in the new name claimed by the Transvaal, no longer to be known as such, but as the South African Republic. Then—forgetting those drastic methods by which their forefathers had dealt with the Huguenot pretensions of faith and language—followed an agitation to secure equal legal and political rights for the Dutch and English languages in Cape Colony. This again was granted by British conscientiousness and sentiment as a concession to that racial feeling which perplexed politicians found had not subsided since Majuba. The wisdom of this concession was a doubtful step. Even Mr. Theal, who cannot be accused of any undue partiality for the English point of view, writes: 'It would be incorrect to say that the measure has raised

the tone of debate in Parliament or improved the administration of justice in the slightest degree.' Theoretically, it is obviously just that in a land of dual nationalities each language should have equal rights. In Canada, for instance, the prohibition of French is a restriction of which no one would dream. But the French language represents a very different standard of culture from that of the South African Taal. Though every one is agreed that in matters of justice and of civil affairs there ought to be perfect linguistic equality at the Cape, the influence of Dutch on parliamentary matters has not been beneficial. It has reacted somewhat unfavourably on the political life, for—thanks to debates in the Cape House being held in Dutch as well as English—a lowering of the intellectual level has followed among the members. Dutch farmers, half educated and wholly prejudiced, now sit for many country districts where the Bond is in power. The influence of their numerical superiority is enough to turn the scale against progressive and enlightened legislation; and an anomalous state of affairs often arises in the Assembly, which would be avoided if English were insisted upon, not as a racial but as an intellectual qualification for the ruling body.

Matters continued like this for some years, the Dutch spirit growing and encroaching, the English inhabitants irritated, but preoccupied, as usual, with their own affairs. The discovery of the Rand rendered the whole situation more acute by bringing the two races into actual collision. The Afrikander Bond did much to embitter the dispute by stirring up anti-English feeling throughout South Africa. It is not to the credit of the Dutch in the colony and the Free State that politically they have always been under the

influence of the most retrograde section of their own race. Blood is, however, proverbially thicker than water, though at the first sight it is difficult to see what was to be gained by this attitude towards England. Pretoria, however, represents a certain Dutch ideal, and, thanks to the Bond, its quarrels with the Imperial Government were generally enthusiastically supported, whatever family bickerings might and did exist among the different Dutch sections. As the Uitlander troubles increased, matters nearly came to a head once or twice between President Kruger and the British Government. There was no desire on the part of England, however, to coerce a small State; and accordingly several opportunities were allowed to slip of settling not only the Transvaal difficulty, but of dealing with those Dutch pretensions in South Africa as a whole to which attention was being more and more drawn. Naturally such lost opportunities redounded to the credit of Pretoria, and were held up as further object-lessons regarding the impotence of British intervention in the country. The mischievous effects of such an organisation as the Afrikander Bond will be easily understood. It was a racial society for the cultivation of purely racial aims. Not only did it support the policy of President Kruger, but it actively stirred up strife in Cape Colony by deliberately initiating a policy having for aim the political aggrandisement of the Dutch at the expense of the English. No one stated the case more trenchantly than Mr. J. X. Merriman, who, in the course of a speech at Grahamstown in 1885, spoke as follows:—

'My quarrel with the Bond is that it stirs up race differences. The main object is to make the South African Republic the paramount Power in South

Africa. We see that some moderate men are in the power of an institution whose avowed object is to combat the British Government—namely, the Afrikander Bond. It is now the cue of the Bond to pretend to be loyal, and if it were not painful it would be ridiculous to hear the editor of the "Zuid Afrikander" cheering the Queen while resolutions are passed round the branches in opposition to the honour of England. The question is whether you wish to remain an integral part of the British Empire. Do you want another flag here—a German flag or the flag of a United South Africa?'

Mr. Merriman is now a staunch supporter of the Bond Government and those political principles he eloquently denounced in 1885. Kaleidoscopic changes of this nature are common enough in South Africa, but his *volte-face* has been perhaps the most remarkable of any.

While the trend of Afrikander sentiment was flowing in this direction, a powerful cross-current was luckily operating in South Africa, thanks to the genius and influence of Mr. Rhodes. The story of Mr. Rhodes's earlier days and his connection with Kimberley is a tale familiar to every one. His first prominent appearance in Cape politics was in connection with the Bechuanaland difficulty, described in the last chapter. Owing to his efforts, that country was not allowed to slip through the weak fingers of the Imperial Government. Expansion to the north; the occupation of the vast hinterland between the Limpopo and the Zambesi; finally, a United and Federated South Africa under the British flag, were the aims to the accomplishment of which Mr. Rhodes devoted all the forces of his strong will and powerful intellect. To

a man of less indomitable spirit the obstacles might well have seemed insuperable. A hostile Transvaal beyond Cape Colony, an Afrikander Bond within it, were not factors eminently favourable to Imperial interests in South Africa. But in Mr. Rhodes the Pharaoh of Pretoria found his match. President Kruger might hamper Mr. Rhodes's schemes, but Mr. Rhodes, on the other hand, blocked the anti-English aims of the President. The South African problem for the last twenty years practically resolves itself into a struggle between the ideals of these two men. Both desired a United South Africa, but in the one case it was to be under Dutch, in the other under English control.

Such was the problem confronting Mr. Rhodes. The acquisition of the north was the first and the pressing consideration in his scheme. Probably the future student of history will rub his eyes in amazement on discovering that this object was achieved through the support of the Afrikander Bond. The extraordinary political combination when Mr. Rhodes ruled Cape Colony with the collaboration of Mr. Hofmeyr was perhaps the most astonishing of all the strange situations which have existed in South Africa. Politics and parties in that country at times forcibly recall the famous garden-party scene in 'Alice in Wonderland.' The irate Queen whose only reply to every argument is 'Off with their heads,' suggests President Kruger's attitude towards the Uitlanders. The deprecating King with his 'Consider, my dear,' speeches, but who generally has his own way in the end, might well stand for Mr. Hofmeyr. The Cheshire Cat, placidly vanishing, reappearing, and vanishing again, above the angry heads of King, Queen, and

courtiers, all bent on his execution, but all quarrelling violently as to the method, is obviously Mr. Rhodes. The living croquet hoops composed of soldiers, who shift their position about the ground as the fancy takes them, recall the many strange peregrinations and political changes of the various Cape Ministers. Certainly these latter never stay in the same position long enough for any player with the legislative croquet ball to be sure of their definite attitude at a critical moment in the game. Mr. Rhodes as Prime Minister of a Bond Cabinet suggests a situation quite as farcical as any of these. Naturally, such an alliance was a matter of convenience on either side, from which each party hoped to profit. It is probably not far from the mark to say that the present hatred of the Bond for the founder of the Charterland is due not so much to his political misdeeds as to acute but very human annoyance at finding Mr. Rhodes was playing with the Bond, when the Bond fondly imagined it was playing with Mr. Rhodes. Be that as it may, the Union was an artificial one, and it ended with the Raid.

Such were the influences operating outside the Transvaal: we must now turn to the central point of difficulty, namely, Johannesburg.

We saw in the last chapter that the discovery of gold in the Transvaal took place at a most opportune moment for President Kruger. In 1886 the revenue for the fiscal period between April 1 and December 31 (I quote from Mr. FitzPatrick's table) shows a return of 196,236*l.* The return between January 1 and December 31, 1887, shows the startling increase to 637,749*l.*; and twelve years later, in 1899, the revenue has leaped up to 4,087,852*l.* These figures, of course,

speak for themselves as regards the sudden increase in wealth. I do not propose to weary the reader at this point with a long and detailed account of either Transvaal gold mining or Uitlander grievances. They have been explained in admirable detail by many people, Mr. FitzPatrick in particular. The chapter on 'Industrial Johannesburg' contains some information on the subject, but for the present it is rather with the broad lines of President Kruger's policy that we are concerned. As regards the incursion of Uitlanders, their advent placed President Kruger in an awkward position. He had to weigh opposing alternatives and choose between bankruptcy on the one hand and wealth coupled with the presence of the hated Englishman on the other. He wanted the golden eggs without the goose, but, this not being practicable, the goose was admitted—under heavy restrictions. It is frequently said in defence of the Boers that they never encouraged the Uitlanders to settle in the Transvaal, and that their one wish was to rid the country of the presence of foreigners. This statement is somewhat misleading. The Boers may not have wanted the Uitlander, but they did want the gold. It must be remembered that the Rand mines have not troubled the existence of a quiet contented pastoral country, which was faring happily without them. To convert a little State living in quiet prosperity into a great industrial centre; to supersede a contented untroubled existence by the feverish delights of wealth coupled with all the unlovely features of commercial life, might well seem an unfortunate occurrence for any nation. Had the conditions of life in the Transvaal been of a similar character to those existing in the Free State, the sentimental objections which have been made to the

gold mines might have possessed some weight. But the Transvaal was in no such Arcadian state when Johannesburg arose to revolutionise its career. The Republic was bankrupt and drifting rapidly into disorder. The gold mines not only saved the Transvaal from a possible second loss of independence, but they re-established that independence on the most secure of all foundations—financial prosperity.

The discovery of the gold also solved another difficulty which had caused endless trouble all through the chequered history of the South African Republic. This was the rooted disinclination of the burghers to pay taxes. They looked askance on all forms of government, even their own, and considered it the height of folly to provide funds for its support. It must always be remembered that the ideal of government is not a shrine at which the Boer farmer burns incense. His view of the matter is, in fact, extremely simple. If the Government tries to take money out of him, he in turn will try and make money out of the Government. Taxes are all very well for the Englishman, but the Boer is a clever fellow and knows better than to pay them. The incursion of Uitlanders, however, caused the whole taxation question to be viewed from a very different standpoint. Truly the Boer was a child of light, and the Almighty had intervened to protect him. His State was bankrupt and he hated to pay taxes. Therefore Providence had brought the Uitlander into the country so that he should pay them instead. Every financial obligation was now removed from the Boer shoulders and heaped upon those of the Uitlander. Still further, they considered it was only just that the latter should contribute a good round sum over and above the necessary taxes, so that the 'poor

burgher' and his friends might indulge in a few extra comforts. The Uitlander is long-suffering. Heavy taxation up to a certain point he might have borne. Had President Kruger and his friends been content to regard him in the light of the widow's cruse, it is possible he might have submitted to such treatment without undue complaint. But when the Government, still dissatisfied, began to demand the daily provision of a sort of Belshazzar's feast, then the Uitlander in turn proved rebellious.

It is often said that if the Uitlanders did not like the conditions of life they found in the Transvaal the remedy was in their own hands. They came into the country of their own free will, and were equally free to leave it. It is contended that the Boers had a perfect right to manage their own affairs in their own way, and strangers were bound either to submit to the laws of the land or else go away. Theoretically, this argument has undoubted weight. The Boers had fought hard for their independence, and the large majority of the farmers viewed the new-comers with unqualified suspicion and dislike. If the Transvaal had taken up a stand and said in so many words, 'Go away; we won't have you here,' their position would have been logical, though inevitably it would have broken down. But on the contrary the Transvaal said: 'We dislike you; we will make your life a burden to you; but you shall come here to toil, and we will enjoy the profits.'[1] No one denies that the discovery of the Rand brought many evils in its train. The struggle for wealth is at no time an edifying spectacle. Johannesburg has

[1] The actual treatment of the Uitlanders was but another illustration of the old Dutch failing of 'giving too little and asking too much.'

been a leaven in the land which has proved by no means an unmixed blessing to South Africa. The financial adventurer who has wandered to the Transvaal is not the type of man who would demonstrate the highest side of European civilisation to the Boers. The farmers were brought in contact with a set of men, their suspicion of whom was in many cases perfectly justifiable. Any tendency to corruption was certainly encouraged by the capitalists, who found bribery the easy solution of many difficulties, and the ignorance of the farmers was undoubtedly exploited in many ways.

But when every allowance is made, the solid advantages gained by the Boers far outweighed the drawbacks. Fate dealt hardly perhaps with these peasants by placing them in a country the development of which was bound to proceed on commercial lines; for they had not the intelligence or the foresight to face their position, and by wise legislation mitigate the difficulties of this great economic upheaval. Whatever the theoretical rights of the Boers, practically no power could have stopped the Uitlander immigration. It was a hopeless attempt on the part of a few retrograde Dutch peasants to try and stem the great tide of commercial development which presses forward automatically where development is possible. The only chance for the Boers was to accept the new situation and make the best of it. This, of course, they failed to do. President Kruger adopted an attitude both tyrannical and short-sighted. He admitted the Uitlanders, he used their wealth and intelligence to rehabilitate his country, his schemes were furthered by the gold they poured into his coffers, and yet he foolishly imagined they would submit indefinitely to

extortion, subjection, and insult. Gentlemen like Mr. Auberon Herbert and Mr. Frederic Harrison may indulge in ecstasies over the virtues of this peasant State, but the virtues of the Boers are largely theoretical, and practical men demand practical government. A State is responsible for the prosperity and well-being of its inhabitants. It is not difficult, on turning to history, to discover the fate of such rulers who thought their duties in this respect might be successfully evaded. That retribution, which falls more rapidly on the incompetent than on the wicked, has overtaken the Transvaal for its neglect of the elementary principles of good government.

It is necessary, when speaking of the Transvaal, to discriminate between the farmers and the Government. The intellectual level of the people at large is deplorably low. Politically they are entirely at the mercy of a more or less educated handful of leaders, whose ideals they follow doggedly without any attempt at criticism. Accordingly, they constitute a golden following for the unprincipled adventurers who have acquired political power in the Republic. The Transvaal Government is in no way representative of the nation. The average farmer is far too ignorant to hold the most humble legislative post. President Kruger soon made this discovery, and then introduced the capable and unscrupulous tools who do his bidding at Pretoria. With a few exceptions all legislative posts and Government offices in the Transvaal are held by Hollanders, Germans, and other foreigners, usually of the worst type. These men entirely monopolise the civil service of the country, the necessary qualification consisting merely in an unreasoning hatred of England. Policemen, postmen, guards of trains, station-masters, &c.,

are all Hollanders, and in sharp distinction is the prohibition against any Government office in the Transvaal being held by a British-born subject. Even at Johannesburg no Englishman may be a policeman. This irritating and unjust restriction is laid upon the race to whom the country owes its wealth and prosperity. The disreputable foreign adventurer is encouraged and flattered, while the Englishman is treated as a pariah. President Kruger cannot complain if his insane hostility towards the English provoked them in turn to make drastic reprisals.

Every one can understand and sympathise with the feeling of the Boers that they did not wish to see their country ruled by the Uitlander vote. Two facts, however, should be well borne in mind: firstly, that the Government was entirely under foreign direction; secondly, that the Uitlanders, under an approximately good administration, would never have troubled themselves about political affairs. Men of business are seldom politicians. The Uitlanders did not want votes; they wanted to make money as rapidly and as easily as possible. There may be ambitions more noble than this one, but it is nevertheless a common, not to say a universal instinct. For the Transvaal and its Government they cared nothing. A seat in the Volksraad may appear the limit of human ambition to a Boer farmer, but it would certainly be viewed in another light by such men as Mr. Beit, Mr. Eckstein, or Mr. Lionel Phillips. The great financiers of the Rand had not the smallest desire to meddle with the internal affairs of the Republic. Debates on locusts, or the impiety of trying to resist God's will by dipping for scab and inoculating for rinderpest, were forensic discussions they were willing to forego. The area of

the Transvaal is something over 119,100 square miles. The series of gold reefs near Johannesburg is a tiny patch in this great territory. Practically the Uitlander position towards the Transvaal Government may be summed up as follows: 'Leave us alone here to manage our own affairs and we won't interfere with you. Tax the industry heavily, if you like, so long as you don't spoil it by harassing legislative restrictions: Give us railway facilities, and we will trouble you no further.' But it was too much to expect a liberal and a common-sense policy from President Kruger. It is at this point that we can clearly see how his hostility to Great Britain and his anti-English ambitions prompted the attitude he adopted towards Johannesburg. The troubles which followed arose from deliberate ill-will rather than from ignorance. Disability after disability was imposed upon the new-comers. Not only was every duty neglected that a Government owes to its subjects, but the Government went out of its way to harass the Uitlanders. It is perfectly true that the Uitlander's only interest in the country was to get money out of it, that he came there to benefit himself and not the Transvaal Government. But it is equally necessary to remember he enriched the latter by enriching himself, and the State, which but for his efforts would have been insolvent, devoted the revenues thus obtained to the oppression of the men who earned them.

The student of history will remember that in any country and in any age where there has been taxation without representation, trouble has inevitably resulted. To urge that some of the Uitlanders have made enormous fortunes on the Rand does not alter the principle one whit. The three great social revolutions of history—

the English Great Rebellion, the French Revolution, and the American War of Independence—all directly sprang from fiscal evils. If the reader will turn to the second chapter of this book and refer to the legislative abuses of the Dutch East India Company, he will be able to see the similarity between the despotism, avarice, corruption of that period and the latter-day rule of Pretoria. The comparison is interesting as a striking proof of the utter lack of progression among the Boers. The same fiscal evils were reproduced. The Government monopolies; the harassing restrictions on trade; the indifferent system of justice; the vicious methods of taxation; finally, the exclusion of the large bulk of the inhabitants from any participation in the government—all these causes led as inevitably to trouble in the nineteenth century as they had done in the seventeenth.

It is often maintained that the Uitlander grievances have been greatly exaggerated, that a slight reduction in dividends was the only effect of the political misrule at Pretoria, and that the Johannesburg inhabitants lived quite comfortably without any interference in their personal concerns. There is a certain amount of truth in this statement, but to a qualified degree. The wealthy inhabitants of Johannesburg had little or nothing to complain about, save that they might have been still richer had the restrictions on the industry been removed. But one important fact, and one nearly always forgotten, is that the overwhelming bulk of the Johannesburg population are not rich but poor. To the large majority of people in that town a ten-pound note is a matter of great consideration. The contrasts of rich and poor are very startling, but there is far more poverty than wealth. We have heard *ad*

nauseam of the Rand millionaire and the Rand capitalist, but we have not heard enough of the Rand working man. And yet it is upon him that the brunt of President Kruger's policy has fallen. The Uitlander population numbers over 50,000 people. Out of that total there are not more than forty or fifty very wealthy families in the place. A degree lower, we find a few hundred people who are the true leaven of Johannesburg. The Golden City is in many respects an ugly meretricious town, and some of its inhabitants are most undesirable citizens. Unpleasant features of modern life are visible there as in every other rich and restless industrial centre. But, after all, the extravagant luxury and reckless waste of money are confined to an extremely small class. Very misleading ideas are current about social affairs on the Rand. Domestic life and refinement exist in Johannesburg just as much as in any other place. Many cultivated pleasant people, well to do but not wealthy, have their homes there. They are permanent settlers in the Transvaal, having thrown in their lot with the country. These men occupy positions to which they hope their children will succeed, and they genuinely wish to promote the welfare of the Republic. Such inhabitants must not be confounded with that floating section of the population to whom the acquisition of wealth, by fair means or foul, is the only consideration. The rich man who can afford to pay for anything, who can afford to smooth his own path when necessary, has no active grievance in Johannesburg. He is a bird of passage, and as such can easily escape from Boer despotism. The genuine Johannesburg resident, on the other hand, has most just cause of complaint.

In the first place, honourable men of high character

very naturally resent the stigma placed upon them by their exclusion from all political matters. The Englishman who has wandered all over the world, franked by the proud password of *Civis Britannicus sum*, keenly resents the fact that in the Transvaal he is at the mercy of any corrupt and insolent Hollander official. The harassing language restrictions cause endless friction in daily life. The use of English is prohibited in the law courts and public offices. The heavy taxation, both direct and indirect, though not crushing to a man of means, is nevertheless onerous enough to make itself felt. Finally, the native question (as ever in the background of any South African problem) is one of the most serious scandals in the Transvaal. No proper laws have been enacted as regards the many thousand Kaffirs working in the mines. Drunkenness and disorder prevail to an incredible extent. In order to favour the illicit dealers in brandy the Government took no steps to enforce a Liquor Act which was passed by the Volksraad. 'Cape Smoke,' a brandy of the worst description, is easily procurable by the natives, and it has the effect of driving them half mad. An analysis of spirits sold to the Kaffirs, which was made by an eminent chemist, showed 2 per cent. of sulphuric acid and a large mixture of methylated spirits. In the neighbourhood of many of the mines no woman or child could walk with safety, and the atrocities committed by the drunken Kaffirs are little short of hideous.

So much for the well-to-do resident; the bulk of the grievances after all fell upon the working man. It is useless to point to the high scale of wages and declare that no workman earning 30*l.* a month had a grievance. If wages are high, the cost of living is

equally so. The unmarried men are prosperous, but the married man fares very badly. House rent is prohibitive. Meat and bread are cheap, but there are heavy taxes on vegetables, jam, eggs, and every other commodity. Clothing is expensive and inferior in quality. There is practically no education for the Uitlander children, English not being taught above the third standard in the State schools. The conditions of the Johannesburg working-man's life are essentially uncomfortable, and his lot in the country is far from being a prosperous one.

The hygienic conditions of the town were at one time exceedingly unsatisfactory, and the death-rate from typhoid and other kindred illnesses very high. The heavy taxes on fresh fruit and vegetables, which are a necessity rather than a luxury in a hot country, were also much felt. Individually the grievances I have recounted might not be heavy; collectively they were an irksome burden. And above the concrete grievances was the ever-rankling sense of injustice, of political helplessness, of ill-will, incompetence, and the deliberate wish to oppress on the part of the Government.

Such, therefore, was the condition of the great Uitlander population whose energies and intelligence had raised the Transvaal to the position it occupies. They paid nine-tenths of the taxes, and not only were they denied any share in the Government, but that Government assumed towards them an attitude of more or less active hostility. The most ironical commentary on President Kruger's administration is the plea, advanced by some people, that no man's life or property was threatened in the Transvaal. Brigandage is not usually expected from the Government of any country

calling itself civilised, though of President Kruger it may be said that he wielded his power with that love of oppression for oppression's sake peculiar to all semi-civilised despots.

The Pretoria autocrat, however, went too far. His one object was to keep the Transvaal Government free from Uitlander control. The very misdeeds of that Government drew the attention of the Uitlanders to it. An agitation commenced for political rights, not from any wish on the part of the new-comers to rule the Transvaal Boers, but to remove the disabilities resting on themselves. Six times did President Kruger alter the franchise laws of the Transvaal between 1882 and 1894. Each alteration was aimed at the exclusion of the Uitlanders, till the Act of 1894 practically shut them out entirely. These measures excited much feeling, because the spirit which underlay them was growing daily more clear to the Johannesburg population. Many cheap sneers are made as to this burning desire on the part of the Uitlanders for electoral rights. It is again the old story that people living under a just and settled Government are unable to realise the conditions of life under one hopelessly corrupt and incompetent. Had the Transvaal Government ruled approximately well, the Uitlanders would certainly not have troubled themselves about its machinery. But it is not reasonable to expect that men brought up under civilised Governments would submit indefinitely to the extortions and mismanagement of President Kruger and his friends. Hence arose the agitation for reform and the demand for the franchise. That agitation originated not among the capitalists or the wealthy Johannesburg residents, but among the middle classes and superior working men. The Raid was an outcome

of this movement; but the conduct of that episode must be kept distinct from the oppressions of President Kruger, which drove Johannesburg to revolt. President Kruger's Government has been compared with a pyramid standing on its apex. A structure of that character, setting at defiance every natural law, could not be propped up indefinitely by artificial supports. It was doomed to fall sooner or later, and the agitation for reform was the first subversive influence.

The National Union came into existence in 1892. It was essentially a popular and representative movement, having for its aim the redress of grievances by constitutional methods. The capitalists fought shy of it for some years. Political agitation is the last thing desired by men at the head of great financial undertakings. The grievances which pressed upon the professional and working classes of the community did not affect the millionaires, and accordingly they treated the movement with scant sympathy. The working classes, on the other hand, looked upon the capitalists with hardly less suspicion than they regarded the Transvaal officials. The contention, therefore, that the agitation was financial and promoted by the Rand magnates is wholly incorrect. The capitalists had no power to sway the bulk of the population in the matter, for the simple but sufficient reason that they were looked upon with disfavour by the general public. The National Union worked on open and perfectly constitutional lines. It aimed at no subversion of Transvaal independence or the establishment of British control. On the contrary, the Reform movement in Johannesburg was of an essentially Republican nature. It aimed at reform, at the establishment of a just and equitable government, at equality of languages,

adequate representation, free trade in South African products, education; in a word, as stated in their own manifesto, at 'the establishment of this Republic as a true Republic.' A petition to this effect, signed by over 35,000 Uitlanders in 1894, was presented to the Volksraad, and the result was the franchise amendment excluding them entirely from a participation in public affairs.

The Johannesburg grievances have been perhaps unduly exaggerated and unduly minimised, but the all-important fact to bear in mind about them is that they do not stand alone. Their significance and their seriousness were owing to the proof they afforded of the policy President Kruger was maturing against Great Britain. Johannesburg, by focussing the field of the dispute between the two races, distracted attention from the manifestations of that policy in other parts of Africa. The tumult which arose over the rights and wrongs of the somewhat unsympathetic Uitlander population confused causes and effects. The general public which lunches at an A. B. C. was sceptical, and justly so, about the political sorrows and disabilities of the millionaire living in Park Lane. Accordingly, while argument waxed hotly over the capitalists and their concerns, the attack on British supremacy advanced silently but rapidly under shadow of the controversy.

Read in the light of what we now know of President Kruger's attitude towards Great Britain, his attitude towards Johannesburg becomes comprehensible. His bitterly anti-English policy perplexed many people who only regarded him as a slow ignorant peasant of no governing capacity and many limitations. But there were other straws besides the Johannesburg grievances to show which way the wind of Boer pretensions was

blowing. On two occasions President Kruger's action nearly brought him into direct collision with the British Government. In 1894 the Transvaal Government commandeered various British subjects in a war against a native chief named Malaboch. The Uitlanders were called upon to fight, or else make a contribution to the expenses of the war. As they already paid nine-tenths of the taxation, they refused to take any further share in the military campaigns of a country in which they were denied the rights of citizenship. President Kruger, incensed by this opposition, imprisoned various recalcitrant Englishmen. There was intense excitement in Johannesburg, and Lord Loch, who was then High Commissioner at the Cape, hurried to Pretoria in order to avert a collision. President Kruger gave way under the pressure brought to bear upon him, and the crisis was momentarily averted.

But the vigorous crusade against the welfare of all things English was not abated. A still more serious event took place in 1895. The glaring scandals connected with the Netherlands Railway need not be detailed here. Suffice it to say this company—of which Dr. Leyds was a nominee—has more political power than any organisation in the Transvaal. It acquired the monopoly of all railways in the country, the Delagoa Bay line being its special property. This company was one of the instruments by which President Kruger promoted his anti-English schemes. In order to damage as much as possible the trade of Cape Colony and divert traffic to the Delagoa Bay line, the rates on the forty miles of Transvaal territory, through which the Cape–Free-State line passed on its way to Johannesburg, were raised higher by the Netherlands

Company than those on the whole length of the Delagoa Bay system. Still further, on the border at Viljoen's Drift all traffic was deliberately blocked and shunted so as to ensure the delay of goods for many weeks. This non-delivery of machinery, &c., caused great inconvenience in Johannesburg. The Rand proprietors accordingly organised a system of ox waggons to bring the goods direct from Viljoen's Drift to Johannesburg. Upon which President Kruger intimated that, as he only intended goods should be delivered over the Delagoa Bay Railway at his own rates, the Drifts would be forcibly closed. Such behaviour of course led to considerable outcry. The whole of South Africa was up in arms. The Free State and Cape Colony Dutch, who were indisposed to see their own trade ruined in order to please the Transvaal, made common cause with the British Government. Mr. Chamberlain despatched an ultimatum calling on President Kruger to open the Drifts, and President Kruger obeyed.

A third feature, still more menacing, of the President's policy was causing great uneasiness among some far-sighted people on the Rand. The growth of the military idea in the Transvaal was a significant feature of the day. It is a common error to speak of the Boer armaments as though they were the result of the Jameson Raid. The Transvaal was making preparations to arm before the Raid was thought of. We have on this heading the very explicit testimony of the manifesto of the National Union, which was a document drawn up long before Dr. Jameson's incursion. The article runs as follows:—

'We now have openly the policy of force revealed to us. 250,000*l.* is to be spent upon the completing

of a fort at Pretoria, 100,000*l.* is to be spent upon a fort to terrorise the inhabitants of Johannesburg, large orders are sent to Krupp's for big guns, Maxims have been ordered, and we are even told that German officers are coming out to drill the burghers. Are these things necessary, or are they calculated to irritate feeling to breaking point? What necessity is there for forts in peaceful inland towns? Why should the Government endeavour to keep us in subjection to unjust laws by the power of the sword instead of making themselves live in the heart of the people by a broad policy of justice?' Why, indeed? save that the Transvaal was meditating schemes of aggression against Great Britain primarily and the Uitlanders secondly, and that the Boers were arming for the conflict. Too much stress cannot be laid on these aggressive armaments which were being hurried forward at Pretoria. The Jameson Raid was but an excuse for the further development of what had already been commenced. When the pro-Boer party urge that these armaments were only undertaken in self-defence, it is well to look back on 1895, and to find the policy of terrorism and force firmly established before one shadow of excuse existed for it. It is a fact the significance of which must never be overlooked in any criticism of the events which were to follow shortly.

CHAPTER VII.

THE JAMESON RAID AND MR. RHODES.

AFFAIRS wore a very threatening aspect in South Africa towards the close of 1895. The political barometer marked 'stormy,' and it required no far-sighted prophet to foretell that a climax of some nature was close at hand. The corrupt and hostile Government in the Transvaal was alienating all sympathy from the Boers. The attitude of Great Britain, on the other hand, was unassailable. Matters were growing increasingly serious, but, though a struggle sooner or later appeared to be inevitable, England had all the right on her side, and President Kruger all the wrong on his. Then came an event, foolish, criminal, and short-sighted, which well-nigh ruined the position of Great Britain in Africa, and obscured and damaged the justice of her cause against the Boers.

It is still impossible to speak clearly of that inexplicable chapter of history in 1895 known as the Raid, for the motives of many people concerned in it are as yet not known in their entirety. Judging from the facts at present before the public, the historian of the twenty-first century will probably criticise Dr. Jameson's incursion as more amazing in the folly of its execution than criminal in its inception. Truly the principles on which the Johannesburg revolution of 1896 were conducted savour more of the conspiracy

in a comic opera than the plots of capable men. Dr. Jameson setting forth to invade the Transvaal with 500 men appears a somewhat ingenuous, not to say simple act, in view of the army corps now found necessary for the subjugation of that country. There is an almost jarring sense of incongruity between the fatuous methods of both raiders and revolutionists, and the grim and terrible consequences of their light-hearted conspiracy.

I have no wish to enter into any lengthy ethical discussion as regards the Raid. At the same time, it is well to bear in mind a few of the leading axioms which govern revolutions. Revolutions are subject to one inexorable law—they are only justifiable when they succeed. If they fail they are insurrections to be punished as such. It is the rule of the game, and the players must abide by it. If a set of men are dissatisfied with the political conditions under which they live; if they resolve to attempt a change in those conditions, even by drastic or illegal methods, all the world over they are at liberty to make the attempt, with the understanding they must accept the full consequences of failure. Any revolution, however just, is theoretically illegal. A revolution necessarily implies that its leader breaks the law in the attempt to redress it. If his action proves successful, well and good; if unsuccessful, then the law which was attacked is bound in turn to punish the aggressor. Had the Royalists gained the day at the battle of Naseby, Cromwell's name would have been handed down to history not as the Lord Protector of England, restorer of her power and influence in the seventeenth century, and champion of her sacred liberties against the tyrannies of a corrupt Government, but as a seditious rebel, who defied his King, involved his country in the

horrors of civil war, and was justly hanged for his misdeeds. The same holds good for George Washington, and many other great reformers. Insurrections which fail are severely punished by the Government attacked: they incur unmeasured condemnation from the contemporaries of the revolutionists; but the verdict of posterity is determined not so much by the actual success or failure of the movements as by the motives of the men concerned.

Many platitudes have been enunciated as regards the rights and wrongs of the rising in Johannesburg. The rising as a rising was quite justifiable considering the grievances of the population. It was an extreme measure; but on the other hand it had received extreme treatment. Constitutional methods of redress were tried, and proved a complete failure. It seems somewhat strange to us in the light of present events that the appeal to the paramount Power was overlooked. Unfortunately, the part formerly played by England in South Africa, and the disregard shown to the wishes of the colonists, made this alternative seem a very dubious one. Still further, the Republican spirit was strong in Johannesburg. Many of the Uitlanders were not British subjects and preferred an independent form of government to any other.

The theory raised in some quarters that the Chartered Company wanted to annex the Transvaal is so ludicrous a statement that it is rather a waste of time to contradict it. Any idea more wide of the mark it would be hard to imagine, considering the feeling of Johannesburg and the feeling towards the Chartered Company. Two catch phrases—first, that the Chartered Company wanted the Transvaal; secondly, that the capitalists meant to steal the gold mines

—swept over England at one time. I have vainly inquired by what methods these somewhat remarkable feats were to be accomplished. No information on that point is ever forthcoming, for the excellent reason that any such schemes were radically impossible and never existed, save in the imagination of various people in this country.

Theoretically, the Johannesburg population cannot be justly overwhelmed with moral censure for attempting a revolution. The practical methods by which that revolution was carried out are, however, open to criticism of a very different character.

Three distinct parties were associated in the abortive rising of 1896. The members of the National Union constituted the bulk of the revolutionists. They were the men with genuine grievances genuinely desiring reform. Their share in the rising was perfectly legitimate and perfectly honourable. The movement after a time was joined, though with great hesitation, by the capitalists. They were the men who had no personal grievances, but were hampered in business matters by the restrictions on the gold industry. Their share in the rising accordingly was to secure better government, which would mean higher dividends. This element of pecuniary interest was the one which brought discredit on the movement. It was held that men ought not to make revolutions for mercenary motives. At the same time, the capitalists had a great stake in the country: they had created its prosperity, and the fact of a man being a millionaire does not lessen his right to just and equitable government. Finally, the movement was joined by Mr. Rhodes, who associated himself with the insurrection wholly for political ends. The different aims of

these three sections, and the consequent lack of unity, were the causes which entailed disaster. The middle classes supplied the grievances, the capitalists supplied the sinews of war, and Mr. Rhodes supplied the fighting force in the shape of Dr. Jameson and the troops of the Chartered Company. Unluckily for the success of the movement, he did not also bring his intelligence to bear upon the conduct of affairs. He held aloof from the actual management of the plot, and his instruments proved broken reeds. The stupidity of the revolutionists, their lack of all system, their perplexity and vacillation in the hour of difficulty, are certainly astonishing facts. They viewed each other with the most candid distrust and suspicion. The professional classes did not wish to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the capitalists, and both feared that the ambitions of Mr. Rhodes were not limited to a Customs Union, but aimed at the establishment of direct British control in the Transvaal.

It was arranged that the rising should take place during the last days of 1895; but the hour of insurrection found the leaders not only unprepared, but divided in their councils. Mr. Rhodes, who seems to have given the whole matter but the most careless attention, suddenly realised, towards the close of December, that the rising must be indefinitely postponed. He telegraphed urgently to that effect to Dr. Jameson, who was on the border at Pitsani, waiting to make his dash into the Transvaal. The Johannesburg leaders, having come to the same conclusion, likewise sent imperative messages bidding him on no account to move. Dr. Jameson, in what appears to be the most unwarrantable manner, set both Mr. Rhodes and the Johannesburg leaders at defiance, and without any warning rode

forth on his ill-starred venture. On him undoubtedly rests the responsibility for all the disasters which followed. His precipitate action lacked both consideration and common-sense. He had no right to start for Johannesburg in direct opposition to the wishes of its inhabitants, and his action in doing so deprived the rising of any chance of success it ever possessed. The whole gist of the plot lay in the arrangement that, simultaneously with his dash across the border, the revolutionists within the Transvaal should seize the Pretoria Arsenal. The Boers, without rifles or ammunition, would of course have been helpless. Dr. Jameson's hasty movement frustrated this scheme. The news of his incursion was received with astonishment and dismay in Johannesburg. It seems incredible Dr. Jameson should have failed to foresee the confusion inevitably entailed by his headstrong move. The leaders were unprepared for a rising; they lacked organisation and cohesion; the supply of rifles was wholly inadequate; in a word, the Raid forced upon them a situation with which they had no means to cope. That situation resulted in a triumph for President Kruger. Dr. Jameson, after hard fighting, was forced to surrender at Krugersdorp. The Boers behaved very well in the hour of victory, and the raiders in due course were handed over to the British Government for trial. The arrest of the Johannesburg conspirators speedily followed. Major Robert White had thoughtfully brought with him, and abandoned on the field of battle, a despatch-box containing either the originals or copies of every incriminating document connected with the Raid. The edification President Kruger derived from their perusal is better imagined than described. His treatment of the Reform

leaders was marked by characteristic cunning and double-dealing, in face of which the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, who had arrived in Pretoria to protect British interests, was apparently helpless. The Reform leaders were finally liberated on the payment of heavy fines, and President Kruger benefited both by cash down and unlimited *kudos*.

Much bitter controversy has been waged as to whom the blame attaches for the disastrous failure of the expedition. Johannesburg at the time was overwhelmed with abuse. Dr. Jameson and his followers were lauded as heroes, and the Reform leaders denounced as cowards and poltroons. The facts which have now come to light modify these theories to a considerable degree. Johannesburg certainly failed to produce a man of action and resource in the hour of danger. The Reform leaders were capable business men, but they had apparently no talent as revolutionists. Dr. Jameson's impetuous action, on the other hand, took the population completely by surprise, and in the sudden confusion which resulted they all more or less lost their heads. But between confusion and cowardice there is a wide distinction. It is fair to remember that the Reform leaders were involved in a situation which was not of their own making, and they had no idea that Dr. Jameson was in need of assistance. Many Johannesburg men feel very bitterly that the leader of the expedition did nothing at the time to clear them of this stigma by frankly stating that he had acted in direct contravention of their orders. Dr. Jameson and his followers took their punishment pluckily and, so their friends claimed, in 'dignified silence.' Johannesburg, however, viewed the matter otherwise, and execrated them roundly for a discretion which left the truth half

told. Probably there was misunderstanding on each side; but two remarks made by Mr. Rhodes bear out the contention of the Reform leaders that they were more sinned against than sinning. The first was the historic sentence as to Dr. Jameson having upset the apple-cart; the second, his brief utterance: 'The Johannesburgers were no cowards; they were rushed.'

Such in broad outline was that disastrous episode known as the Raid, surely the most extraordinary revolution the world has ever seen. It worked incredible mischief in South Africa, mischief which will be felt for many years to come. At the same time, it is only just and fair to remember the Raid was an effect, not a cause of that anti-English policy which has troubled the peace of Africa. The censure very rightly heaped on the occurrences of 1896 was owing to the incidental circumstances of the movement, and above all to Mr. Rhodes's share in it. His participation in the plot was the crux of the whole matter.

Mr. Rhodes has been absolved on all hands from any personal or mercenary motive in the Raid. He associated himself with the insurrection purely for political ends. Those ends were high, and in themselves legitimate. The founder of Charterland saw in the Transvaal the stumbling-block of British expansion in South Africa. The narrow obscurantism of its Government barred the road to that federation of the various states and colonies on which the whole economic future of the country depended. Customs unions, railway unions, and co-operation of any kind were frustrated by the stubborn hostility of President Kruger. The United South Africa on which Mr. Rhodes had set his heart remained an impossibility so long as the Transvaal was ruled by corrupt foreigners

and semi-civilised peasants. Therefore he determined to cut the Gordian knot in a brusque and forcible way. Up to this point his attitude was neither better nor worse than that of the other conspirators. Unfortunately for Mr. Rhodes's fair fame, the next step involved him in a course of action which calls for the most unqualified censure. As a private individual his share in the Johannesburg rising of 1896 can be excused in many ways. There is no excuse forthcoming for the fact that he was at one and the same time Prime Minister of Cape Colony and leader of an attempt to upset the Government of a neighbouring State. The betrayal of trust under these circumstances was of the gravest, not to say criminal character. Mr. Rhodes succumbed to the temptation to do evil that good might come, to infringe the moral law of political honour and honesty in order to realise great practical benefits. Undoubtedly leaders of men in all ages are assailed by the temptation to take the ethical short cut, but the consequences are usually disastrous. They were eminently disastrous for Mr. Rhodes. He stooped to unworthy methods and associated himself with unworthy instruments; he involved the colony, of which he was the responsible head, in trouble and disorder; finally, the disgrace which fell upon him involved England herself in discredit, and inflicted severe injury on her interests in South Africa.

Mr. Rhodes has many staunch friends and many bitter enemies, and their views of him are necessarily prejudiced. In addition to these, however, there are large numbers of the general public who admire his great abilities and many generous qualities, and deeply regret that he should have fallen from his high estate by allowing himself to become involved in an ugly and

discreditable chapter of history. Mr. Rhodes has accomplished work of great magnitude in South Africa, and his energy and enthusiasm were of vital importance to the country. Of all men he should have kept his hands free for the enterprises of the future. He held a position of official trust, and as such he was no longer at liberty to act as a private individual. Once he abdicated on the ground that as Prime Minister of Cape Colony his honour and duty were pledged to his fellow-citizens: prevarication and fabrication necessarily followed. The inexorable penalty of deviation, on whatever ground, from the straight path of honour, is that any such deviation inevitably involves methods which grow increasingly tortuous. Be the temptation love, wealth, or ambition, the first false step taken, others still more false are bound to follow. It is useless to hold up any one incident in the Raid as a proof of Mr. Rhodes's moral turpitude. The dubious telegrams; the unworthy 'women and children' letter; the deception practised on the Cape Ministry—all these things arose automatically from the tangled web of deceit which inevitably wove itself about his feet. The Raid ended in disaster, and disaster almost as complete overtook Mr. Rhodes. South Africa was thoroughly unhinged by the catastrophe, politics and parties were shaken to their foundation, and in the confusion of events the enemies of England triumphed all along the line. Such were the consequences of the Raid, and for these things must Mr. Rhodes be held responsible.

And yet, though no defence is forthcoming for the Raid, as regards Mr. Rhodes himself he must not be judged by the events of 1896 alone. No action, however culpable, should wipe out all the good deeds of a man's life. I have not attempted to minimise Mr.

Rhodes's share in the Raid; but, because he sinned on that occasion, it would be equally unfair to minimise his great services in the past. The one set of events must be weighed against the other in the final judgment. If ever the United States of South Africa become a reality it will be due to the genius and resource of Cecil Rhodes. He saved Rhodesia for the Imperial Crown, he established the principle of British supremacy in South Africa, he promoted the welfare of the country in countless ways, and to him she owes her latter-day prosperity and development. His great wealth has been devoted not to purposes of personal aggrandisement or personal luxury, but in opening up new channels of industry and commerce. He is a man of great ambitions, but his ambitions have always been synonymous with the extension of British interests. It is given to few men to look back on such a record, and in view of that record Mr. Rhodes cannot be judged, condemned, and executed on the strength of one wrong action. When all is said and done, the magnitude of his work can be best understood when we try and fancy what the history of South Africa would have been without him. For the last fifteen years he has dominated every turn of its development, and, thanks to his energy, there is trade and prosperity where otherwise there would have been stagnation. The hostility with which he has been pursued by certain third-rate critics—men belonging to a class who have never benefited this country by word or deed—has offended the sense of fair play among large numbers of Mr. Rhodes's compatriots. The wells of unctuous rectitude set bubbling by the Raid have grown wearisome to many people who most strongly condemned that event at the time. Whatever Mr. Rhodes's

shortcomings, there is no reason why they should be made the perpetual theme for the enlargement of much hypocritical utterance. He erred, and he has in turn been heavily punished. The fact that he involved many others besides himself in ruin is probably not the lightest weight upon his conscience. He lost his unique position in Cape Colony, his power in Rhodesia was curtailed, his influence in South Africa was shattered; above all, he lost the trust and confidence of his fellow-countrymen. That a few people still maintain that he has escaped punishment because he was not sent to Holloway Gaol for six months to pick oakum, shows a strange incapacity to grasp the proportions of the case.

'Il n'appartient qu'aux grands hommes d'avoir de grands défauts,' writes La Rochefoucauld. Men whose shoulders have never borne heavier burdens of State than the onerous duties falling to the lot of a provincial mayor or parish councillor are scarcely the men to sit in judgment on faults and virtues such as characterise Mr. Rhodes. Great individuality necessarily means great potentiality, either for good or evil. History probably does not record the single case of a renowned man of action whose career has been entirely above criticism. The great pioneer is necessarily of a different type from the great administrator. Inevitably he is a man of coarser moral fibre. The quarryman who hews the stone is a rougher instrument than the sculptor who chisels it: yet the completed work demands the services of the one man as much as the other. It is hopeless to expect from a Clive, a Warren Hastings, or a Rhodes, the additional qualities of a Grey, a Wilberforce, or a Shaftesbury. Human capacity has limits, and Nature consequently ordains

different types of excellence. All historians are forced to allow that great men cannot be judged by altogether the same standards of right and wrong as those controlling the action of humbler individuals. Men of genius have a tendency to be a law to themselves, sometimes with brilliant, sometimes with disastrous results. The historian and the moralist can only judge such cases on their merits, and decide accordingly. There are blots on Clive's honour, and tarnishes still greater on that of Warren Hastings. Hastings saved our Indian Empire at a critical moment through a series of acts compared with which the sins of the Chartered Company are as merest peccadillos. Yet the circumstances of the case were such that historians are bound to own that a man more scrupulous would have lost India. Such incidents as these are the enigmas of history, problems of which no satisfactory solution is forthcoming. The forgery of Clive and the impeachment of Hastings are not remembered against them to-day. Posterity honours their names because their good deeds are judged to have outweighed their evil ones, and the balance is struck in favour of acquittal.

As it was in their case, so it may be with Mr. Rhodes. His great fault is the fault of all men of his type—namely, the tendency to sacrifice means to ends. So long as they judge the end in view makes for the greatest good of the greatest number, such men are apt to give but scant consideration to the men or methods by which it is achieved. It is not a procedure which wins commendation or approval, but we are forced to own it has been the procedure of all great men of action. Listen to Cardinal de Richelieu: 'Quand j'ai longtemps pensé à une chose et que je veux l'exécuter

rien ne m'arrête. Je renverse tous les obstacles, je fauche toutes les têtes, et je recouvre le tout de ma robe rouge.' It is only in exceptional cases that a man may take such authority on himself, and then he must clearly prove that in the long run his action has been for the best. The priest who thus boldly avows his methods was the greatest and most enlightened statesman France ever reared, the man who more than any other promoted her true welfare. Had he failed leaving on record such a sentence, history would have regarded him as a monster.

All these facts must be taken into consideration before Mr. Rhodes can be excommunicated for good and all, with bell, book, and candle. Whether he will in time regain any measure of the position he has lost is a problem of the future, for trust and confidence once shattered are not easily restored. But one thing may be fairly urged: it is not for men of inferior capacity and limited intelligence, men who have never borne great responsibilities or incurred great temptations, to abrogate to themselves the right of saying that for him there shall be no place for repentance. In view of his past work, all fair-minded men must hope that he may work out his redemption in the future. Condemnation and punishment he richly deserved for his share in the Raid, and he has received a full measure of both. At the same time, genius and resource are qualities not so distressingly common among our public men that we can afford to lose the influence of such an individuality as Mr. Rhodes possesses. Some people may even be of opinion that, when every allowance and every reproach has been made, the wisdom of a Bryn Roberts or a Labouchere could not wholly compensate the nation for the permanent eclipse of her great

imperialist. If Fate is kind to Mr. Rhodes and gives him a chance of regaining what he has lost, it would be unjust and ungenerous to throw further stumbling-blocks in his path. There is work to be done in Africa for which he has peculiar capacities, so let him go forth to its accomplishment.

The imperialistic instinct is that dominant trait in Mr. Rhodes's character which, according to the disposition of his critic, evokes either approval or condemnation. There are some people to whom the word 'Imperialism' is of all substantives the most obnoxious, representing, as it does, aims and ambitions with which they have no sympathy. What are called imperialistic questions enter so largely into the problems of Africa that I must touch upon them here.

In the first place, what is the true meaning of the word 'Imperialism?' According to some, it is the forcible acquisition of new territories at great expense and no profit to the British taxpayer. That is the Little England view, *plus* a few moral sentiments about peace, prosperity, and retrenchment. On the other hand, what is known as Jingoism arises from the sentimental pride and pleasure most travellers feel when they find the ubiquitous Union Jack floating in every distant corner of the earth. The sentiment of the flag is a very powerful one. The English are an undemonstrative race, and do not speak of these things; but, if the truth were known, there are few wanderers in far-off lands who have not drawn their breath with a sudden catch as the old familiar emblem greets them in some unexpected quarter of the globe. From pride in, and affection for, the flag, which is common to all its scattered members, has sprung the sense of Unity throughout the Anglo-Saxon peoples. The policy

which aims at giving definite political expression to this desire for unity is what we call Imperialism. Mr. Morley tells us he dislikes the expression, but the name is immaterial; federalism expresses the facts of the case just as well. Empire is a word which shocks some hypersensitive minds who assert that dominion implies defeat. This class of conscientious objector apparently loses sight of the fact that the British Empire, unlike the empires of old, is not founded on crushed and subjugated races, but is the free and voluntary union of a free people. The federated empire of our dreams is but the association of different members of the same family, who have drawn closer existing natural ties because they feel that as men of one blood and one race the pillars of their house must stand or fall together.

To many ardent imperialists Imperialism means this and no more. The sentiment of unity is a great and a stirring one, and a very important factor in the case; but the whole question has an eminently commercial aspect which is often forgotten. Nevertheless, it is the practical side of Imperialism which establishes its value for Great Britain.

The vital consideration for this country is the securing of markets for its manufactured products. Imperialism throws open the door to them. As a commercial nation we are threatened by three great dangers, and an imperialistic policy in some measure obviates them all. In the first place, we live on a little island, the population of which has increased out of all proportion to the means of sustenance within its area; and this difficulty grows daily more acute. Secondly, our manufactured products are seriously handicapped in the markets of the world through the subsidies granted by

foreign Governments to the manufactures of their own countries; thirdly, foreign nations shut out our goods by heavy preferential tariffs, thus crippling our trade; fourthly, the tariff wars of foreign nations react indirectly, but in a detrimental manner, on our industries.

These are very serious problems, and they cannot be met by the doctrines of the Manchester school. The Manchester school itself, for which so much honour is claimed, sprang from causes as selfish as any which have operated in history. The Manchester merchants agitated for certain reforms, not from any burning desire to remedy the condition of the working classes, but because they themselves wanted cheap labour; and so long as the heavy duties on food remained unchanged, so long was any reduction in the cost of manufactured products impossible. The taunts levelled at Imperialism on the score of greed may accordingly be met with a somewhat sharp *tu quoque*. Commerce rests not on sentiment, but self-interest; and Imperialism as a policy will stand or fall by its practical side.

The Little Englander urges that expansion is costly and colonies are useless, because the latter generally adopt protective tariffs against all countries, Great Britain included. This is true; but there is good reason to think that by bringing about the closer union of the mother country and her children a rearrangement of tariffs would take place, as in the case of Canada. Be that as it may, we can cope with protective tariffs, but we cannot cope indefinitely with preferential tariffs reared against us. Foreign nations we formerly supplied with goods now manufacture them at home, and, in addition, exclude our wares by heavy duties. If the great industrial and wage-earning enterprises

of this country are to be carried on successfully, we must have markets for our manufactured goods. These enterprises are multiplying with great rapidity, and it is vital that they should continue to do so, in view of our overwhelming and rapidly increasing population. Our very existence as a nation depends on our commercial supremacy; commercial supremacy being in plain English a guarantee of wages for the working classes. Europe and America cripple us when they can, so inevitably we turn to our own people for kinder treatment. If the portions of the world under foreign control adopt a hostile commercial policy towards us, we are driven for very existence sake to bring as large a tract of the world as possible under our own control. We do not ask for ourselves advantages we are not willing to share with others. Where the English flag flies, equal rights and equal commercial opportunities exist for foreigner and Englishman alike. The presence of that flag ensures just and fair treatment for all comers. Continental flags, on the other hand, imply protection, preferential tariffs, and a colony which is often ruled not for the benefit of its inhabitants, but for the pecuniary profit of the mother country. Where we can ensure the open door there is no desire for territorial acquisition; but markets we must have, and our trade, however prosperous, cannot hold out indefinitely when assailed on all sides.

Mr. Rhodes has realised these facts, and has given expression to them in a very concrete form. In season and out he has urged upon his fellow-countrymen the policy of imperialism, which in plain language is but the policy of open markets. He has saved an enormous district in Central Africa which otherwise, under German or Boer control, would have been lost to British

enterprise. It is argued that Rhodesia is a worthless country and will never be a source of profit to any one. In answer to this contention the following extract from a speech made by Mr. Rhodes himself at Cannon Street in 1895 may be quoted:—

'I remember while coming home I was sitting on board ship, and some one handed me the "Daily Chronicle," in which I read the following: "Not a single unemployed workman in England is likely to secure a week's steady labour as a result of the forward policy in South Africa." What is the reply to that? I do not reply with a platform address about three acres and a cow and a social programme, but I make a practical reply and say what we have done. We have built 200 miles of railway—the rails all made in England, and the locomotives also. We have constructed 1,300 miles of telegraphs—the telegraph poles and wires all made in England; everything we wear and almost everything we consume is imported from England. Can you tell me, then, that not a single unemployed workman in England is likely to secure a week's steady labour as the result of this enterprise?'

A curious confirmation of Mr. Rhodes's words came under my personal notice a short time since. Sir William Harcourt has supported the anti-Rhodesian theories of the 'Daily Chronicle' with all the force of his voluminous oratory. On many occasions he has roundly denounced the worthlessness of Rhodesia from a commercial point of view. It is therefore something of an irony that the flat contradiction to his words should exist in his own constituency. The Ebbw Vale Company in Monmouthshire have at the present time a large order for Rhodesian rails which it will take them a couple of years to execute. For two years,

therefore, Sir William Harcourt's own supporters will be benefiting directly from the opening up of a country the acquisition of which Sir William ranked high in his little list of 'wild cat' schemes.

The contention of the Little Englander that expansion is costly, and that new countries do not pay their own way for a long time, is singularly short-sighted. Money spent on the opening up of new markets is only capital invested. It is a penny-wise pound-foolish policy to grudge the cost of administration, and by saving the initial outlay of a colony lose the far more important advantages of its commerce. The action of the British Government about Delagoa Bay is a very striking object-lesson in this particular. Lord Kimberley might have purchased it in 1872 for 12,000*l.* The Government grudged the money, and their ill-starred economy has proved one of the most unfortunate and costly acts in the whole of our South African administration. To say nothing of the endless political complications which would have been avoided with Delagoa Bay under British control, the heavy charges now levied on all goods passing through Portuguese territory to the Transvaal have seriously damaged British mercantile interests. Lord Kimberley saved 12,000*l.*, but how many millions has not his action cost us?

That trade follows the flag we can hardly doubt. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Birmingham last year, told his audience that Canada, Australia, and South Africa, with a population of 13,000,000, import nearly as much from this country as Germany, France, and Russia, with a united population of 220,000,000. Mr. Rhodes, in the course of the same speech from which I have previously quoted, follows up the same line of

argument. 'What is your trade with the United States? Your exports there are about 40,000,000*l.* per annum. In South Africa and Egypt we have only 600,000 whites, but your exports there amount to 20,000,000*l.* . . . You are doing 20,000,000*l.* with these two small dependencies as against 40,000,000*l.* with another creation of yours, which has shut your goods out, and where there are 60,000,000 of your own people. If they gave a fair chance to your trade you would be doing 150,000,000*l.* with the United States, to your advantage and the advantage of the American people. I can see very clearly that the whole of your politics should be to allow your trade to grow, because you are not, like France, producing "grand wine," and not like the United States, a world by itself, but a small province doing nothing but working up raw produce and distributing it over the world. It must be brought home to you that your trade is the world, and your life is the world and not England. That is why you must deal with these questions of expansion and retention in the world.'

Foreign nations have yet to grasp that our forward policy is but the result of their own hostility. Our overwhelming population must have outlets, must have new countries in which they may settle. Rhodesia may or may not be a gold-producing country, but in view of England's teeming millions Mr. Rhodes accomplished a wise and statesmanlike act by reserving this great territory for possible expansion in the far future. Under the British flag we can pursue our trading operations unhampered, just and equitable government being also ensured by its presence. The conditions of life in colonies under foreign control, on the other hand, are so unsatisfactory that few Englishmen care

to submit to them. Strange to say, foreigners themselves show a marked preference for our colonies rather than for these tender little offshoots of 'La Patrie' or 'Das Vaterland.' The colonies of foreign nations are clearing-houses rather than settlements. They do nothing for the advancement and prosperity of the country. The population consists of officials who levy taxes on incoming goods, and remit profits, if any, back to Europe. The stagnation of places like Delagoa Bay and Beira—ports which under British government would be great shipping and commercial centres—naturally provokes the people who are the victims of Portuguese ineptitude. If the imperialistic doctrine had been understood when the fate of Delagoa Bay hung in the balance, we should have been saved incalculable trouble to-day. Without any wish to be self-righteous, the British race may fairly claim that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is more easily achieved in their colonial settlements than in those of other countries. Had Pitt proved successful in his attempt to acquire the Argentine, a valuable country now paralysed by Spanish apathy would have had a very different career.

The growth of foreign countries, their commercial expansion and development, the keen competition they wage with us all over the world—these are the causes which render a sound foreign and colonial policy not only essential but vital for England. It is useless for us to live in a fool's paradise, to say we will not concern ourselves with men or matters beyond these islands, that domestic reforms are all-important, and that our trade can take care of itself. The anti-imperialistic element of the country is drawn from the class who do not grasp the circumstances of the case. The wealthy

man and the working man both see something of the world; pleasure in the one case, necessity in the other, taking them beyond the shores of England. But between these extremes there is a section of the middle classes with very limited ideas; people who do not travel, and whose own small commercial affairs never bring them face to face with the problems of supply and demand which confront the large manufacturer. These are the people who oppose colonial expansion, because it is a subject in which they have no interest. The necessity of markets is a fact which has never been brought home to them by the personal pressure of circumstances. On the other hand, the extra taxation colonial enterprise in its early stages undoubtedly involves is an expense which falls upon them, and we all dislike paying for things without receiving what we judge to be value for our money.

Mr. Rhodes has done good work by stirring up public interest in these matters, and rousing the people of England from their apathy as regards Greater Britain. An imperialistic policy, the policy which Sir Bartle Frere understood and attempted to establish, is the only policy for South Africa. We have learnt the lesson at great cost, but let us hope, once learnt, it may be remembered. Some people assert that Imperialism is aggressive, that it makes for militarism and other domineering instincts. No principle of course is perfect, but Imperialism is only aggressive in its earliest stages. It may be that the law in some cases has been established by the sword, but the final aims are eminently pacific. The end in view is a united people, strong in their unity, but in whose hands justice, peace, and commerce are the lot and portion of Englishman and alien alike.

CHAPTER VIII.

POLITICS AND PARTIES IN CAPE COLONY AND NATAL.

IT is a truism among all South Africans that nothing but the unexpected, or the impossible, ever happens in their country. The conditions of existence, for some strange reason, are seldom normal, and no conditions are more abnormal than those which prevail in the political world. The intricate character of politics and parties throughout the different states and colonies is a fact to which I must draw attention before proceeding further. In South Africa it has come to be looked upon as belonging to the natural order of things that minding your neighbour's business should be of greater consideration than minding your own. The power wielded by these various local factions has been a most important element in the present struggle, and, at the risk of wearying the reader, it is necessary to explain in some detail the composition of the governing bodies both in Cape Colony and Natal.

The great domestic problems which confront us in our own islands have little or no existence in South Africa. They are replaced by a different set of problems, those pertaining to race. The politics of the two British colonies are wholly determined not by their own needs and necessities, but by the presence of a third State—namely, the Transvaal. The policy itself

results in each case from the attitude adopted towards the latter. That attitude is widely different in Natal from what it is in Cape Colony; the difference, indeed, being of a radical character. The Cape Colony Dutch often speak as though to them, and to them alone, belongs the right of settling the destinies of the whole continent. The claims of Natal are in consequence somewhat overlooked; but it is very necessary to remember that the Cape is not the only British colony in South Africa, and that Boer sympathisers do not wholly monopolise the population. I shall attempt to show, further on, that Natal has every right to make her voice not only heard but respected, when the settlement of the present struggle arrives.

Few things are more puzzling, even in the Land of Paradoxes, than the position of importance achieved by Cape politicians in the eyes of the world. Of the Cape Legislative Assembly it may be truly said that it has gained a prominence to which neither its position nor its labours entitle it. The average Englishman would be extremely nonplussed by a question as to the composition of the Federal Parliament in Canada, and any attempt to write down a list of New Zealand or Australian Prime Ministers would probably tax the energies of most people. But Mr. Schreiner's name is as familiar in this country as Mr. Asquith's, and Sir Gordon Sprigg, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Sauer, and Mr. Rose-Innes are all more or less known. One may reasonably ask the why and wherefore of this unusual degree of acquaintance with one set of colonial politicians, and the answer is the inevitable explanation of any curious state of affairs existing in South Africa—it has arisen through a chapter of accidents.

Various causes have contributed to bring about a

somewhat abnormal condition in the political affairs of Cape Colony. The real stumbling-block arises from the close ties existing between the Dutch population and the Transvaal Boers. The Cape Dutch are British subjects possessing every privilege and every liberty, but their sympathies are with an independent State, the policy of which is consistently hostile to Great Britain. Still further, they are always willing to make active demonstration of this sympathy at the expense of their own fellow-citizens, the English. The anomalous state of affairs consequently arises that in a British colony under the British Crown the warped idea has taken root that a Dutch Ministry holding office as servants of the Queen owe their duty and obligation, not to Great Britain, but to President Kruger and the South African Republic. When the interests of England and the Republic clash, they accordingly elect to stand by the latter and espouse her quarrels, whatever the rights or wrongs of the case. In any other country such behaviour might savour of treason; the Dutch, however, call it true national sentiment. It is perfectly true that loyalty is a question of standpoint, but the Dutch must not complain if the English in return apply Dr. Johnson's disagreeable definition to their use of the word patriotism. The whole crux of the South African difficulty is that the sentiment of race is allowed to override every other consideration, even the dictates of honour and duty. The sentiment of race is a fine one, but the Dutch have carried it to a perverted extent, which results in more or less active disloyalty.

This perversion of loyalty among one section of the population is the first abnormal condition in Cape politics. A second arises through the accidental construction of the legislative machinery. The Cape

possesses a full form of responsible government—that is to say, a Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly, both elective bodies. The Government is arranged on party lines, and the Governor, appointed by Great Britain, is head of the Executive or Ministry. Though nominally head of the Government, the Governor is bound constitutionally to act on the advice of his Ministers, having the power, however, to dismiss them should his policy differ from theirs. Dismissal, of course, is an extreme step, and one only resorted to under very grave circumstances. If the new Cabinet summoned to replace the old one does not command a majority in the Legislative Assembly, then a general election must take place to test the feeling of the country. If the country supports the Governor, well and good; if not, it is tacitly understood he must resign. Sir Bartle Frere dismissed the Molteno Ministry in 1878, and on an appeal to the country the electorate supported his policy. The deadlock in his case had arisen over a matter exclusively concerning Cape Colony. It is never the policy of Great Britain to impose her ideas on a dependency possessing full powers of representative government, and under such circumstances any Governor was naturally bound to abide by the decision of the electors. But the peculiarity of the governorship of the Cape is that it carries with it another and far more important post, that of High Commissioner for South Africa. This is an Imperial appointment, quite independent of colonial control. The High Commissioner exercises powers of supervision and authority over all the British possessions in South Africa, including the native states and dependencies, and it is through him that diplomatic relations are carried on with the

Transvaal and Orange Free State. Many people have commented on the inconvenience of two distinct and possibly conflicting offices being held by the same person. The Governor of the Cape is responsible for his actions to the local Ministry, but the High Commissioner for South Africa can act quite independently either of their control or advice. It is again one of those 'Alice in Wonderland' arrangements which find so much favour in this strange continent. When the Governor, in his capacity as High Commissioner, finds himself in opposition to his Ministry, it is evident what a difficult situation must arise. On the other hand, if the High Commissioner is not a man of strong character, the control the Cape Ministry may exercise over the whole of South African politics through the pressure they can bring to bear on the Governor is equally obvious.

It is owing to this incongruous union of two offices in the person of one man that the Cape Parliament accidentally derives its influence and importance, and little by little that body has taken upon itself to speak as though for the whole of South Africa, and to interfere in many matters entirely beyond its province. Cape Colony has no more right than Natal to dictate what should or should not be the policy of Great Britain towards the Transvaal or the Free State. Deference and consideration, of course, are due to the wishes and feelings of every state and dependency, especially as regards its own internal affairs. It has happened—more than once—that the policy of the English Government on some colonial question has differed from that of the colony concerned. On such occasions the home country wisely gives way to local feeling as regards the matter in dispute. But it is

unprecedented in colonial history that a colony should espouse the cause of a third party in a question arising out of Imperial issues between the latter and Great Britain. The accidents of chance have certainly favoured the Cape governing body till these model and enlightened administrators fancy they are at liberty to forward, frustrate, or defer every Imperial scheme in South Africa. When it is further remembered that Dutch loyalty in Cape Colony is often of dubious quality, the unfavourable effects of this preponderating Dutch influence on South African politics at large becomes manifest. The pretensions of the Cape Government to dictate to the British nation are somewhat astonishing when the intellectual capacity of that body is taken into account, and also the extremely parochial character of parliamentry institutions.

We English have a great respect for representative institutions, and look upon the gift of self-government as the greatest blessing a nation can possess. Consequently, we are apt to forget that these small colonial assemblies can in no way be compared with the parliamentary body which sits at Westminster. It has been freely asserted by many people that Great Britain should not have interfered in the Transvaal difficulty, but have left the matter for settlement between Mr. Schreiner, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and President Kruger. What inherent right of interference Mr. Schreiner possesses as regards the Transvaal, to the exclusion of the Prime Minister of Natal or even the Administrator of Rhodesia, is not apparent in strict logic. However, it is instructive to examine the composition of this body, to the legislative wisdom of which the pro-Boer party are anxious to

confide matters of far-reaching policy, affecting not only South Africa, but the interests of British subjects all over the world.

The Cape Legislative Assembly consists of ninety-five members elected on a very liberal franchise. The qualification is the occupation of house property of the value of 75*l.*, or the receipt of a salary of 50*l.* per annum. The voter must be born or naturalised a British subject, but the electoral qualification is irrespective of race or colour. The fact, of which so many people lose sight, is that the entire white population of Cape Colony is only 382,198 persons—that is to say, a population slightly greater than that of Sheffield, but much smaller than that of Manchester. Allowing for the coloured vote in addition, we still find that the Cape Parliament represents a smaller and a far less educated body than is represented by the town-council of one of our large provincial cities. The present Bond Ministry has a majority of eight in the Legislative Assembly alone, for it does not command a majority in the Legislative Council. Its supporters are drawn from the most ignorant section of the colony, and it is freely asserted that there are one or two Dutch members who themselves can barely read or write. The Kaffir vote is another element which must not be forgotten. It controls three or four seats in the Assembly, and propitiation of the natives is actively carried on by the Bond. The political leaders are necessarily drawn from the exceedingly small class which constitutes the upper stratum of the colony. Political South Africa is interwoven by the ties of marriage, friendship, and relationship. In some cases this element of personality may tend to soften political asperities, but in others it renders them more bitter.

When political opponents are also personal foes, they wage their battles with double violence. The small colonial squabbles, battles of the kites and crows, are carried on with a vehemence which astonishes the outsider. The broad point of view and the broad policy are lacking to a lamentable degree. So long as a display of statesmanship is not expected, the Cape Legislative Assembly is a body from the deliberations of which unqualified entertainment may be obtained by any traveller. As a study of character and human nature—not always at its best—it is probably unsurpassed in the legislative chambers of the world.

Political sections divide themselves into the Bond party, headed by Mr. Schreiner (at present holding office), and the Progressive Opposition, led by Sir Gordon Sprigg. Broadly speaking, the Bond represents the anti-English, and the Progressives the pro-English sections of the colony. In addition to these, there are a few independent members, the best known of whom is Mr. Rose-Innes. As regards the merits of the two parties there is little to choose between them, though undoubtedly the cleverest men in the House sit on the Treasury bench. The Opposition rank and file is, on the other hand, far superior to the Bond rank and file. Mr. Schreiner, however, leads a compact party with a definite policy, whereas his opponents are men of all shades of opinion, who find themselves united by the one tie of cordial dislike to the Bond. That principle, however, suffices, and it produces some strange results. The influence exercised by Mr. Rhodes on this somewhat mediocre body is little short of amazing. He creates as much disturbance among the various parties as a North Sea whale might be calculated to produce among the perch and roach of a respectable English

fish-pond. Violent personal animosity towards him is the secret of much anti-English feeling in South Africa. Broadly speaking, political parties in Cape Colony divide themselves into those who admire and those who hate Mr. Rhodes. Some cynics define this division as the people who have or who have not prospered in the world by his various schemes. Be that as it may, Mr. Rhodes has a perturbing effect on the Cape legislators, and in many ways he seems too big for his company. If he sat for an English constituency at Westminster he would be competing with men of first-rate capacity, among whom he would find his proper place. The scheme of party politics in this country is so wide and so firmly established that it would adapt his capacity to its ends without allowing any policy to be wholly swayed by his views. He would be a prominent actor in the drama, but he would not monopolise the stage to the exclusion of every one else. Personal animosities and personal friendships he would doubtless create as before, but it is extremely improbable that either hatred of or liking for him would induce one member of the Treasury bench to change sides. But at the Cape his personality elbows every other out, and the people so elbowed dislike the operation extremely. Though his political power was destroyed by the Raid, the influence of his presence is still felt, as witnessed by the outbursts of anger his appearance generally creates. I have seldom heard a man more abused; but, though he has suffered political eclipse and his views appear to have little influence, no one is indifferent to his actions. Personal likes and dislikes of a minor character run through the whole scheme of political life, and react somewhat curiously on social affairs. No one can wholly avoid their com-

plications, for political opponents are seldom social friends, as is often the case in this country. The changes of side and party are most bewildering. Dear friends of five years ago now cross the street to avoid meeting, while on the other hand two men may be met walking arm in arm who in former days denounced each other with the fervour peculiar to a minor prophet.

Doubtless feeling was running very high when I was at the Cape, but on several occasions I was present at scenes in the Assembly and heard language indulged in which would have disgraced the proverbial vestry meeting. Personalities of an offensive character are an unpleasant feature of the debates. 'You're in the pay of De Beers!' hurls one local Demosthenes across the floor of the House at his opponent. 'Oh, don't take any notice of him, he's only a creature of the Chartered Company,' says another. 'I challenge the honourable gentleman to come out on the steps and repeat his statement,' retorts a third. Then the Speaker appeals frantically for order, but his remarks and the expostulations of the less pugnacious members only serve to swell the general hubbub. An unwilling apology sooner or later is dragged from the recalcitrant member, who recants with the air of a Galileo denying the rotation of the earth on its axis. As I said before, it is extremely amusing to watch from the stranger's point of view, but it must appear less amusing to the resident whose interests are in the hands of such a body. The digression into personalities is a temptation no one apparently can resist. The Cape legislators reminded me of so many schoolboys engaged in the congenial task of giving each other what is elegantly termed 'a wipe in the eye.' If debates ever take a

lofty tone it was not my good fortune to be present at them. The only statesmanlike speech I heard in the Cape Assembly was made by Mr. Rose-Innes, and it was a dignified rebuke to one of the disgraceful scenes I have just described. There is no man in South Africa who commands more respect and confidence than Mr. Rose-Innes. It is unfortunate for the country that he cannot see his way towards taking a more active share in public life. Honourable capable men of his type are sadly needed in political affairs, though it is perhaps not astonishing, under the circumstances, he should feel disinclined to throw in his lot either with the Bond or the Progressives. Still it is to be hoped that Mr. Rose-Innes will some day consent to come more prominently to the front. Such a man would be an acquisition to any Government, and in a Federal Parliament, with its broader views and policy, he may find full scope for his efforts.

Mr. Schreiner, the Prime Minister, gave me the impression that in better company he himself would show to better advantage. His attitude is generally both sensible and conciliatory, but he is subject to outbursts of irritation not worthy either of his position or his own undoubted ability. An angry debate was taking place one day on the subject of the arms and ammunition forwarded through the colony to the Free State. Mr. Rhodes, who looked, and probably felt, extremely bored by the whole proceedings, was sitting, with his eyes closed, in an attitude of complete indifference on the front Opposition Bench. This spectacle awoke the ire of Mr. Schreiner in a somewhat startling manner. Breaking off in the middle of his speech, the Premier turned angrily on his former friend and colleague, saying: 'It's not the least use the

honourable member for Barkly West pretending to be asleep. We all know he is wide awake listening to what is being said; he need not try it on here,' or words to that effect. Mr. Rhodes thereupon opened his eyes and sat up with an air of injured innocence, remarking plaintively that he was a much misrepresented man; that he could not go to sleep without being accused of some heinous design against the colony; that it was really very hard, &c., &c. Finally, the debate was resumed after a somewhat heated interlude, which gave each side the opportunity of telling the other exactly in what estimation it was held by its adversaries. It would certainly seem a little strange to read in the 'Times' some morning that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had made a scene during the Estimates because Mr. Balfour had taken an after-dinner nap. In the Cape Assembly such episodes are too common to excite much comment; but the legislators have only themselves to thank if their deliberations do not, thanks to scenes of this nature, inspire strangers with vast admiration. It is not my wish to hold up the Bond to censure in this matter, for each side sins in turn. Though I was never present on such an occasion, it is a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Rhodes in the heat of debate uses language and lets himself go in a manner fully as reprehensible as that of his colleagues or opponents.

Individually, there are some interesting personalities in the Assembly. The tall, grey-haired, distinguished-looking Minister is the celebrated Mr. J. X. Merriman. Socially Mr. Merriman is one of the most charming of men, and his presence in the Bond galley is a puzzle to many people. I spent an evening once in his company in blissful ignorance as to his identity, and it came

with a shock of surprise to discover that my neighbour at dinner, who had talked so charmingly of Italian art and French literature, was the Englishman in whom the anti-English party at the Cape finds its staunchest supporter. A short temper and a bitter tongue have not endeared Mr. Merriman to the Assembly, but one can only imagine that it is the fatal irritation of Africa which apparently robs people of their private virtues in public affairs. Colonel Schermbrucker, a descendant of that Hanoverian legion which settled in the Eastern Province, is a member of the Cape House who cannot be passed over in silence. He is the most ultra-loyal British subject in South Africa, and his battles with the Bond, and Mr. Merriman in particular, are little short of epic. Woe betide any member of Mr. Schreiner's party who tries to score a point unfairly against the Progressives. The gallant colonel morally pounces on the unfortunate individual, and a desperate struggle ensues. He is always prepared to steadily roar down any adversary who displeases him, and, as he possesses a voice like thunder, he vanquishes all opposition by sheer lung power. To say that he is as overwhelming as Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, as ubiquitous as Mr. Gibson Bowles, and as irrepressible as Mr. Swift MacNeill, is yet to leave Colonel Schermbrucker half described. Zeal for British interests is praiseworthy, but Colonel Schermbrucker errs somewhat in his over-vehement defence of the latter.

Members of the Cape House are paid 1*l.* a day and travelling expenses, and politics accordingly offer a pleasant and easy means of livelihood to certain impecunious Dutch farmers whose cultivation of corn and wine according to Pentateuchal precedents has not proved a success. It is probably necessary to discount some of the

extraordinary stories told as to their ignorance and incapacity, but when every allowance is made their legislative efforts cannot be of a high order. The various Dutch members are for the most part curious-looking individuals. Cincinnatus taken from his plough may have appeared picturesque, but picturesqueness is not an adjective which can be applied to these Cincinnati of the Cape Assembly. Some of them do not understand a word of current English; but it serves the purpose of the Bond leaders that their tools should not be men of education, as in the latter case they might develop disagreeable powers of criticism. Occasionally one of them rises to address the House in the *patois* peculiar to the South African Dutch. The reporters yawn, close their books, and an air of general depression settles over the gathering. These harangues are lengthy and apparently abound in jokes, for while the rest of the House goes to sleep, the other Dutchmen laugh immoderately, emphasising their approval of the speaker with various winks, nods, digs, &c. It is hard to find a parallel for such a group of men, as the members of a rural parish council in England are necessarily more enlightened. They vote as they are told, and such votes are invariably cast against progress of any kind. The Dutchman has a great idea of what is good and admirable for himself, and his own interests are always sure to receive careful attention. That political life means attention to the interests of others, and an appreciation of what is good and admirable for the community at large, is an idea which never crosses his brain. He would regard such a theory in the light of a foolish aberration, arguing that the Lord will protect His own, and it does not matter what happens to the Englishman.

More interesting to the general public are the speeches made by various prominent Bondsmen in more or less broken English. They abound in little touches, some of them very instructive. 'Ah, yes,' remarked a local celebrity one day, glaring at Mr. Rhodes; 'you have all tried to ride de Bond horse, and de Bond horse he has thrown you each in turn. Nobody will ever ride de Bond; de Bond is too strong for you all.' References to the Queen are vociferously cheered. 'We are all loyal subjects of Queen Victoria,' says some gentleman with unctuous insistence, and then the Bond applauds loudly, the Progressives chime in with derisive laughter, and the English smile —a little grimly.

I am not suggesting that there is neither capacity nor intelligence in the Cape House. On the contrary, some of its members are men of great ability, who would make their mark anywhere. Individual talent, however, does not alter the fact that the general character of the Assembly is extremely parochial. The reader must judge for himself whether a body composed of the heterogeneous elements described above is one to the loyalty and intelligence of which great Imperial interests may be safely entrusted. One great difficulty arises from the unfortunate fact that, owing to their anti-English tendencies, there are members of the Assembly on whom it is impossible to rely in a crisis. A Ministry kept in power by such an organisation as the Bond can command no confidence among the English people. Nevertheless, it is to such a Ministry that British interests are necessarily confided under the existing *régime*. It is merely owing to a chapter of constitutional accidents that the anti-English government of our South African colony, commanding a small

majority in one House alone, attempts to dictate terms to Great Britain, and, by throwing its weight against her policy, seeks to influence the destiny of all white men south of the Zambesi. That is a very large assumption on the part of a small colonial body, and the disaffection existing in Cape Colony does not render any such assumption more palatable to the British section.

Much discussion has taken place on the subject of the Afrikander conspiracy to oust England from her position as paramount Power in South Africa. Many people deny its existence, and say that any such idea is but the figment of a diseased imagination. That preparations, however, for an eventual struggle with Great Britain existed in the most active and concrete form in the Transvaal can scarcely be doubted in the light of our present knowledge. The formidable Boer armaments speak for themselves. As regards Cape Colony, Transvaal gold had encouraged the aspiration for a great South African Republic among a large section of the population. The propaganda was actively taken up by a small but influential body, though it was received with only passive appreciation in other quarters. The Dutch Reformed Church lent itself to the movement, and disaffection was preached from many pulpits. This propaganda affected different people in different degrees, but the idea of rebellion was cultivated in many quarters.

I have commented on the fondness of the Bond for making protestations of their loyalty. One axiom, however, may be taken for granted, whether in South Africa or elsewhere: the constant use of the word 'loyalty' invariably proves the existence of disloyalty. Loyalty, like respectability, is a fact one takes for granted in a person until some proof is forthcoming to

the contrary. Few things puzzled me more during the early part of my visit to South Africa than the curious manner in which the word 'loyalty' was always cropping up in the course of conversation. After a time I began to realise every one in the country wore the political ticket. You were either labelled 'loyal,' 'disloyal,' or a 'mugwump.' The 'mugwumps' sit on the fence, but are credited with more or less pro-Boer sympathies. Disloyalty is often treated as a regrettable rather than a culpable fact. A, for example, draws a little character-sketch of B. B's virtues, circumstances, and mental qualities are all described; A generally bringing his remarks to a close by telling you that B is an excellent fellow and 'quite loyal,' or that B is an excellent fellow, 'but a bit wrongheaded, you know—shaky in his loyalty.' The 'loyal British subject' cry was one which gathered force as the outbreak of hostilities drew near. 'It's so hard on poor Piet—or Jan,' was a remark one heard often. 'He's a loyal British subject, but he has to go and fight for the Boers.' The suggestion that, if poor Piet and Jan were really loyal British subjects, under no circumstances would they fight for the Boers was never well received. The frank statement that Piet and Jan had Boer sympathies and meant to stand up for their friends would have commanded respect; but frankness is unfortunately the virtue often lacking at the Cape. One grows disagreeably conscious, after a time, that a spirit of intrigue pervades most places in South Africa. Wherever one goes, and among whatever class of society, there is a surprising reticence and lack of frankness about political affairs. Dutch and English alike vie in kindness and hospitality to the stranger within their gates, but one never loses the impression that it is a land divided against itself, and

that different principles are struggling in it for mastery. In hotels or steamboats, or even railway trains, the same spirit prevails. People look askance on their neighbour until quite certain what his views may be. Such an attitude is natural enough in a country where spies and secret agents abound, but one asks with ever-growing irritation why there should be spies in an English colony. The English residents have almost a ludicrous dread of ruffling the susceptibilities of the Dutch. Politics and religion are not subjects ventilated in general or mixed society at any time, but the taboo placed upon any discussion of the former in Cape Colony is little short of astonishing. New arrivals in a foreign country naturally have many questions to ask about its political and social affairs, but I soon discovered such Socratic methods of conversation were not altogether welcome to the residents. I am sorry that I did not keep a record of the countless occasions on which the words 'Pray don't repeat what I have just told you' were said to me. The statement in question was probably some platitude about South Africa which can be found in every book yet written on the country. It is nevertheless communicated to the stranger with all the mystery and precaution attaching to the divulging of some State secret. It is impossible not to ask oneself the why and wherefore of this strangely un-English state of affairs, and little by little the inquiry points to the Afrikander Bond as the origin of the mischief.

A racial organisation for the cultivation of racial aims can only be a disturbing element in any country. It is denied by the Bond that its members hold anti-English views, or that they wish to attack the British supremacy. An organisation, however, must be judged

by its fruits, and if this particular one is loyal it is extremely unfortunate its actions convey such wrong impressions. Looking at the matter from the passive side, it is pertinent to inquire whether the Bond has been favourable to British interests in South Africa, whether it has worked for the fusion of races, or has striven to promote good feeling towards Great Britain. The most ardent champion of the Boers will hardly venture to answer such a question in the affirmative. What, therefore, has been the work of the Bond? Briefly, the subversion of England as paramount Power, and the stirring up of strife between two nationalities whose welfare wholly depends on their friendship and unity. When ideas such as these are circulated in a country it unsettles everything and every one. People grow suspicious, it may be often without just cause; but the strain of disloyalty is too real to be ignored, and it creates an uneasy feeling among those who only want to live at peace with their surroundings. On the other hand, it drives another section into somewhat over-emphatic assertion of British rights, and they in turn grow irritated with their lukewarm neighbours. The question of nationality is always being thrust forward in this manner, and it is a proceeding equally harmful to both Dutch and English.

But for the mischievous propaganda carried on within Cape Colony, the pretensions of President Kruger would never have assumed such formidable proportions. I referred in a previous paragraph to the well-known fact that the Dutch will always rally to the cry of race, whatever the rights and wrongs of the case. This is the idiosyncrasy on which the Bond has unscrupulously played in order to promote, not the good of the general community, but the schemes and

ambitions of a handful of leaders. If the Dutch had been left alone, if they had been wisely led, the trouble of to-day would have been avoided. As it is, the whole nation has been dragged into an unhappy conflict, disastrous alike for Dutch and English. Their vanity and love of power have been flattered and encouraged by men who told them that British authority was a myth, and that any trial of strength would inevitably result in victory for the Afrikander. Hence it came about, little by little, that in an English colony an idea arose that there should be one law for the Englishman and another for the Dutchman, and that the superior rights should belong to the latter. Any assertion of British prerogatives was looked upon as an injury. The Afrikander Bond, for example, was considered a national and admirable institution. Did it not exist for the protection of Dutch interests? English leagues, however, for the protection of English interests were denounced in unmeasured language as wicked and pernicious institutions. The gift of the Jubilee battleship, made by Cape Colony to England, is the great argument advanced on all occasions when the loyalty of the Bond is called in question. One grows just a little tired, in fact, of hearing about that vessel. Any controversy regarding a gift generously made and gladly accepted is highly distasteful to the recipients; but when the Dutch endeavour to make political capital out of the Bond's attitude in the matter, the English South Africans not unnaturally retort that, on the theory of a sprat to catch a mackerel, the battleship has more than done its work.

As regards the conspiracy to overthrow the British rule, it is not asserted that any definite revolutionary organisation had been formed which held monthly

meetings and published quarterly reports. On the other hand, no one could live in South Africa without realising the strong anti-English feeling among one section of the population; and this is the sentiment which was growing daily in force and coherence. Undoubtedly it would have taken active form sooner or later in a revolt against Great Britain but for the present war. The tendency to disaffection was encouraged by the apparent disinclination of the paramount Power to interfere and put matters on a proper footing. By thus holding aloof she allowed the stream of Afrikander ambitions to flow on unchecked. Into that current many were swept, more from weakness than from ill-will. It had grown the fashion to think lightly of England, and Dutch subjects, who but for the Bond propaganda would have lived in perfect amity with the British, allowed themselves to drift on this so-called wave of national sentiment to the brink of an ugly precipice. It would be most unjust to include the whole Dutch population of Cape Colony, or even individual members of the Bond, in one sweeping charge of disloyalty. Mr. Richard Solomon, for instance, the popular Attorney-General, is noted for his English sympathies. The attitude of Mr. Schreiner, too, calls for comment. Undoubtedly his position has been one of great difficulty, but there is a general feeling that Mr. Schreiner has done his best for Africa according to his lights. 'Schreiner's wrong-headed, and too much of an idealist; but he is an honest man,' was an opinion I heard expressed by many people in South Africa; and whatever the Prime Minister's grave faults of omission before the war began, one recognises gladly that he has worked loyally and well with Sir Alfred Milner since the outbreak of hostilities.

What was only perverted sympathy in some cases must not be confounded with active treason in others. Still further—though it is invidious of course to mention names—one is glad to have known Dutch families at the Cape of whose loyalty there is no more question than that of the Queen's bodyguard. No praise can be too warm for the support they have given the British Government under circumstances of extreme difficulty. In addition to these, it is only fair to say there are other Dutch subjects who have been placed in the most painful position by the struggle between the two races. One makes every allowance in their case for the ties of blood and kinship; but, had the educated Dutch made a better stand against the propaganda of disloyalty and pointed out its folly to their fellow-countrymen, instead of lending the movement a more or less sentimental support, they would not have found themselves involved in the difficulties and sorrows of to-day.

The Dutch attitude towards the British rule is perhaps comprehensible; but nothing can be said in defence of that handful of renegade Englishmen, both in Cape Colony and this country, who—to their shame, be it noted—surpass the Boers themselves in their language and attacks on the British Government. The position of these men is a curious one, and they themselves are rather an interesting study. The renegade Englishman is a sort of poor relation of the Little Englander. There are always certain people who are ready to lead the forces of sentiment and prejudice against the powers of justice and truth; and such people delight in representing the world at large, but the British Empire in particular, as a waste of desolation wherein they and their own virtues stand up like little peaks of

moral excellence. They are generally men of somewhat inferior capacity who have not sufficient intelligence to achieve distinction on their own merits, but they nevertheless crave notoriety and a position of importance in the world. Since they cannot attain to superiority on their own merits, the next best thing is to destroy as much as possible the claims of others to prominence. Such men are often soured by failure, and inclined in consequence to take a warped view of everything. Almost invariably they fall easy victims to flattery of any kind. The Dutch leaders in South Africa thoroughly appreciate the value of English recruits to their cause. It sounds very well to have the British Government denounced in emphatic terms by an Englishman. Accordingly, they approach certain individuals of the above type and praise them for the fair-minded just appreciation they have formed of the South African problem. 'Ah! it's men like you we want in the country,' says the Bond in honeyed terms. 'You uphold the dignity and ancient traditions of England in a becoming manner; you are not led astray by this wild Jingo cry and the grasping imperialism of the age. If we had men like you in authority, men animated by such a spirit of conciliation and justice, our troubles here would soon be at an end.' The individual in question naturally likes all this very much. His estimation of the South African Dutch is abnormally increased, thanks to the discrimination they have shown as regards his own merits. He had always suspected that he was a little channel of grace by which the traditions of a Pitt or a Burke were flowing over an arid and unbelieving generation who appreciated him not. Now he is sure of the fact. He accordingly devotes his energies in the most whole-

hearted manner to the services of the party who have shown such remarkable intelligence in his own case. The exhibition which follows is rather pitiable, and it does not strike one as being altogether compatible with great British traditions. The spectacle of the various stray Englishmen bound to the pro-Boer chariot recalls the experiences of Alphonse, the little French cook in Mr. Rider Haggard's story, who, very much against his will, is dressed up by a savage queen in a coat of mail, put on a spirited charger, and forced to personate the doughty character of Sir Henry Curtis in the hour of battle. Alphonse finds discretion the better part of valour, vanishes from the conflict at an early stage, and is subsequently unearthed hiding under a banner in a tent. It may, of course, be a great sign of superiority to vilify your own countrymen, and make their enemy's cause your own; but such renegades must not complain if it is a superiority to which the overwhelming number of their fellow-countrymen feel quite unable either to attain or to appreciate.

Very different is the state of affairs existing in Natal. It is sometimes difficult to remember that these two dependencies, so dissimilar in every respect, are geographically close neighbours. One breathes more freely among the subtropical luxuriance of Natal than among the familiar oaks and pine trees of the Cape Peninsula. A spirit of intrigue is essentially obnoxious to the English mind, and it is the prevalence of this spirit which mars so much that is pleasant in South African travel. The loyalty of Natal is indeed refreshing after the reticence and half-heartedness of Cape Colony. That un-English-like habit of talking in corners does not exist there. If people have anything to say, they say it openly, without paraphrases or

entreaties that their remarks may not be repeated. The radical distinction which exists between the policy of Cape Colony and Natal is that in Natal British interests and the honour of England are the first considerations; President Kruger and the South African Republic being matters of secondary importance. The relative absence of the Dutch element is, of course, the secret of this great difference between the two colonies. Natal is thoroughly English, and representative institutions under the British flag can be judged there at their best. The government of the country works without difficulty or discord, because there is no retrograde element to hamper the Executive. The Natalians detest the Boers, and say as much with perfect frankness. There is no Afrikander Bond to stir up strife and divide the country against itself. The miserable conflicts and intrigues which distract Cape Colony are unknown in the land of the Nativity. Natal has sufficiently proved the temper of her loyalty during these troublous times, though the sacrifices she has made have not surprised those who know and honour the Natalians. The quiet prosperity of a country in which 'true national sentiment' is not stimulated by Bond agents and Transvaal gold is one which must not be overlooked in any estimation of South Africa. I know of no object-lesson more striking than the relative prosperity of Cape Colony and Natal; for it must always be remembered that the latter country is, so to speak, a dependency of yesterday. Those amiable enthusiasts who see so much to admire in the Boers would be well advised to travel through these two colonies, and judge for themselves the fruits of Dutch as against the fruits of English ideals.

Natal is the one portion of our South African

dominion of which it is possible to speak with unqualified praise. It is a colony in which there is peace, order, liberty, trade, and, as Mr. Poulteney Bigelow truly remarks, 'it is a magnificent monument to English courage and English capacity for administration.' Natal has her problems and her difficulties, like every other country; but they are faced in a practical British manner, without appeals to precedents from the Old Testament. The native question is the all-important one, and it will be considered in a later chapter. Otherwise Natal is in the happy position of having no burning political problems. She is the youngest member of the self-governing colonies, having received her constitution as recently as 1893. The legislative framework is the same as Cape Colony, consisting of two Houses of Representatives and an English Governor, who is head of the Executive. Political parties have not as yet had time to form themselves on any distinct lines. Few differences of principle exist in the Assembly, though it is possible that parties may eventually range themselves on the lines of Free Trade and Protection. Natal has not won for herself that unenviable notoriety which attaches to the proceedings of the Cape Government. She attends to her own affairs, and does not indulge in political ambitions having for aim a general upheaval in South Africa. Her public men are less well known than the Cape celebrities, disloyalty not being the easy path to notoriety in Natal. Men like Sir John Robinson and the late Mr. Harry Escombe have established their reputations on other and higher grounds than those which arise from association with the Afrikander Bond. The proceedings in the Natal Assembly struck me as being much superior in their general character

to the deliberations held at the Cape. The Assembly is a small body consisting of thirty-seven members, with a Legislative Council of eleven members. They transact their business quietly, without any personal comments on each other's manners and morals, and it is pleasant to hear references to English procedure spoken of 'as what happens at home.' Nobody thinks it necessary to stand up and assure the Assembly of his devotion to the Queen of England, that fact being as much taken for granted in Natal as it would be at Windsor Castle. The Natalians do not talk about loyalty, they prove it by their acts. They are democratic, independent people, but in their Parliament House one feels as much at home as in the precincts of Westminster. It may be a small gathering, but it breathes the true spirit of Anglo-Saxon self-governing methods. Natal has the greatest claim of any country in South Africa to give her opinions as to the Transvaal settlement, and that not only on account of the sufferings she has endured during the war, but because of the admirable government she has established within her own borders.

The entertaining conflicts of the Cape Assembly are not enacted at Pietermaritzburg, but one scene at least which occurred in the Natal Assembly last July will not lightly fade from the memory of any person who witnessed it. The crisis was at its height between the British Government and the Transvaal, and for the moment things looked very black for the English in South Africa. At home there seemed to be nothing but vacillation and uncertainty. Was or was not the British Government going to hold firm and insist upon President Kruger's compliance with the Bloemfontein minimum? Mr. Schreiner was adequately filling his

post as Prime Minister of a British colony by writing a letter to 'Ons Land,' the Transvaal organ in Cape Town—a paper renowned for its violent anti-English views—stating that he considered the franchise proposals of President Kruger to be 'adequate and satisfactory.' Matters hung in the balance, and something like despair began to take possession of the English section. And then little Natal spoke up bravely, and at a critical moment did not hesitate to come forward and assure the mother country of her sympathy and support in the struggle ahead. A motion worded as follows was brought forward and carried unanimously by the Assembly: 'The Legislative Assembly of Natal desires to express its sympathy with and approval of the action of the British Government in its endeavour to secure equal rights and privileges for all Europeans in South Africa, whereby peace, prosperity, and the termination of racial animosity in this country can alone be assured.' The whole South African problem, with its solution, is summed up in the above resolution. The Natal politicians cannot be accused of a desire to steal gold mines or promote a Stock Exchange conspiracy. They had everything to lose and nothing to gain by any struggle between Great Britain and the Transvaal. It is characteristic of the Natalians that they placed principle before self-interest, and did not hesitate to throw their influence on the side of the mother country. The words 'equal rights and privileges' strike the keynote of peace and prosperity in South Africa, and all honour to the land which takes its name from the Feast of Peace and Goodwill, that it was the first to put on record this emphatic declaration in the great cause of justice and of liberty.

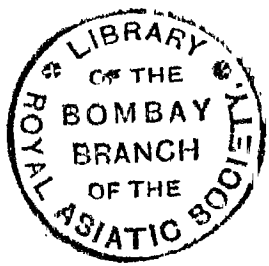
Brave words and true were heard within the walls

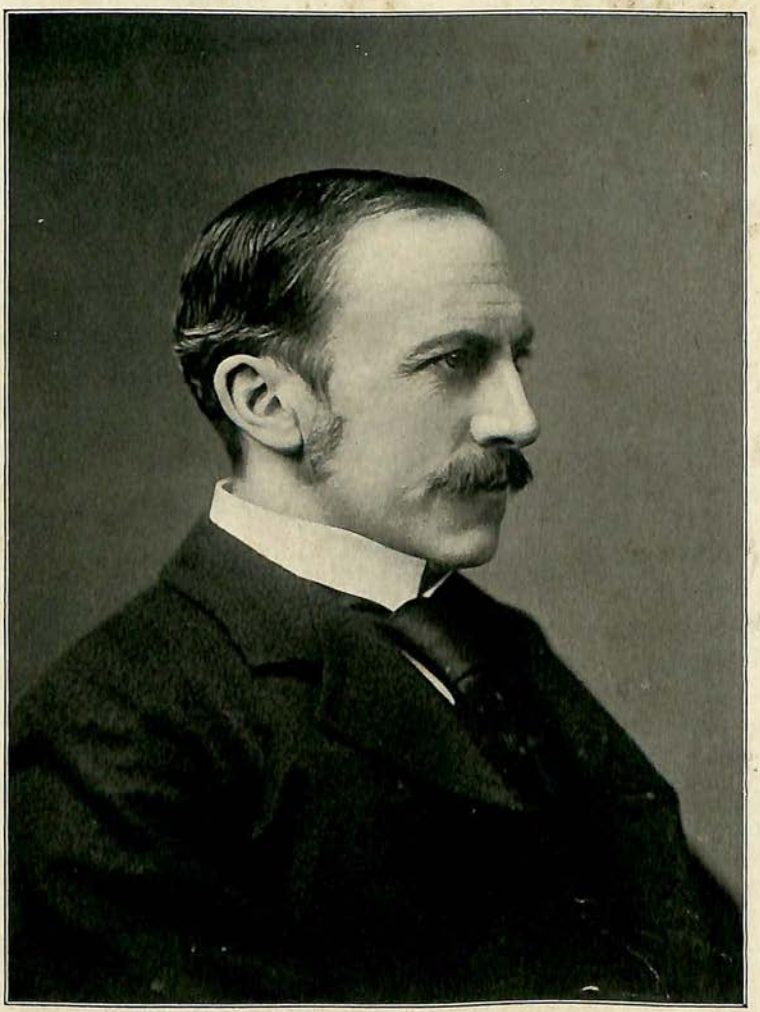
of the Natal Assembly on the afternoon of July 19, 1899. The different leaders spoke like men with a great sense of responsibility resting on them, and the temperate conciliatory language, just and fair to each side alike, was indeed a change from the heated polemics too common in South African controversy. Alas! that the most eloquent voice of any raised that day should now be silenced for ever. Natal has been sorely tried in the course of the war, but it is not too much to say that by the sudden death of Mr. Harry Escombe, last January, South Africa as a whole suffered an irreparable loss—one the full extent of which it is not possible yet to realise. There was not a finer character in the land than Harry Escombe. He will be remembered by many people in this country as the Jubilee Prime Minister who, after Sir Wilfrid Laurier, excited the most attention among our colonial guests of 1897. A tall commanding-looking man, he was the true leader with 'head, heart, hand,' whose life was an invaluable one to his country. He stood, in the most literal sense of the words, head and shoulders above every local politician in South Africa, and, whether in times of peace or trouble, he was a true father to his land. The friends of many years' standing are more fitted to praise his life's work in Africa than a bird of passage like myself, but I would fain add my humble tribute of regard and admiration to his memory. Brief though our acquaintance was, it is one I shall always hold among my greatest privileges. Mr. Escombe was often called the Father of Port Natal, for to his untiring efforts Durban Harbour owed its present development. His political horizon, however, was not limited to the progress of one colony; that horizon included the progress of all South Africa.

Federation was the end towards which he worked with an enthusiasm equal to that of Mr. Rhodes. A staunch Englishman, he was too fair-minded not to do full justice to the Boers. No one with whom I ever discussed politics in South Africa weighed the *pros* and *cons* of the case more thoroughly, and, though he never swerved from his standpoint of equal rights and equal privileges, this impartiality won him the confidence of the Dutch. He was a fine orator, and his speech on the occasion of the vote of confidence in the British Government was a very stirring one. Federation and unity was its theme, and the eloquent language roused the audience to great enthusiasm. 'But please remember I am not a bit of a Jingo,' he said laughingly to me, as we met outside the Assembly, and I congratulated him on his speech. 'We must have equal rights in South Africa, because, if not, we shall have English rifles, and we would rather manage it without your help if possible.' And again he wrote a few days before the outbreak of hostilities: 'I still hope, almost against hope, that federal union may put an end to racial animosities without the use of rifles.'

That hope, unfortunately, was doomed to disappointment. It is indeed grievous to think that Mr. Escombe should have passed away during the darkest hour of the Natal campaign, and that he should not have been spared to see peace re-established in the land he loved so well. The horrors of war are so numerous and overwhelming, that while the struggle still wages no one can adequately count up its losses; but it is not too much to say that it is only the establishment of peace which will bring to Africa the realisation of all she has lost by the death of the former Prime Minister of Natal. It is in the hour of settle-

ment, when the new order of things comes to be established, that his public spirit, energy, and sound judgment would have proved invaluable. In the Federal Council of the United States of South Africa he assuredly would have held the prominent place. Others might conquer, he could reconcile. His death leaves a gap which no one at present can fill. There are many able men in South Africa, but his personality was unique among the colonial statesmen. Had his life been spared, the task of the future might have been simplified in many ways. Difficulties must necessarily beset the path of federation, and his influence would have greatly assisted in overcoming them. The gods have decreed otherwise. Country and friends alike are the poorer for his death, but he will live in the memory of all who knew him as a true and loyal gentleman in the best sense of the word, and one of the finest statesmen Greater Britain has as yet reared among her sons.





SIR ALFRED MILNER, G.C.M.G., K.C.B

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

CHAPTER IX.

THE BURSTING OF THE STORM.

FEW administrators have assumed the reins of government under more trying circumstances than those which marked the advent of Sir Alfred Milner to South Africa. The demoralisation created by the collapse of the Jameson Raid was hardly less acute than that which had prevailed after Majuba. The prestige of England was at its lowest ebb. It was as though Fate, by a serious of crazy accidents, was bent upon holding up Great Britain to the contempt of South Africa. Blow after blow had fallen upon her, till the greatest of European Powers found herself baffled, silent and helpless before an obscure little Boer Republic, the inhabitants of which treated her with unveiled insolence. The moral and intellectual damage of the Raid fell not upon the Transvaal, whose ends it served in the most opportune manner; not upon the revolutionists, who were deservedly punished for their folly; but upon Great Britain, whose interests were damaged and discredited through no fault of her own. President Kruger cannot, of course, be blamed for making the best of the advantages acquired by this unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel. The many raiding expeditions of the Boers and the attack on the Free State, in which President Kruger had himself assisted, were conveniently forgotten. A lofty attitude of injured innocence

was assumed, upon the strength of which the Boers proceeded to drive some excellent bargains. The Raid in no way damaged the interests of the Transvaal. On the contrary, it placed the Republic in a most unique position—one, if President Kruger had really possessed the statesmanship with which he is credited, he might have turned to the lasting discomfiture of England in South Africa. Deplorable and foolish blunder though it was, it naturally and justly awoke very real sympathy with the Transvaal. People, when talking of the capitalist intrigues, quite lost sight of the fact that at the actual moment of the Raid the Imperial Power itself was on the verge of war with the Republic, and that Dr. Jameson's incursion could only have taken place under grave conditions of political chaos.

But after the Raid England's hands were tied. It was impossible under the circumstances to make strong representations to a State already quite justified in considering itself aggrieved. Had the Boers at this point seen the wisdom of making certain concessions in the Transvaal, of playing a generous and magnanimous part towards the Uitlanders, there is no doubt the revulsion of feeling in their favour both in England and South Africa would have brought them nearer to a realisation of Retief's ideal than they will ever reach again. Luckily or unluckily, they did nothing of the kind. The defeat of Dr. Jameson's troopers more than ever confirmed the Boers in their views of the *quantité négligeable* represented by the British nation. To the contempt bred of Majuba was now added the contempt bred of Krugersdorp. Instead of reforms being granted, the tyranny and maladministration of the Government in all its dealings with the Uitlanders only

grew worse. The violent indignation provoked by the Raid throughout the Dutch population in the Free State and Cape Colony surprised many people. It was argued with some perplexity that the Transvaal had after all received little or no damage, and that President Kruger's hostility towards Cape Colony had alienated much sympathy from him in the past. However, this outburst of feeling was explained by the proverbial fact that blood is thicker than water, and that the Dutch were naturally incensed by the attack on their compatriots.

A more subtle explanation than this is, however, possible. So long as Mr. Rhodes was ruling with the Bond he held in check the Afrikander party. When he fell from power, owing to his complicity in the Raid, all the forces of latent hostility towards England which his strange political combination had kept in abeyance were let loose in the land. Politically, the most fatal result of the Raid was the peg it created on which to hang anti-English feeling. That feeling, for some years past, had been quiescent through force of circumstances. England had given not one shadow of legitimate excuse for seditious behaviour on the part of the disaffected Dutch. The Afrikander Bond, however, had not spent twenty years of fruitless labour in their cultivation of 'true national sentiment.' The Afrikander propaganda had never ceased, though the leaders were content to bide their time till a favourable moment arose for a more active policy. A strong and prosperous South Africa was the first step to an independent South Africa, and the collaboration of Mr. Rhodes was welcome on that score. With the Raid, however, came the opportunity of the Bond, and they seized upon it eagerly. It provided them with

both an excuse and a stalking-horse. The influence of Mr. Rhodes being removed, there was no hindrance to the anti-English campaign now so vigorously pursued. Outraged feeling is an admirable political asset, and the unnecessarily hostile attitude of the Cape Dutch was excused on the ground of the shock and injury inflicted by the Raid on their delicate susceptibilities.

In Johannesburg the position of the English population was naturally worse than it was before the rising. The Reform leaders had lain down their arms on the distinct understanding that the British Government would intervene to secure reasonable concessions for the Uitlanders. Instead of receiving concessions, they found themselves accommodated in Pretoria Gaol. Sir Hercules Robinson, on whose advice they had surrendered, left the Transvaal without exacting from President Kruger the fulfilment of one promise made as regards the Uitlanders. An astonished and somewhat peremptory telegram from Mr. Chamberlain reached the High Commissioner on his way back to Cape Town, asking what steps were being taken to secure those reasonable concessions which Sir Hercules had promised the Uitlanders. The High Commissioner replied that any such action would be inopportune at that moment, and the matter was allowed to drop. Had Sir Hercules Robinson boldly grasped the nettle and insisted that the punishment of the raiders on the one hand should be met by a redress of grievances on the other, the course of events might have been very different.

President Kruger and his friends had secured a series of triumphs, and once again the English in South Africa knew what it was to live beneath the shadow of victorious Afrikanderdom. England might

be paramount Power in name, but the Dutch gave the English clearly to understand it was a paramountcy they despised and more or less repudiated. Racial feeling began to run very high throughout the whole country. On the one hand, there was insolence shown to the Home Government, and an almost unveiled propaganda of disaffection; on the other, bitter resentment among the English section at the position in which they found themselves. As regards the Transvaal, appeals to the Imperial Power for justice and a redress of grievances seemed unavailing. The Raid had confused the two issues. Thanks to the anti-capitalist agitation, there was scant sympathy in England for the Uitlanders and little comprehension of the general principle involved. But this policy went too far. Though the English are very slow to rouse, they will never in the long run witness unprotestingly the coercion of any section of their race at the hands of outsiders. Little by little an impression grew up at home that things in South Africa were not what they ought to be; and when at this point affairs passed into the hands of Sir Alfred Milner, there was a general feeling of relief that at last, without prejudice or bias, the whole subject would be weighed, judged, and reported on by one of England's most trusted statesmen.

Sir Alfred Milner brought with him to the Cape what few of the previous Governors had possessed—namely, a reputation. He had done excellent work in Egypt, and had played an important part in the redemption of that country. Equal success had attended his occupation of a great office at home, the Inland Revenue Department. These business qualifications were, of course, valuable; still better, however, Sir Alfred Milner was known not only as a distinguished

civil servant of marked ability, but as a man whose reputation for honour and integrity had won him the confidence of every political section in this country. He occupied a place among that very small group of public men who stand somewhat apart in the popular estimation—men upon whose motives no shadow of doubt is ever cast, and whose mere word the nation would believe under circumstances when the sworn affidavits of other people might carry no conviction. His appointment as Governor at the Cape was accordingly hailed with enthusiasm by politicians of the most opposite views. Radicals, Conservatives, Liberal-Unionists, all were at one as to his capacity for grappling with the South African problem. The post of High Commissioner is probably the most onerous and difficult of any in the Empire, requiring tact and capacity, judgment and skill of a high order. Sir Alfred Milner, by common consent, was allowed to possess the ideal qualifications for discharging such an office, and it was confidently hoped that his influence would restore order in the country.

The new Governor arrived at the Cape in 1897, and for over two years little more was heard of him. South Africa was fairly quiet during this period. The lull which precedes the storm rested on the country, and, public attention being distracted elsewhere, various ominous signs and mutterings passed more or less unnoticed. It was recognised that President Kruger was still recalcitrant, and some impatient people asked, at the end of six months, why Sir Alfred Milner had not settled the Transvaal question. Those who knew him better said 'Wait.' The years of silence were not years wasted. Unlike Sir William Butler when Acting Administrator, Sir Alfred Milner did not send

home despatches setting forth opinions on South African organisations after a few weeks' residence in the country. He waited many months before he gave a sign, devoting himself in the meantime to a close personal study of South African affairs. The High Commissioner did not base the conclusions he ultimately formed on second-hand evidence collected in Cape Town. He made many journeys throughout the colony, visiting every district, near and remote. On such tours he listened to the views of men situated at opposite poles politically, and, having learnt Dutch, there was no class in the country with whose ideas he was not familiar. For over two years, therefore, he held his peace; but when at last he spoke his words startled England.

1898 was a year of great material prosperity in the Transvaal. The output of gold had reached the unprecedented total of 16,000,000*l.* Feeling on each side, however, was growing daily more acute. Immense sums were being spent by the Transvaal Government in armaments; the erection of forts was hurried forward, and large orders for guns and rifles were given to various European firms. Secret service money was extensively spent in working up feeling among the Dutch population in the English colonies; added to which Dr. Leyds, who in 1898 had resigned his post as State Secretary, was despatched to Europe to advance Transvaal interests among the Continental Powers. One event during the year had created a panic among the Uitlanders. This was the attack successfully made by President Kruger on the independence of the High Court. A law had been passed in 1897 by which resolutions of the Volksraad were to be binding on the judges, regardless of the Constitution. Still further, the President was to be entitled in future to dismiss on

his own responsibility any judge with whose action he was dissatisfied. The Transvaal judges were up in arms, and protested unanimously against such a violation and curtailment of their prerogatives. The Uitlanders, who saw such scanty legal rights as they had previously possessed entirely at the mercy of the Volksraad, watched this new development of Pretorian autocracy with little short of dismay. It was considered by every one that a position already sufficiently bad would be rendered intolerable if judicial judgments were to be subjected to President Kruger's approval or disapproval. Owing to the mediation of Sir Henry de Villiers a temporary compromise was effected, but in February 1898 matters came to a head between the President and Chief Justice Kotzé. The latter was summarily dismissed, after twenty years' service, for his refusal to subordinate decisions of the High Court to resolutions of the Volksraad.

Matters were in this electric state when the murder of a man named Edgar by a Transvaal policeman proved the final spark which fired the train. The affair rose out of a street disturbance on Christmas Day 1898. The police were sent to arrest Edgar, broke into his house and shot him dead. Whether he resisted or not is a disputed point. The policeman was arrested for culpable homicide and promptly acquitted. This incident caused intense excitement in Johannesburg, for it touched the Uitlanders on a very sore point—their treatment at the hands of the police. Edgar's fellow-workmen took the matter up, and a large meeting was held at Johannesburg to protest against the state of affairs existing in the Transvaal, and to petition the British Government in the Uitlander cause. Open-air meetings are, however, not allowed by President

Kruger, and the police have power to interfere even with indoor gatherings. The meeting in Johannesburg market-place was therefore treated as a breach of the Public Meeting Act, and Messrs. Webb and Dodd, the organisers, were consequently arrested. It is instructive to note that bail in the case of the policeman who shot Edgar was 200*l.*, and that in the case of Messrs. Webb and Dodd 1,000*l.* From this meeting resulted the first Uitlander petition, which Sir William Butler, Acting Governor in Sir Alfred Milner's absence, refused to receive. The Uitlanders were then informed some irregularities had taken place in the drawing up of the document. It was accordingly recast, and with 21,000 signatures was forwarded by Sir Alfred Milner to the British Government in the month of March 1899.

Sir William Butler's action as regards the petition has been held up in certain quarters as a condemnation of Sir Alfred Milner's acceptance of it. Such critics, however, would do well to remember that the General was a new arrival at the Cape, with all his experience to learn, while the Governor was thoroughly acquainted with the position of affairs. Sir William Butler, it is almost unnecessary to add, acted in the matter according to his honest convictions. The only criticism one feels compelled to make—and one makes it with every reluctance in the case of so distinguished a soldier—is that his acquaintance with South Africa was too recent to justify the strong opinions he expressed. Sir Alfred Milner was in England when Sir William Butler arrived at Cape Town, and, the Governor being absent, the General was necessarily unacquainted with many facts and circumstances about which Sir Alfred Milner could have informed him. Sir William Butler had heard Mr. Schreiner's views, but under the circum-

stances it was unfortunate that he did not wait for the Governor's return before committing himself one way or another. It is, of course, characteristic of that sweet reasonableness which distinguishes the Little Englander that he should admire and uphold a hastily formed opinion rather than one based on years of study and close observation. Every man has a right to his own opinions, but their value to the outside world naturally depends on whatever foundation they possess in the actual realm of facts and figures. There could be no question in this case as to the degree of experience on one side or the other. Sir Alfred Milner, level-headed, just, and wise, had studied his subject thoroughly. Like Sir Bartle Frere before him, he recognised that the policy of drift could not be carried out indefinitely. The easy opportunism of the moment; the policy which heaps up future complications by staving off present difficulties, were not doctrines which commended themselves to a man both capable and courageous. The question long evaded had at last to be faced in an aggravated form resulting from that past evasion, and he faced it in a way which should win him the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen.

The Uitlander petition was the turning-point in the supremacy struggle in South Africa. It was the first direct appeal which had been made since Majuba to the paramount Power, and it raised the whole question of England's position in Africa in a definite form. She stood condemned in the past for many faults, many blunders, many selfish actions. Was the old evil policy of apathy and indifference to receive yet another illustration? or would the great mother country finally rouse herself to an appreciation of what was taking place in Africa and intervene to secure justice for her

subjects? Such was the burning question, and on it all men knew the future of the land depended. That inevitable trial of strength which Sir Bartle Frere had predicted slowly but surely was being forced on this country. By her willingness or her inability to meet that trial Great Britain herself was doomed to stand or fall in the eyes of the world.

The tension of political parties throughout South Africa was very great. The Orange Free State had drawn closer her alliance with the sister Republic, and, it was surmised, would throw in her lot with the latter if trouble arose. In Cape Colony a Bond Government, with Mr. Schreiner as Prime Minister, had come into office in 1898 by a very small majority. The elections held under the Redistribution Act in 1899 confirmed the party already in power, the Government now possessing a majority of eight. The Transvaal was openly agitating for the abrogation of British control over her foreign relations; emissaries of the Republic were busy among the Dutch; Dr. Leyds was equally busy subsidising the Continental press; and in Cape Colony the idea of an Independent South Africa steadily gained ground. Active sympathy was shown with this movement by many disaffected Dutch subjects in the British dependencies. The Cape Ministry was closely allied with the anti-English party, and the attitude taken up on the one side naturally provoked corresponding exasperation among the English. The necessity that some action should be taken in order to end this state of affairs was felt by every one; and when it was announced on May 19 that a conference was to take place at Bloemfontein between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner, the words 'At last!' were uttered with a sense of thankfulness by many people. Once

the case was taken up by the Imperial Government it was reasonable to hope that the whole truth might be made known. The supreme hour of Great Britain's career in South Africa was at hand, and well for this country was it that it found Sir Alfred Milner at the head of affairs.

The objects of the conference were described by Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons as 'an endeavour to arrive at such an arrangement as her Majesty's Government could accept and recommend to the Uitlander population as a reasonable concession to their just demands, and a settlement of the difficulties which have threatened the good relations that her Majesty's Government desires should exist between themselves and the Government of the South African Republic.' I arrived at the Cape when the conference was in progress, and it was impossible not to be struck by the extraordinary state of tension it produced. It was as though the country had taken a deep breath, and waited speechless for further developments. Secrecy was admirably maintained during the negotiations, but on the morning of June 7 a brief telegram announced that the conference had ended in complete failure. President Kruger had refused to accept Sir Alfred Milner's franchise minimum; Sir Alfred Milner had refused President Kruger's counter-proposals coupled with a demand for arbitration, and the Governor was accordingly on his way back to Cape Town. The Bloemfontein meeting proved fruitless, but the question then arose of what was to follow. Clearly, England having gone so far could not afford to let the matter rest there. No return to the state of affairs existing before the conference was possible. Her franchise demands had been studiously moderate. They claimed

but a modest share of representation for the Uitlanders, a share in no way affecting the independence of the Transvaal or the preponderating Dutch influence in the Raad. The acceptance of Sir Alfred Milner's scheme would have strengthened, not weakened, the position of the South African Republic. Only two courses were now open: either to withdraw the franchise proposals, and in so doing to abdicate once and for good the sovereign position in Africa; or to insist upon their acceptance—whatever the cost.

Scant justice has been done to Sir Alfred Milner's direction of affairs during the months immediately following the conference. The difficulty of his position was very great. He had at one and the same time to stir up public opinion at home and check undue excitement in the colony. In this task he had neither sympathy nor help from his responsible advisers; on the contrary, he was assailed by misrepresentation of every kind. There is one feature of political life at the Cape which calls for unwilling comment at this place—namely, the system of espionage, and often calumny, to which the high English officials are subjected. Unwarrantable insinuations of the most personal character are levelled at them from certain quarters and repeated in such papers as 'Ons Land' and the 'South African News.' I have no wish to enter into any description of that back-stairs and front-stairs gossip which circulates in Cape Town, and is seized upon eagerly by the renegades described in the last chapter, who try and make political capital out of it. Criticism founded on this class of information should be treated with the contempt it deserves, and the editor of the 'Spectator' administered a sharp and

well-deserved rebuke lately to Mr. Mackarness for indulging in such personalities when making an attack on Sir Alfred Milner. One remark which reached me from a Bond quarter may perhaps illustrate the class of tactics which prevails in Cape Town. It was as follows: 'You see, the worst of it is, we can't get any hold over this Governor. Now —— or —— lived in Rhodes's pocket, and that is always a stick to beat a dog with. But this man has nothing to do with Rhodes; Rhodes has no influence with him, so we can't put him in the wrong.' Truly an amiable spirit in which to treat the Queen's representative! The now famous Molteno interview was another illustration of the same kind. Mr. Molteno, a leading Afrikander, had an informal interview one day last October with the Governor. Without informing the latter, he thereupon sent an inaccurate one-sided account of this private conversation to a Radical paper in England, an account which Sir Alfred Milner wholly repudiated. Great capital was made out of this publication by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and others. When the true facts of the case became known, many people said unpleasant things about Mr. Molteno and his liberal interpretation of the code which governs political relations. Mr. Molteno is a prominent member of a conciliation committee in Cape Town. Conciliation committees are doubtless admirable organisations, but inevitably they involve a certain assumption of superiority on the part of those they are anxious to reconcile. It certainly seems unfortunate that many people, both in England and South Africa, who take these lofty views of their neighbour's conduct, should not be a little more scrupulous about their own manners and methods as regards the gentle art of conciliation. It is only pretty

Fanny's way, of course, but it grows a little wearisome at times to those around her.

Devices such as these leave the most disagreeable impression, and they are but too rife at the Cape. Mr. Schreiner's Ministry, as the gravity of the crisis increased, enunciated a remarkable doctrine of neutrality in the event of war breaking out. Neutrality, however, was construed in a somewhat elastic sense. The defences of the colony were not put in proper order, and the De Beers Company at Kimberley were for a long time prevented from receiving guns they had privately purchased. But large quantities of ammunition were forwarded over the Cape Government railways to the Free State authorities, and that ammunition, kindly secured for the Boers by their friends in Cape Town, is the ammunition which has been used to shoot down British troops and subjects. In spite of all these difficulties, Sir Alfred Milner has carried through his policy in a perfectly constitutional manner, without any open breach with the Cape Government. He has neither dismissed his Ministers nor placed the colony (except in certain local districts) under martial law, nor has he destroyed its representative institutions. His skill has been as remarkable as his statesmanship. The constitutional catastrophes prophesied by a war in South Africa have not occurred. A Bond Ministry has held office at the Cape throughout the Transvaal war, and that is a fact the significance of which must not be overlooked. It proves what a strong man can do in South Africa, for nothing would have pleased the Bond better than to pose as martyrs.

I do not propose to give any detailed account of the negotiations which dragged on for weeks and

months after the Bloemfontein conference till they culminated in war on October 12. To do so is only to encourage the idea that the difficulty might have been settled by diplomacy. On the contrary, it is most necessary to disentangle the negotiations from those fundamental principles to which the present struggle owes its origin. It is a wilful misrepresentation to say that this country went to war with the Boers over a difference of two years' qualification in the franchise schemes. Wars are not waged over technicalities except in such a case as this, when the technicality screens a vital principle. It is probably necessary to have lived in Africa to realise the gulf fixed between public opinion in England and public opinion in her dependency. The extraordinary misconceptions existing about the Boers was a fact brought home to one by the arrival of the weekly mail. 'We don't want to go to war for the sake of a lot of speculators in Johannesburg,' wrote one's friends and relations; and it was only little by little that the people of this country seemed to realise that the Uitlander difficulty was but a matter of third-rate importance, and that the situation England had to face was not a dispute over gold mines, but an unprincipled attack on her position as paramount Power in South Africa. The capitalist cry had been very cleverly worked in England. The Dutch are never backward in raising lamentations to heaven about their grievances, and the British public, ever ready to sympathise with sentimental woes, had come to believe those grievances were genuine. But there are two sides to every question, and one may well ask, What of the English in South Africa? Were their claims for justice to be disregarded? Long had they kept silence as to the tendencies of their fellow-subjects, hoping

against hope that time and conciliation might bring about the fusion of races and the burial of old feuds so earnestly desired. When this hope proved illusory, they turned to Great Britain for help, and their appeal was one she could not afford to disregard.

Probably there is no part of the British Empire which gives the traveller so much thought for unpleasant reflection as South Africa. Certainly there is no country more wounding to his national pride. And yet, through that eternal spirit of paradox which hangs over the land, the weakest link in our colonial chain has been the means of drawing our colonies to us by the firmly knit bonds of loyal and devoted service, gladly given and gratefully received. The unity of the British Empire has become a reality on the distracted and divided territories of Africa. Whatever the cost of the war, this advantage that we have gained from it is one the magnitude of which it is hard to over-estimate. But the great lesson of Africa should be well studied and laid to heart by the people of this country, and the lesson teaches that if we mean to rule distant dependencies, not only must we inform ourselves as to their local conditions, but we must learn to rule them in accordance with the needs and wishes of the inhabitants, and not in accordance with the theories of faddists at home. Those who have lived, as I have lived, in a colony through a time of storm and stress, can alone realise the feeling of impotence and despair which arises from the confusion existing in England on so many colonial questions. 'You hold us in the hollow of your hand,' said a South African bitterly to me one day, 'and you don't even take the trouble to learn the true condition of affairs out here. You send us out a man like Milner—one of the few good things you have ever done

for us—and then you abuse him for telling disagreeable truths which are unpalatable to the Little Englander. You will probably betray and abandon him as you betrayed and abandoned Bartle Frere, and then indulge in some cheap moral reflections at our expense. We are slandered and misrepresented, and you leave us in the lurch whenever it suits your own convenience to do so.' These are bitter words, and perhaps the bitterest thing about them is that one can only bow to the reproach and own that it is just. No subjects of the Crown have been more hardly treated than the British in South Africa. They have been the Ishmaels of the Empire; men who have suffered many things at the hands of an alien race, and have not received that treatment from the mother country which her children have every right to expect. And there has been one result of a century's mistakes to which attention should be drawn—the English in South Africa were growing cowed and demoralised by the series of rebuffs they had received, and were in real danger of losing their national backbone. Little wonder, therefore, that they fixed their hopes with something like despair on Sir Alfred Milner, turning to him as the one strong man who might be able to do justice to their cause.

The news of the Bloemfontein conference was hailed with joy, not so much because any actual results were hoped from it, but because it was the first tangible sign that Great Britain meant to bestir herself in South Africa. It is always necessary to remember that if the Transvaal was the hammer, Cape Colony has been the anvil of the trouble existing in the country. The one without the other would have been helpless, but between them they were able to place the paramount Power in a very difficult position. The

embarrassments of a great country in dealing with a little one had been skilfully exploited. The Dutch in Cape Colony were always ready to expostulate at any sign of pressure being brought to bear on the Transvaal. The English are very catholic-minded as regards their disputes with outsiders. It was considered that the Boers had been treated badly over the Raid, and that great efforts were necessary to prove England's goodwill after such an event. President Kruger was looked upon as slow and suspicious rather than actively hostile, and it was confidently hoped that further conciliation would settle the whole difficulty. A radical misconception on either side rendered any such solution impossible. The English failed to realise that—thanks to their policy of conciliation—the Boers had come to look upon them as a weak and cowardly and a contemptible people; the Boers, on the other hand, after twenty years of conciliation, had equally forgotten 'that though the patience of England is as long as a summer's day, the strength of England is as strong as a winter's night.'. Such was the gulf fixed between the two races, and diplomacy was powerless to bridge it.

The proceedings at the conference were calculated to open the eyes of many people. President Kruger was given an opportunity of coming forward and proving to the world at large that the Boers were honestly willing to meet the English halfway in an attempt to better the unsatisfactory state of affairs in South Africa. Instead of making any such attempt, the President brought nothing to the conference but a spirit of insincerity and subterfuge, which naturally rendered the whole proceedings abortive. The Bloemfontein conference was another practical illustration of the fact that in diplomacy, as in war, the

Dutch never come out in the open, but hide behind every diplomatic pebble which may conceal their real objective. As a nation the most serious of all charges must be brought against them—duplicity and lack of honour in public affairs. The farmer Boers are in many cases kindly, hospitable men, but the treachery and deceit prevalent among many of their leaders is a painful fact. Macaulay writes of Charles I. that it is no excuse of a man culpably dishonourable as a king to appeal to the morality of his private life; and exactly the same remark may be applied to the Dutch. Their inherent vice of untruthfulness is the most hopeless fact about them. It is this spirit of insincerity and evasion which renders negotiations with the Boers so difficult for men brought up in the best traditions of England's civil service. It is the pride of this country—and may it ever continue so to be—that she is as jealous of the honour of her public men as she is of that of her women. The English, whatever their faults, are a just race, and they cannot understand that propositions put forward by them in a fair-minded way can be met by the Dutch in a manner neither frank nor honourable. Sir Alfred Milner, not to be deceived by President Kruger's attitude and illusory proposals, very properly broke up the conference.

At a subsequent stage in the negotiations, another striking object-lesson occurred of Pretorian bad faith and double-dealing. Towards the end of July, President Kruger made various alterations in his franchise proposals which the British Government hoped might form the basis of a settlement. South Africa had no illusions on the subject. No one attached the smallest value to the concessions, in spite of the grand air with which they were produced by President Kruger.

Something like panic, however, prevailed in the country lest an unsatisfactory compromise might be arranged leaving the root of the difficulty untouched, and by its impotence inflicting further damage on British prestige. However, it was learnt with relief that Mr. Chamberlain had suggested a joint commission of inquiry to examine the franchise scheme. Several weeks passed without any reply from Pretoria. On August 21 came the news that the Transvaal had rejected the joint inquiry, but accepted Sir Alfred Milner's franchise proposals, weighted with the condition that Great Britain was to renounce the suzerainty and waive all future interference in the Republic.

Few acts could have been more characteristic or borne on the face of them such palpable evidences of bad faith. President Kruger dared not face the inquiry. He knew his proposals were not worth the paper they were written on, and that they were only drawn up to be evaded. A judicial inquiry would have tied him down to a set of proposals he had not the smallest intention of carrying into effect. Therefore he offered still more specious terms, but only on condition that no inquiry was to be held as to their practical value. On the same old principle of giving nothing and gaining something, he hoped to throw off the last vestige of British control by this interesting bargain. Comment is superfluous. A person making a proposition in good faith does not usually shrink from examination as regards the details of the scheme. The refusal to submit any proposal to judicial criticism is a palpable comment on its worthlessness, and also, it must be added, on the honourable intentions of the man advancing it.

The Boers, though very cunning, at times overreach themselves. It was hardly reasonable to expect the

British Government would be quite so innocent as to fall in with President Kruger's scheme. The last hope of peace vanished with the refusal of the inquiry, for that refusal clearly proved that the Boers were determined not to yield to any of the legitimate demands which had been made. The war-cloud burst on October 11, and it is characteristic that the last act of the Transvaal as an independent State was the despatch of an ultimatum to Great Britain, the impertinence of which adequately sums up its whole relations with this country. The Orange Free State elected to throw in her lot with the Transvaal, and war with the two Republics was formally begun. The fields had long been whitening to the harvest sown nearly nineteen years previously at Majuba, and now in fulness of time the gathering-in had come, as was inevitable from the first.

CHAPTER X.

THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE.

WE have come to the end of our story, and the record closes not as in a story-book, with the satisfactory statement that 'they married and lived happily ever afterwards,' but breaks off unfinished among the horrors and turmoil of war. Sympathy for the sorrows which have overwhelmed South Africa of late is not confined to those personally acquainted with the country. If misunderstanding and coldness have existed in the past between Great Britain and her colony, the common anxiety of the present has drawn them together by ties which we may hope will never again be severed. The sympathy of England springs from that fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind, for if Africa has been laid waste, our homes are equally stricken and desolate. We have suffered and endured together, and because the same waters of affliction have rolled over us both, it may be that they will wash away for ever the old fatal misconceptions, the old fatal indifference which marred our relations in the past. 'The passions and the actions of men,' writes Spinoza, 'are not to be condemned or laughed at, but understood.' The perfect understanding is beyond our finite powers, but the wisdom born of sorrow may henceforth be our guide and lead us to the establishment of a policy, just, firm, but generous, in which the hopes and aspirations of

Dutch and English alike may find legitimate satisfaction. In this hope lies the promise of the future, and on its realisation the fate of South Africa depends.

It is only natural that a nation finding itself involved in a war of great magnitude, the causes of which are little understood, should ask with perplexity and dismay if the necessity for any such struggle really existed. The inquiry whether the difficulty was not capable of solution by diplomacy is reasonable enough, and its only answer can be found in a close study of South African history. There can be no error more fatal, as I have said before, than to base any opinion of the South African problem on events of the last twenty years alone. It is only by going farther and farther back into the early records of the Dutch and English rule that the inevitableness of the struggle between the two races becomes clear, owing to the incompatibility of their governing principles and ideals. The causes of the present war are multifarious, complicated, and often obscure. They stretch back in many cases as far as the days of Van Riebeek, but owe their development to the hundred and one accidents of history and environment. The local conditions are of the most baffling, difficult character, and certain forces have acted and reacted one upon another to such an extent that they have lost all appearance of distinct principles. Johannesburg has been a factor of first-rate importance, but it is nevertheless a factor the importance of which it is possible to exaggerate. It is the rock which formed the whirlpool, but it was not the rock from which the flood of strife originally flowed. The mirage dancing on the hot karroo seems equally to cast its illusions over all questions of South African policy. Everything is distorted, is dragged out of its proper position, is unduly

exaggerated or unduly minimised. It is the lack of political perspective which works such havoc with the judgments formed of the country. The hillock close at hand is magnified into a mountain, whereas the great range in the background is ignored and forgotten.

But we cannot afford to be academic over Africa at such a time as the present. The future of the country is a momentous question calling for decision, and we must understand the position of affairs once and for all, before it is too late. It is only in the same proportion as we realise the true causes from which the war has sprung, and the true nature of the principle at stake, that we can arrive first at an adequate settlement for Africa, then at our own national absolution from any charge of unjust or oppressive conduct. These are great and weighty considerations, for the collective view of the rights or wrongs of the present war must necessarily determine the course of action adopted at its conclusion. The chance of redemption has been given us, but the question for the people of this country is, Shall we or shall we not avail ourselves of it?

It is difficult to sum up a struggle not yet ended, or to treat in their proper historical proportion events so recent as those which occurred last year. One main principle, however, detaches itself with ever-growing clearness from the maze of negotiations and verbiage which surrounds the whole problem. This is the principle we must seize without allowing ourselves to be distracted by the surrounding details. Once grasped and applied in all its bearings, it throws light on many bewildering circumstances. It explains the helplessness of diplomacy; it justifies the arbitrament of the sword. The one great fact about South Africa which must be realised is that the struggle between the Dutch Republics and ourselves

has not arisen over any question concerning conferences or concessions or conventions. It is a struggle as to which of two principles shall rule in South Africa: the narrow ideal of a corrupt Pretorian oligarchy of a Dutch supremacy on racial lines, or the imperial ideal of Great Britain of equal rights and privileges for all Europeans south of the Zambesi, and the federation of the different States under the flag of our own royal democracy. The question between the South African Republic and ourselves was not the question of a franchise amendment. The Uitlander difficulties were but secondary issues. They were problems which resulted from the principle which was fostered at Pretoria. The great question at issue has been this: Shall we or the Dutch rule South Africa? It is a game for empire which is being played out, and the stake is a continent. For two decades the Dutch have allowed this dream of political aggrandisement to dominate their minds to such an extent that it has swayed all their actions. For this end have they changed their traditional policy and made advances to the natives, promising them political freedom; for this end have they spent large sums on armaments; for this end did they fight so strenuously to place a Bond Ministry in power. It is no argument to assert that the attempt was necessarily doomed to failure, and therefore it was never made. Goethe says somewhere that the worst thing in the world is ignorance in motion, and it is ignorance in motion which has distracted Africa. The Dutch have not an elementary conception of the word 'justice,' and this melancholy fact is the answer to those who maintain that a wiser or more generous policy would have averted the war. Generosity and wisdom are thrown away on a people who ignore the fundamental principle governing the relations of life,

the principle without which no right feeling or right action is possible. Looking back on the whole course of events, no feature appears more deplorable than the manner in which the influence of the enlightened Dutch has been overwhelmed by the ignorance and bigotry of the reactionary party. The few capable and progressive men among the Transvaal Boers, men who were genuinely anxious to improve matters in the country, have never been allowed any say in its affairs. They have been paralysed and helpless in face of the President and his friends. It is one man who by his malevolent ignorance has brought sorrow on South Africa and involved his own country in ruin.

President Kruger flung the challenge of supremacy at the feet of Great Britain, and by so doing sealed the fate of the Transvaal. However slowly, however reluctantly, England was bound sooner or later to take notice of his action. Whatever her former blunders in South Africa, it was impossible that she could abdicate the sovereign authority. No concession on that score could be made so long as she held a position as a Great Power. Only one policy was possible or open to her—the policy of retrieving the past by doing her best to ensure justice, peace, and prosperity in the future. The history of South Africa is a sad record in many respects; but at least, for the sake of our national honour and national conscience, we are glad to think an honest attempt was made at reparation. During the last twenty years we have gone almost to the other extreme, being willing to sacrifice our own countrymen rather than deal unjustly by the Dutch. It is perfectly true that the war is of a magnitude out of all proportion to the causes from which it sprang or the aims even it has in view. Its magnitude has been derived, however, from accidental

circumstances; for Fate is the hardest of all usurers, enacting payment a hundredfold for blunders as well as crimes. Our former mistakes are facts no one can wish either to palliate or excuse. We ourselves, by a series of follies in years long past, reared this Frankenstein of Dutch discontent and disloyalty. But are we therefore, in fulness of time, to stand aside and see our heritage devastated? Because the hand of the British Government in less enlightened epochs rested heavily on the Dutch, are we in turn, half a century later, to see their hand rest with equal harshness on our own subjects? Because our rule was narrow and short-sighted in the past, are we to make place in South Africa for ruling methods such as those which commend themselves to the Boers? Is Pretoria, with its ignorance and corruption, to be held up as a legislative model to the descendants of Pitt, Burke, and Canning? Is there to be one law for the Boer and another for the Briton, for practically this was the issue at stake? Any such contention was folly; but, worse than folly, it was bound to be a sword in the land. 'South Africa can prosper under two, three, or six Governments,' writes Sir Alfred Milner, 'but not under two absolutely conflicting systems—perfect equality for Dutch and English alike in the British colonies, side by side with permanent subjection of British to Dutch in one of the Republics. It is idle to talk of peace and unity under such a state of affairs.'

It is equally idle to talk of the unjust and unrighteous war we have forced upon a harmless little nation. People who speak of the war as a struggle brought about by capitalist intrigues are either wilfully prejudiced or sadly misinformed. It is very easy to enunciate a catch phrase about the forces of the British

Empire arrayed against a handful of farmers; but on the 'simple peasant' theory, what satisfactory explanation is forthcoming as to the nature of the Boer armaments in South Africa? Those armaments were commenced, as we saw, long before the Jameson Raid, and great uneasiness was felt throughout the country at the formidable military preparations set on foot at Pretoria. For a long time past the Dutch all over South Africa had been arming secretly but steadily, to a degree quite incompatible with any of their local wants. It was a pertinent inquiry on the part of the paramount Power to learn against whom these armaments were directed. The Transvaal and the Free State were protected by Great Britain herself from all fear of foreign invasion. No native difficulty which might arise could necessitate forts on such a scale as those to be found in the Transvaal, or the employment of the many thousand stands of arms stored in the arsenal at Pretoria. Against whom, therefore, were these preparations directed? They were directed against only one possible set of people, unarmed and helpless British subjects. It is difficult to insist too strongly on this significant and menacing feature of President Kruger's policy. That the Transvaal and the Free State at short notice could have put so well organised a force in the field throws significant light on the military ambitions of the Boers. Had the Uitlander trouble never existed the armament question would undoubtedly have brought England into collision with the Transvaal sooner or later. No paramount Power holding such a position could stand aside and witness unprotestingly the military preparations of a semi-dependent State which could have but one object—an attack on the subjects of that Power. Only two

courses were open. She was bound to insist on disarmament, or else refer the whole question to the arbitrament of war.

It is as well to remember what potentialities for mischief would have been left in South Africa had this question not been firmly dealt with. The upshot of any struggle between England and the Transvaal is, of course, a foregone conclusion; but, thanks to the physical features of South Africa, which tell all in favour of the Dutch and against the English, such a struggle would under any circumstances have required time and necessitated a large number of troops. This was quite understood at the Cape, and on several occasions during the months of crisis last year I heard the question mooted by residents well acquainted with the geographical conditions of the Republics as to whether one army corps would be sufficient to settle the difficulty if war broke out. It must always be remembered that South Africa is a part of the world where England's chief weapon, her Navy, is practically powerless. The very difficulties we have encountered during the present war are the best proof of the danger which threatened our position. A struggle sooner or later was inevitable; but had the hour of that struggle been deferred it is impossible to estimate the peril we should have run. If Great Britain were absorbed at home with foreign complications, it is clear what a menace to South Africa a strongly armed Transvaal would have proved at a moment when we should have been unable to move a soldier in defence of the colony. With the moral or actual support of any foreign Power hostile to ourselves, the Boers might have risen in rebellion when our hands were full elsewhere, overrun Natal, and worked incalculable damage throughout Cape Colony. The

possibility was no chimera, but one fraught with very real danger; one, indeed, approaching almost to an attack on that elementary principle that we hold the Cape as the high road to India.

It was useless for President Kruger to prate of peace when every action of the Boers demonstrated a spirit of active hostility towards this country. Their attack on the British supremacy has been the origin of the whole trouble, and the theory of English impotence had taken such a firm hold on the Boer mind that they were not to be disabused of it by peaceful methods. The theory seems grotesque, because Boer ignorance is of a depth few European minds can fathom; but it existed nevertheless. The suckers springing from this evil growth had wound themselves round the parent stem to such an extent that it had become almost an heroic task to lay the axe at the root of the tree. We owe it to the courage and ability of Sir Alfred Milner that he swept aside the entangling details connected with the Raid and the Uitlander grievances, and laid bare the real base from which the mischief sprang. His famous despatch of May 4 took England thoroughly aback. Many people had never looked seriously on the South African question, and were astonished to find that he of all men should commit himself to such an emphatic statement. Various captious critics at once complained that 'Milner had gone to Africa and lost his head like everyone else who went there;' but others, who shared Sir Edward Grey's opinion that if Sir Alfred Milner had lost his head the man who found it might consider himself extremely lucky, felt seriously alarmed by his presentment of the case.

One thing is certain: had that despatch been written in less forcible language it would never have

roused England as it did. In South Africa it was welcomed with a shout of joy by every loyal Englishman south of the Zambesi. 'We have got a strong man at last,' were the words one heard on every side. This country requires a powerful stimulus to galvanise it into action, and the serious position of affairs in South Africa was not realised by the general public. Still less was it anticipated that the circumstances arising out of a struggle with the Transvaal would more or less determine our own future as a race. We had reached not only the parting of the ways in Africa, but, still further, we had come to a turning-point in our history as a people. To the nation as to the individual the hour of test and trial is bound to come, and it frequently springs from the most unexpected quarter. Fate decreed that the British Empire should be weighed in the balance by the humblest of little States. Well was it for us that we were weighed and not found wanting. The Transvaal difficulty involved a question of prestige England could not afford to ignore. It was impossible for this country to receive a rebuff and allow herself to be humiliated by such a State as the South African Republic. Had she faltered and drawn back; had she, 'through love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,' shirked the arbitrament of war forced upon her by the Boers, it would have been the signal for the disruption of the Empire. We rule that Empire and countless subject races not by force, but by prestige. Had we allowed the Dutch to shatter that prestige, to prove to the world that we were weak and helpless in the hour of difficulty, the knell of England's greatness would have sounded. Our colonies, who spoke with no uncertain voice in this matter and have given such splendid proofs of devotion in a cause they held to be

both just and righteous, would have turned from the mother country in contempt had she failed to secure justice for her own. We should have lost all authority over the native tribes in Africa, among whom the Dutch have sedulously cultivated the idea of England's impotence, and we should have handed over the country probably to the horrors of internecine strife. India, which is politically an aspen leaf set quivering by every distant gust of disturbance, would have given us trouble, the extent of which it is impossible to calculate. Even last autumn the long-drawn-out negotiations, which were regarded as a sign of weakness, began to produce uneasiness in some quarters. The large Asiatic population in Natal have never lost touch with their Hindoo brethren, and they are a channel by which the unrest of Africa is communicated across the Indian Ocean. A patched-up peace after the Bloemfontein conference might have momentarily averted the struggle, but assuredly any such act would sooner or later have involved catastrophes of a magnitude compared with which the many losses of the present war would be a trifling matter.

It was necessary at any cost to establish a better order of things in South Africa, and no good purpose could be served by delay. Those who say no such situation as the present one ought to have arisen in South Africa speak with perfect truth. Had we been wise and far-seeing in the past; had we not forsaken Sir Bartle Frere and disgraced England after Majuba, the present complications would have been avoided. The administrators of to-day have had to solve a problem which was none of their own making. The situation was a complete deadlock, for fatal results were bound to spring from either an active or a passive policy. To

go back meant disgrace and eventual disruption ; to go forward meant inevitable war. Any man might well have shrunk from the responsibility of choosing between alternatives of such a character. Sir Alfred Milner single-handed had to weigh opposing disadvantages and make his choice accordingly. He decided with rare courage to face the difficulty, and to grapple with the problem once and for all, instead of effecting some weak and temporary compromise which would but have deferred and rendered yet more costly the final day of reckoning. His task has been a thankless and an invidious one ; but as the clouds of controversy in time roll away, leaving the facts themselves clear, England will recognise how much she owes to the great statesman who saved her South African empire.

In 1877 Sir Bartle Frere broke the Zulu power, which at that time threatened the peace of Africa. Thanks to that clear prescience he brought to bear on all the problems of the country, he realised that neither prosperity nor development was possible in Natal so long as a savage despot maintained threatening military force on its frontiers. On a very much larger scale the same problem has confronted Sir Alfred Milner, involving in the latter instance, however, complications infinitely greater. Sir George Grey many years previously had foreseen the Zulu difficulty, but his representations had been set aside in the same manner as Bartle Frere's warnings regarding the Transvaal. The military power of Zululand was the focus of unrest in the one case, the military power of the Transvaal was the focus of unrest in the other. Militarism is of all diets the most indigestible for a young agricultural country. Armaments have no possible justification in South Africa. Their accumu-

lation is but a sure warning of civil strife. The Transvaal, instead of being a peaceful industrial centre, was an armed camp which unsettled every neighbouring state and colony by its proximity. There could be no confidence, no development in a country in which the military idea had attained such proportions. It was not a question of crushing the liberties or political rights of the Dutch, but of checking a spirit of militarism the existence of which was a menace to the expansion and progress of an entire continent. Peace was at any price necessary for South Africa, even at the price of war; and it is the *Pax Britannica* alone which can restore order in the land.

For such is the conclusion and the moral of the whole struggle. In Dutch submission to the principle of British supremacy lies the future and the hope of South Africa. So long as they seek to evade it; so long as they seek to undermine it; so long as they try to overthrow its cardinal articles of equal rights and equal privileges, so long will the country remain distracted and torn in two. The Boer ideal and the British ideal cannot exist alongside. Liberty and the right to oppress cannot go hand in hand. Only one principle can give Africa peace, and it is the principle which asserts that liberty and justice shall be the portion of every man, irrespective of his creed or nationality. It is the principle embodied by the flag of England, and that flag alone is strong enough to ensure its application. When that flag flies from one end of the country to the other; when the Queen's writ runs from Cape Town to the far-distant shores of Tanganyika, then we shall have peace, but not before. The Boer is an anomaly in the progressive history of South Africa; a block in the way of liberty, righteousness, and

good government. Years of inertness and ages of inaction have deadened every right aspiration and dulled every high hope, leaving him a sort of clumsy Rip Van Winkle. The day of the Boer, and his faith, and his policy, is dead—let us bury it out of our sight. Out of all this labour of blood and of sorrow a new South Africa will arise; a land over which the trail of the ox waggon will not be, but where there will be liberty, progress, trade—the coming land of the twentieth century.

At the same time, we English must beware of over-righteousness in our dealings with South Africa. When a higher and a lower race live side by side it is easy for the former to grow pharisaical as regards the latter. Of all mental attitudes, that of 'I thank thee, O God, I am not as other men, or even as this publican,' is the most undesirable, and yet it is one often forced upon the English in their relations with the Boers. We know that our public men are neither corrupt nor untruthful, and that no Government could live a day in this country if conducted according to the principles dear to President Kruger or Dr. Leyds. The Dutch have hampered us at every turn of our South African development; they have done nothing for the country themselves; and their peculiar mixture of ignorance and hypocrisy is essentially obnoxious to our minds. The Briton makes for progress; the Boer, left alone, would relapse into savagery. Therefore we say, and say rightly, that the Briton must rule the land. But let us be just, and frankly confess we too have failed in many things. The British record in South Africa is by no means a spotless one. Our treatment of the Free State as regards the Diamond Fields is one of the gravest blots on our colonial history. We blame the Boers for their

brutal conduct towards the Kaffirs and for their fleecing of the Uitlanders; but natives have been ill-treated by Englishmen and the Dutch despoiled by British traders. Some of the worst qualities we condemn in the Boers are to be found at Johannesburg. Avarice, greed, corruption, lack of honour and lack of principle are evils which have followed in the wake of the gold industry. The methods of the stockjobber and the speculator have been brought home to the Boers more forcibly than the methods of the British Government. They cannot understand that such evils are but the excrescences of our civilisation; that public opinion condemns them in unqualified terms; and that, though many offenders escape punishment, justice is rigorously enacted when possible. It is not sufficient to impress the Boers with the material power of the British Empire; we must teach them the principles of justice, liberty, and truth on which it is founded. If we ourselves fall below those principles; if Englishmen by dishonourable words and deeds bring dishonour on the name of England, will not our just claim to moral as well as political superiority sound an empty mockery? We must fulfil our obligations in spirit as well as in letter. We must not prate of our civilisation, but uphold it by example as well as armaments. The future of any nation, however powerful, depends on that recognition. The man who above all others has sung the burthen of Empire is the first to bid his countrymen beware of the heathen trust in reeking tube or iron shard; of the frantic boast and foolish word. In this imperfect world in which we live it seems extremely improbable that the principle of strength will ever be eliminated as the greatest of political factors. The power of a nation to do what is right practically resolves

itself into the impotence of any rival to do her harm. In spite of peace conferences and arbitration committees, we cannot escape from the logic of hard facts which declares that for Great Britain the surest guarantee of peace lies in an adequate Navy. The giant's strength is a necessity for us, but it is a strength we justify when it is exerted to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

It is not only our task to conquer the Boers; it is our task, if possible, to raise them in the scale of existence. A thought which has often weighed on me in the course of this narrative is that apparently I have advanced so few arguments in favour of the Boer point of view. The reader may think that, after all, there are two sides to every question, and that I have done scant justice to one of them. And yet it has been my wish to write impartially and not as a partisan, having in fact no cause to advance save that of truth. It must always be remembered—though it is difficult to realise this unless one has lived in the country—that the facts connected with South African affairs are in themselves so abnormal that any statement of the case assumes a partisan form whether the writer so desires it or not. A description of the Drifts episode, for example, necessarily takes the form of an indictment against President Kruger. The facts admit of no other construction, quite apart from any criticism they may suggest. Again, it is necessary to remember that during the last twenty years it is always the worst which has ruled at Pretoria; never the best. The most fatal result of President Kruger's anti-English policy has been the complete suppression of the enlightened Dutch section in South Africa. There are good men both in the Boer States and in Cape Colony, but they

have never been allowed to come to the front. One knows they exist; one recognises the fact gladly; one looks to them as the leaven of the future; but one is also bound to own that up to the present they have never counted as political factors, nor has their influence made itself felt. It was impossible for them to play a leading part in face of President Kruger and his corrupt Hollander clique. The same holds good for Cape Colony. Again it is the worst which has ruled, namely, the Bond; and the loyal Dutch have had little influence. The point to which I particularly wish to draw attention is this: the writer who necessarily deals with facts is always dealing with circumstances arising from the actions of the most unworthy section among the Dutch; never with those of that other section which under a better political *régime* will have the chance of redeeming the stigma on the Afrikander race.

No better illustration exists in proof of what I mean than the fate of the Transvaal Industrial Commission which was held in 1897. The news of its appointment was received with derision by the Uitlanders, for an Industrial Commission composed of Government officials did not promise great results. Yet, to the astonishment of every one, the Commissioners did their work admirably and in a manner which won them the hearty approval of the Uitlanders. What was the result? President Kruger rallied the collective ignorance of the Volksraad against the report of the Commission, and practically the whole matter was dropped. The government of the Transvaal has been marked by one long series of incidents such as this one. Hence it follows that any description of the political history assumes a one-sided appearance, because with the best will in the world one cannot admire the spirit

which has ruled at Pretoria. That spirit has not manifested itself by one wise or generous action during President Kruger's term of office. What deed is there in his whole career which an impartial posterity will admire? The treatment of Dr. Jameson and his troopers is an exception on which one gladly dwells. Every one allows that the Boers behaved exceedingly well on that occasion. They showed great moderation, not to say generosity, under circumstances when extreme measures would have been quite justifiable. But that one exception is like the searchlight turned upon a void. We have heard much about the trail of finance in South Africa. That trail has existed and has been responsible for much trouble in the land; but two wrongs do not make a right, and the real trail which has paralysed the country is the spirit of ignorance and cunning which has emanated from Pretoria. It is this element of double-dealing which renders the cause of the Boers so essentially unsympathetic. One can sympathise with creeds, political and otherwise, which are not one's own. To do so, in fact, is a matter of elementary toleration; but one cannot sympathise with aims into which a spirit of treachery enters. Many people feel that it is easy to forgive the Dutch for rising in rebellion and trying to drive the English into the sea. But the difficult part to forgive is that they called themselves at one and the same time 'loyal British subjects.'

A policy having disaffection eating like a canker at its root inevitably fails to produce noble fruits. One searches for some manifestation of that fine spirit which animated Retief and Pretorius, but it is not to be found. That spirit has vanished, and it has been replaced by another widely different. The record of

the Transvaal Government is hopelessly bad, and to that conclusion the inquirer, however impartial, is driven, whatever large reservations are made about the Boer farmers themselves. For the latter one feels nothing but pity—pity that they have fallen into the hands of such rulers. No one will deny there is a great element of pathos in their history. Fate has dealt hardly with them in many ways. They have been weak and ignorant as children, and, like children, they have gone astray. No wise or good man has risen among them to be a father to his country; no Afrikander Carlyle has stirred them to a consciousness of higher aims and nobler ambitions. Their history is a record not of progress but of dreary relapse into semi-barbarism. An ignorant and a cunning despot has encouraged them in all their failings. The influence of President Kruger on South African affairs has been a disastrous one. Unlike President Brand, an honourable upright man to whom Free State Boers owed everything, President Kruger has dragged down his compatriots to the level of his own ignorance and limitations. He has used a position of authority for unworthy ends, and is more directly responsible for the sorrows of Africa than any man living. It was impossible under such circumstances that the Boers as a whole should rise superior to the limitations of their leader. Much that is good has been stultified in their characters. One wishes to do full justice to their better qualities, but their treachery is as well established as their courage; their love of oppression as their love of liberty. And the same holds good for their religion. It is not for an irreligious age to scoff at the simple faith of a credulous mind; but what value attaches to a creed which consists in a canting iteration of the Law

but produces no fruits of the Spirit? Such shortcomings cannot be excused on the ground that the religion of the Boers is founded on the Old rather than on the New Testament. The perfect way was defined by Micah seven hundred years before it was defined by Christ, as one of justice, mercy, and truth; and the saddest irony of Africa is to see the Boer shot down, Bible in hand, fighting for a system based on corruption, injustice, and falsehood.

Some people declare it is a pitiful sight to behold a little State such as the Transvaal arraying its forces impotently against those of the British Empire. But the case is capable of far stronger statement, and in centuries to come the inevitable character of the part we have played will be better understood. In this struggle we have been the instruments rather than the agents.

> God's puppets best and worst are we:
> There is no last or first,

writes Browning. The Boers have flung themselves in the face of a power far more mighty than the British Empire. They have flung themselves in face of all the great forces of civilisation; and ruin has overtaken them in consequence. It is not because they broke the Convention of London that they have lost all they prized. They set at defiance the great Convention of civilisation, the articles of which are progress, liberty, and justice, and it is a Convention which no man can defy with impunity. Accidental circumstances favoured them for many years, but in the end the inexorable natural law stepped in, saying, 'Thus far, and no farther.' The principle of natural selection operates as relentlessly in the political as in the physical world, and it dooms to destruction such States as refuse to learn the great

lesson of adaptation to age and environment. The whole South African problem must be judged on broad lines such as these. A happier era opens for the country when one free and enlightened system has superseded two principles incompatible with each other. Self-government will replace a corrupt oligarchy, education will throw its light on the morass of ignorance, justice and liberty will rule where there is tyranny and oppression—in a word, we may hope to see the dawn of a brighter day.

But if these things are to be established there must be no hesitation, no faltering when the hour of settlement comes. Nothing short of complete annexation will settle the difficulty with the two Republics. The sentimental vapourings of Conciliation and Stop the War Committees must be sternly set aside. We do not wish to fight this war again. We have paid heavily in blood and treasure, and the settlement must be final and absolute. The Boer States will of course receive in due time the full measure of self-government accorded to all English dependencies. They must receive it, however, under the British flag. Half measures would prove absolutely disastrous. Any restoration of independence to the Republics would create little short of a revolution among the English colonists. The latter have made immense sacrifices on our behalf, and not only their services but their opinions deserve the fullest acknowledgment in the final settlement. Magnanimity must be tempered by common-sense. There can be no question of restoring independence to states who have so grossly abused its gift. The liberty to oppress must be for ever destroyed in Africa. It is the only privilege of which we shall rob the Boers. Otherwise they will be as free as before. We must insure British

supremacy in the first place and a complete elimination of racial distinction in the second. No disturbing symbol of *quasi* sovereignty must be left in the Republics, a symbol round which future disaffection and trouble may gather. The case of the Free State is undoubtedly a hard one. She has always lived at peace with us, though on three occasions in the past we behaved towards her with a singular lack of generosity. But since she wilfully chose to interfere in a quarrel with which she was not concerned, she must be content to abide by the fruits of her folly. It would be fatal to annex the Transvaal leaving the Free State as independent territory. The intrigues and aspirations which centre at Pretoria would transfer themselves to Bloemfontein, and the Free State would be as much the nucleus of future disturbance as the Transvaal has been in the past. A just, firm, and consistent policy must be laid down for South Africa and carried through undeterred by the mischievous appeals of the Little England party. Sir Alfred Milner has steered the country through its darkest hour, and to his judgment and statesmanship the task of the future may be entrusted with every confidence.

Much has been said on the subject of the racial animosity and the bitter feeling the war is likely to leave. It suits the convenience of the pro-Boer party to raise this bogey of race in order to bias and frighten public opinion as regards the future of South Africa. It is necessary to bear in mind two very important facts about the racial feeling: first, that it existed in an acute form before the war; secondly, that it derived its bitterness from the basis of contempt. The Dutch despised the English heartily. The instinct of all semi-civilised races is to acknowledge one supremacy alone—that of

the stronger. Magnanimity was thrown away upon the Boers because they could not understand the principles from which it flowed. The one great benefit which we may confidently expect from the war is that it will give Africa back her self-respect. Disaffection will die a natural death once the supremacy question is definitely settled, and just and fair treatment will in time heal the wounds of the present strife. There can be no enduring discontent where there is no grievance. The disaffection in the colony sprang from the hypothesis of our weakness. When we have proved our strength, and the balance has been restored between the two nationalities, racial animosity will subside because we shall have struck at its root—contempt. It seems a sad irony that after two thousand years of Christianity certain truths have still to be enforced by rifles and Maxim guns, but, paradoxical though it sounds, 'the blood-red blossom of war' may in this case bear the fruit of peace. Many fatal illusions will be for ever dispelled on the battle-field. When the Dutch find the English can be brave and loyal in the fight, generous and magnanimous in the hour of victory as well as in the hour of defeat, then we shall begin to understand each other, for our adversaries will learn to respect us. For that corrupt and dishonourable clique at Pretoria which has led a whole nation astray one can feel neither sympathy nor pity; but when the rank and file of the Dutch nation have learnt to honour our dead, as we have never failed to honour theirs, then from many a lonely grave on veldt and mountain-side a better understanding may spring, under the shadow of which in years to come Dutch and English may dwell together on terms of peace and mutual esteem.

Part II.

NATIVE AFFAIRS

CHAPTER XI.

THE AFRICAN COLOUR PROBLEM.

THERE is probably no country in the world which relatively to its importance presents problems of such magnitude as South Africa. These problems resolve themselves into two great classes—the relations of Boer and Briton, and the relations of Black and White. The difficulties which have arisen owing to the former are of course a matter of common knowledge. The complications, infinitely greater, which are bound to result sooner or later from the latter are almost ignored in this country. Nineteen people out of twenty do not know that a colour problem exists in South Africa; the twentieth probably has but an academic knowledge of the fact. In the conflict between the two white races it is generally forgotten that the great rock which looms ahead in the path of Africa is not the problem presented by the Dutch and English races, but the future relations of the Whites with the Blacks. The former difficulty, though it may appear acute at the present moment, is bound to solve itself in a very short space of time as time is reckoned historically. If we look ahead even a hundred years, we see the rivals of to-day drawn closely together by the ties of kinship, marriage, and common interests. The problem of Boer and Briton is one which will work itself out in a longer or a shorter period. Looking at it from the most unfavourable point of view, if the bitterness created

by the present war is felt for two generations, that bitterness will nevertheless have worn off by the third. There can be no enduring discontent when there is no enduring grievance, for equality of treatment will not give the victors any advantages at the expense of the vanquished. Education and propinquity will do their healing work, and one great factor in the case makes the prospect of future fusion full of hope—there is no inherent incompatibility of temperament between these two allied branches of the same family. We may confidently assert, therefore, that the present racial difficulty in Africa on which all our thoughts are centred is one which time will rob automatically of its perplexities. The white race which will people the land two centuries hence may not be altogether English or altogether Dutch, but it will partake of the characteristics of both. It is unlikely that the former will wholly absorb the latter, because the agricultural interest is a more permanent one in South Africa than the mining interest, and the Anglo-Saxon immigration is particularly concerned with the industrial development. When the mineral wealth is exhausted the industrial population must shrink, but the agricultural population will remain unchanged. However, there is no reason to imagine that the feuds of to-day will be perpetuated in that remote epoch when Johannesburg and Kimberley are deserted cities. South Africa may be a difficult country to rule for some time to come, but when its future is considered on wide historical lines no anxiety need be felt as regards the perpetuation of racial animosity between the whites.

But when we turn from this prospect to the conjectural future of the black races, then doubt and difficulty shroud the inquiry. The Bantu population

has been the eternal problem of Africa, and it bids fair to occupy that same position in the future. Little though the fact is realised, the presence of the black man has in nearly every case lain at the root of the strife between the Dutch and English. The quarrels of the latter originated in the divergent views they held as to the treatment of the native and his status in the land. If the reader will refer to the historical chart at the end of this book he will find that with two exceptions every military operation since 1806 has resulted directly or indirectly from native troubles. Nine Kaffir wars and five Basuto wars speak for themselves, but on looking still closer we find that the native has been the stumbling-block which over and over again wrecked the prospects of union between the dominant races. The Slachter's Nek episode, from which so much bad feeling sprang, originated in the ill-treatment of a slave and the consequent shooting of a Hottentot soldier. The Great Trek resulted from the abolition of slavery; the occupation of Natal in 1842 was very largely determined by the ill-treatment the natives were suffering at the hands of the Boers; the creation of the Orange River Sovereignty, its subsequent withdrawal, and the establishment of the two Boer Republics were all events largely influenced by questions of native policy. The difficulties in which the Boers found themselves owing to their native wars and the Zulu peril resulted in the annexation of the Transvaal in 1887; from the Zulu war itself sprang the Boer War of Independence; the annexation of native territory by the Boers in 1884 led to the Warren expedition; and ten years later we find Lord Loch at Pretoria settling a difficulty which arose from the commandeering of British subjects in a war against a local chief. The

Jameson Raid and the present war are not directly traceable to native troubles, but, on the other hand, they arose from those bad relations which had been originally determined by the colour factor. To look ahead is but to prophesy difficulties no less serious, though of a different character. The precise form they will take it is impossible to foresee. The problem is not a problem of to-day, and at present it hangs only as a vague cloud on the horizon. We can barely perceive the broad principles which underlie it, much less the details. The difficulty will not affect the present generation or the succeeding one. The third generation will perhaps grow conscious of it, but it is bound to press heavily sooner or later on their descendants. The fact which must be borne in mind is this : every year which helps to solve the problem of Dutch and English complicates the problem of Black *versus* White. The present racial struggle is a dwindling factor, but the great racial struggle of the future is one which every additional year is bound to render more formidable. There are many reasons urged why Boer and Briton should bury their feuds and dwell in peace together, but the most powerful of any is the argument that they are a White brotherhood in a Black continent, and it is as brothers and allies they must face a future problem, the difficulty of which affects them equally.

Opinions in South Africa vary as hopelessly about native affairs as they do about any other controversial question. I collected a good deal of information on the subject when I was in the country, but naturally I do not pretend to draw conclusions when others far more competent and of infinitely greater experience have failed to do so. Every person has a theory about and cure for the current trouble in South Africa, but any

discussion about native affairs resolves itself into an enumeration of difficulties for which no solution is forthcoming. Certain elements in the question can be defined and pointed out, but beyond that limit we are forced to abandon the solid ground of facts, and venture forth on the shifting sands of conjecture. Broadly speaking, these facts may be grouped under two heads: first, the ethnographical distribution existing in the African continent; secondly, the political sentiments and institutions which rule the southern portion. We must examine each in turn.

According to Professor Keane the population of Africa falls into three great groups: the Negro and Negroid peoples in the southern and west central districts; the Hamitic peoples in the north, and the Semitic peoples who dwell on the East Coast. In the Central Soudan all these groups mix and combine in a truly chaotic manner. The Semitic group includes the Arabs and Himyarites of the East Coast; the Hamitic group, the inhabitants of Egypt, Abyssinia, Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, the Sahara, Central Soudan and the Ogoway basin; the Negroid group, the Soudanese negroes, the inhabitants of Senegambia, Upper Guinea, and the Gold Coast, the Pigmies of Central Africa and the Congo Basin, also the Bushmen of the Kalahari, and the Hottentots; and last, but not least, the various Bantu peoples, or, as they are often called, the Kaffirs who inhabit the equatorial and southern latitudes. It is with this last subdivision of the Negroid races that we are principally concerned. It is, however, as well to glance at the general scheme of aboriginal races in the African Continent before entering into details concerning the Bantu in particular. The inquiry brings to light some rather startling figures as regards popula-

tion, which must not be ignored. 'Recent authorities,' writes Professor Keane, 'roughly estimate the population of Africa at about 210,000,000, or eighteen to the square mile, a density five times less than that of Europe, but still considerable, regard being had to the great extent of absolutely desert forest and other waste lands.' It is certainly astonishing to learn that out of this huge total of 210,000,000 inhabitants, the whole white population of Africa, Egypt, Algeria, and the southern states and colonies included, barely reaches a million. The first fact therefore to be borne in mind is that, taking a general average all over the continent, the blacks outnumber the whites in a proportion of 210 to 1. At first sight these figures appear very formidable, but the reader must remember that they do not represent a homogeneous total, a solid and overwhelming black mass arrayed against an insignificant white minority. On the contrary, they are split up into the countless aboriginal races of greater or less vitality, some flourishing, some dwindling, and differing as much the one from the other as a Caucasian from a Finn. The above figures prove, however, that Africa is essentially a black man's continent, and that, save in certain localities, the white element has scarcely made itself felt.

Turning now to the southern and equatorial portions over which Great Britain rules as paramount Power, we find one great native race firmly established, a race of marked vitality and strength. The Bantu division is the most important branch of the Negroid peoples in Africa. Broadly speaking, this race occupies the whole of Africa, including the Congo Basin, from the equatorial lakes to the Cape. It forms a wonderful group, which Professor Keane compares in its

complexity and extent with such widespread families as the Aryan and Finno Tartar. The different Bantu tribes vary greatly one from the other, approaching rather less than more to the true Negro type of the West Coast the further south the tribe is found. They are fine stalwart men, with the broad lips, thick nose, and woolly hair of the Negro, but here and there they show unmistakable signs of a Semitic strain, which is easily accounted for by the Arab element also existing in Africa. The words Kaffir and Bantu are somewhat loosely used as interchangeable terms, though strictly speaking the word Kaffir marks a division of the former, and only applies to the tribes living in Cape Colony, Natal, the Boer Republics, and South-East Africa; and should not include the Basutos, Bechuanas, and Mashonas. However, custom has rendered the terms almost synonymous, and, having made the reservation, it is unnecessary to confuse the reader by further subdivisions.

The Bantu or Kaffir race accordingly is spread over the whole of the great Central African plateau, which stretches from the Zambesi to the coast; that is to say, they are the native race with which the Europeans have to reckon in their administration of the country.

A word must be said at this point as to two other native races with whom the first European settlers at the Cape were brought into contact. These were the Bushmen and the Hottentots, races distinct not only from the Bantu, but from each other. The Bushmen were aborigines of the lowest type; being a stunted, nomadic race lacking in the most rudimentary tribal organisation. They neither cultivated the soil nor kept cattle, but lived on roots and by trapping game. Though a few Bushmen still survive in the neighbour-

hood of the Kalahari, the race is practically extinct. The Hottentots, a few of whom are still to be found in Namaqualand and in the neighbourhood of the Orange and Modder Rivers, were a superior race to the Bushmen. They owned herds of cattle, which they drove about from place to place, but did not till the soil. They were an undersized but good-tempered people, possessing a loose patriarchal organisation, but practically no institutions. Their language abounds in 'clicks,' and the Dutch, with whom they lived on good terms, consequently called them Hottentot after a Low German word 'Hüttentüt,' which means a quack. The Hottentots have practically disappeared now as a distinct race. The smallpox epidemics of the eighteenth century swept them off by thousands, and the absorption of the few that remain is only a question of time. The native problem in South Africa therefore narrows itself to the relations of the Europeans with the Bantu race.

The Kaffirs occupy a much higher place in the scale of humanity than the Hottentots and Bushmen. Unlike the latter, they show no signs of decay or loss of vitality. When first they came into touch with Europeans, they were found to be a strong warlike people, living under more or less highly organised tribal institutions. They cultivated the soil, possessed large herds of cattle, had some rudimentary knowledge of metal work, and an equally rudimentary religion, or rather a belief in witchcraft. Many aboriginal races wither away by contact with a higher civilisation, but this is not the case with the Bantu; on the contrary, European rule has proved beneficial to them in many ways. The race, as I have said before, possesses great vitality; not only has it victoriously withstood all

encroachments from without, but it is extremely prolific. The checks on the population formerly existing in the shape of tribal wars, witchcraft, and the epidemics which swept off whole tribes at a time, have now disappeared, owing to the restraints imposed by the British Government. Such devastations as those of Chaka, in whose reign it is estimated over a million people lost their lives, are things of the past, for the English forbid native wars, and in many ways promote the moral and physical welfare of the tribes. Much success has attended these efforts at establishing order among the native races, but there is one important result of the pacific existence now enforced on the Kaffirs which we cannot overlook. The former checks on the population being removed, the natives are rapidly increasing all over South Africa, to a degree quite out of proportion with the corresponding increase among the whites. This increase is sufficiently rapid to cause a certain amount of alarm, and undoubtedly it raises some grave considerations as regards the future.

I found that opinions in Africa varied very much regarding even a loose estimation of the proportion in which the blacks already outnumber the whites south of the Zambesi. Mr. Bryce, whose chapters on native affairs form such a valuable portion of his work on Africa, estimates that proportion at 10 to 1. Mr. Theal estimates it at 6 to 1, and the Lovedale authorities at 30 to 1. There is a wide discrepancy between these figures, but when compared with the total average of 210 to 1 all over the continent one inclines to the higher estimate. Be the exact proportion what it may, we find that the blacks largely outnumber the whites in the very portions of Africa constituting a white man's country, and not only do they greatly outnumber

the latter, but their relative rate of increase is much larger.

The influence of climate on the relations of the Europeans and the Kaffirs must now be considered. Owing to the height above sea-level of the great central pleateau of South Africa, owing also to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, territories situated in tropical and sub-tropical latitudes are healthy and salubrious countries in which the children of Europeans can thrive and grow up. Climate is important not so much for its effect on adults as for its effect on infants. A country where children cannot live is necessarily a country without home ties, and the question of home ties indirectly involves weighty considerations of state. The geographical conditions of Africa, however, place it among the category of what are known as 'a white man's country.' Malarial fever, though very prevalent round the coast, vanishes at 4,000 feet above sea-level. Nyassaland, Tanganyika, and the territory north of the Zambesi are all excessively unhealthy districts, but south of the Zambesi the climatic and geographical conditions are favourable to black and white alike.

The reader who has followed me thus far may perhaps ask in what the future difficulty lies. He might justly argue that there will be plenty of vacant space in Africa for many years to come, and though the blacks have largely increased in numbers, the English, being quite accustomed to the position of a ruling caste, as in India, will doubtless adapt themselves with equal ease to similar conditions in Africa. Were the political conditions in Africa those of India we might confidently assert that the African colour problem would be robbed of its difficulties. But the conditions unfortunately are wholly dissimilar. India

is in no sense of the word a white man's country, whereas in South Africa every necessary condition exists favourable to the settlement of Europeans. The Europeans do not form a caste; they constitute, if not the largest, incomparably the most important section of the population. The two races live side by side, both prosperous, both flourishing, neither likely to uproot the other. The difficulty of the future arises from the fact that British South Africa, unlike India, is a self-governing community, and that representative institutions are established in Cape Colony irrespective of race and colour. The Kaffir has not only a stake in the country, but, what is of far more serious import, a say in its electoral affairs, and it is a say which may have very unpleasant consequences for the whites in centuries to come.

South Africa stands in a category apart among the self-governing communities of the world, because it is the only instance of a country possessing representative institutions where the black population largely outnumbers the white. This is the fact upon which the problem of the future hinges. European immigration is not likely to affect this state of affairs to any large extent. South Africa in one sense of the term will always be a black man's country, because labourers and unskilled workmen are invariably drawn from the coloured classes. The most unfortunate heritage of the Dutch East India Company is the social system which resulted from the introduction of slaves in 1658. Black labour has no justification in Cape Colony. Unlike Natal, the climate of which is in parts tropical, the geographical conditions of the Boer Republics and Cape Colony are as favourable to a white labouring population as they are in Australia. Had this been recognised, the settlement might have been wholly

European and many difficulties avoided. But since the introduction of slavery, ideas have grown up on the labour subject which for ever precludes this hope. The Europeans to a certain extent have grown lazy, and consider the humbler forms of manual labour beneath their dignity. Artisans, overseers, and skilled workmen are all Europeans, but the labourer, both in the agricultural and engineering sense of the word, is invariably black. This false idea about manual labour has been a great misfortune for Africa; but since it has taken a firm hold on the country, and has entered into the established order of things, it is never likely to be uprooted. Having regard to this fact, we find that, the numerical superiority of the Kaffirs being already assured, the white immigration will not be proportionate to the rate of increase among the natives.

Colour problems exist in other parts of the world, but they are lacking in the elements of complication so plentiful in Africa. Native affairs in Crown colonies cannot be compared with those existing in a country which possesses representative institutions. America alone offers any parallel to the conditions existing in South Africa, and it is that parallel which, more than any other, creates anxiety as regards the future. The American colour difficulty is relatively a small and local one, but as it is of older growth than the South African problem, and has had more time to develop, it is extremely interesting to examine how the doctrine of political equality is working out across the Atlantic. The Negroes who exercise the franchise are, as Mr. Bryce has pointed out, in a majority in three states alone: Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. Nevertheless, the endless friction which has been caused by their exercise of electoral prerogatives, and

the bitter resentment felt thereat by the whites, are matters of common knowledge. The Negro vote is powerless to influence the destinies of America to any large, or even to any perceptible, degree. Though the blacks constitute a majority in one corner of the United States, the overwhelming bulk of the population is white. When we turn to South Africa, however, we find that not only do the blacks outnumber the whites in one portion of the country, but that they are in a large numerical superiority from the Cape to Cairo. In the one case there is a white population to fall back upon, to redress the racial balance if necessary; in the other no such safeguard exists. The number of Kaffirs who are at present eligible to vote under the combined educational and property qualification existing in South Africa is not large, but as education advances this small minority is bound to grow. If the Americans accordingly find themselves perturbed by what is practically a local problem, what will be the position of the South African whites in years to come, when confronted by a situation infinitely more serious?

Many elements of the American difficulty are reproduced at the Cape, notably the racial feeling. No traveller to South Africa can fail to be struck with the intense hostility of the whites to the semi-civilised blacks who live among them. Racial feeling as regards the latter is extraordinarily and, so it strikes one at first, unnecessarily bitter. I hasten to add that this feeling does not find actual expression in ill-treatment, but reveals itself rather by an attitude of overwhelming contempt. Argument as to this deeply-rooted instinct is hopeless. Few people who have lived among Kaffirs can honestly say that it is wholly

a stranger to them. The instinctive character of the animosity is, however, a very serious feature in the case when it must be remembered that for all time, as far as we can judge, the two races must live side by side. People who have never been brought into personal contact with natives entirely fail to grasp the meaning of the words racial feeling. Should its existence be brought under their notice, they protest against it as unworthy and degrading. Nevertheless, experience soon teaches that many men and women, neither unjust nor tyrannical by disposition, cannot wholly escape its influence. It is sometimes supposed that racial hatred goes hand in hand with a wish to oppress. This is by no means the case, for the feeling often springs more from a sense of physical repulsion than any other impulse. At the same time an element of intolerance for the limitations and stupidity of the Kaffir undoubtedly enters into the matter. Mr. Bryce's remarks on this subject will be echoed by everyone who has given an order twenty times to a Kaffir servant and yet finds it left undone. 'Whoever has travelled among people of a race greatly weaker than his own,' he writes, 'must have sometimes been conscious of an impatience or irritation which arises when the native either fails to understand or neglects to obey the command given. The sense of his superior intelligence and energy of will produces in the European a sort of tyrannous spirit, which will not condescend to argue with the native, but overbears him by sheer force and is prone to resort to physical coercion. Even just men, who have the deepest theoretical respect for human rights, are apt to be carried away by the consciousness of superior strength, and to become despotic, if not harsh. To escape this fault

a man must be either a saint or a sluggard. And the tendency to race enmity lies very deep in human nature Perhaps it is a survival from the times when each race could maintain itself only by slaughtering its rivals.'

Every traveller in South Africa will personally testify to the truth of Mr. Bryce's words, for the vagaries of the Kaffir, and his inconsequent behaviour, are often intensely irritating.

We find, accordingly, that the cleavage between the blacks and whites is complete and absolute. It seems most unlikely that sympathy and intercourse, in our sense of the words, will ever exist between them. The ordinary social and domestic ties which unite Europeans of different nationalities are, of course, wholly impossible. Time, which softens so many animosities, will be unable, as far as we can judge, to bridge in the faintest degree this great gulf of racial repugnance. Pity, toleration, and kindness; these things are possible, but nothing more. The attitude, unfortunately common at present, of contempt on the one hand and patient acquiescence in it on the other, is an extremely unsatisfactory position, and yet it is difficult to see how it can be altered. America is a sad object-lesson in this respect; the most ardent Republican often proving himself an intolerant anti-Negrophilist. That democratic principles are not inconsistent with racial animosity is a fact which has been frequently demonstrated. The natives are not ill-treated; on the contrary, their rights are rigorously protected, both by law and public opinion. The Boers often behave with great brutality to the Kaffirs, and to a certain extent it is a point of honour among the English section not to emulate their example in that, as in any other respect. It is the complete lack of sympathy, the ever-present

sense of inferiority which weighs upon the black in his relations with the white, rather than any actual grievance. It will be easily understood that when political equality is recognised between two races who live together under such circumstances as those which prevail in South Africa an anomalous situation is at once created. Many people who honestly welcome any attempt to ameliorate the condition of the blacks equally repudiate the idea of coloured influence in legislation. Dutch and English, with the exception of a few Negrophilists, are at one on this point. Brother Briton may have his little differences with Brother Boer, but both alike resent the fact of Brother Black interfering in their concerns. Yet this danger of interference on the part of Brother Black is one which in the far distance menaces South Africa.

There is no problem about which it is more difficult to form a conclusion at the same time honest and sensible as that presented by the black in his relations with the white. In South Africa that problem literally bristles not only with difficulties, but, still worse, with inconsistencies, the reconciliation of which seems hopeless. Over and over again one is bound to recognise that what is theoretically just would be practically most inexpedient, and again what is expedient is no less certainly unjust. One thing at least seems clear, the government of natives cannot always be judged by European standards of right and wrong, nor can the social and political privileges justly claimed by the white be transferred *en bloc* to the Kaffir. This may be a dangerous theory, opening the door to abuses should power be placed in unworthy hands, but the tentative character of native policy must be obvious to all who have studied the question.

At first sight the native problem seems composed of a few simple elements which do not present any great difficulty. White man great, clever, powerful; black man stupid, weak, impotent: therefore white man rules until black man makes exit. After a time this simple doctrine takes to itself accretions and the matter begins to look less easy. Black man wrapped in a blanket and massacring his neighbour is apparently filling that natural place in the scheme of existence to which a somewhat enigmatic Providence destined him. White man intervenes, puts a period to war and witchcraft, restores order, and inaugurates a new era of trade and civilisation. Black man learns to read and write, learns to wear European clothes, learns also many things, both desirable and highly undesirable, of European manners and morals, and then sooner or later comes Quashie's inquiry, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' 'Certainly not,' replies white man, and then black man very reasonably asks, 'Why not?' Enter the philanthropist, the philosopher, and the practical man, all honestly desirous of reconciling the conflicting claims of black and white, and from their arguments chaos instead of order results. One idea stands out clear, however, the white man's burden is to rule Africa, and rule it he must; but it is in the striving, the instinctive striving, against subordination on the part of the black that the future trouble will arise.

No question has been more hotly disputed during the history of humanity than that of natural rights. The theory of equality among men of the same race has led to revolutions in the past and may do so again in the future. It is therefore clear that the assumption of equality between such obviously unequal persons as

the European and the Kaffir was bound to result in controversy of an even more heated character. Dr. Philip's doctrine that in all respects save education the black was on a level with the white produced some disastrous results, as we saw in Chapter III. The missionaries have, however, learnt wisdom since his day, and though their work aims at fitting the natives for the higher walks of life, the theory of equality is not now brought prominently forward, certain illusions having been dispelled by the growth of experience. The Zulu and the Basuto at home are fine dignified men and possess some praiseworthy qualities, notably that of courage. To judge them, however, by any European standard, at once destroys their claims to distinction. The native falls lamentably below the ideals of civilisation as we understand the term, and to provide him with a veneer of the latter is worse than useless. Whether ages of education may eventually raise the black to even an approximate equality with the white is a question on which opinions vary and will vary to all time. The Kaffir has his good points. He is quick and intelligent, though wholly lacking in perseverance. But at the best, if the doctrine of heredity is worth anything, what reserve funds of savagery must not exist in such a man's disposition! Under the influence of violent emotion the most highly civilised men give vent to extremely primeval passions; and it is impossible not to feel as regards the Kaffir that the feeble educational efforts of one generation will scarcely suffice to stem that devastating flood of savagery which may suddenly rise and overwhelm his little growth of civilisation.

The Negrophilist who cites the case of Toussaint l'Ouverture as an admirable instance of the Negroid

race at its best, or even the case of Chaka as a proof of its capacity, can hardly claim to have advanced a single argument in favour of the equality theory. 'It may be quite true that some Negroes are better than some white men,' writes Professor Huxley with that sturdy common-sense which he brought to bear on the discussion of any subject, 'but no rational man cognisant of the facts believes that the average Negro is the equal, still less the superior, of the average white man. And if this be true, it is simply incredible that when all his disabilities are removed and our prognathous relative has a fair field and no favour, as well as no oppressor, he will be able to compete successfully with his bigger brained and smaller jawed rival in a contest which is to be carried on by thoughts not chews.'

The equality question between black and white may accordingly be left to settle itself, but when in a transition stage electoral powers are brought within reach of the weaker vessels, speculation must inevitably be excited as to the possible consequences of such an act. The Government of South Africa, like any other Government, is bound to aim at the greatest good of the greatest number. The difficulties presented by the racial question demand that corresponding efforts should be made to meet them in a manner just and fair to both sides alike. It is at this point that the difficulty arises, for the standpoint of the black and the standpoint of the white are diametrically opposed, and it is hard to imagine what system can reconcile their opposing claims.

The native may justly argue that the European has robbed him of his inheritance, and, having robbed him, forces him to obey laws highly distasteful to the

aboriginal mind. The white kindly says he shall learn all about progress; but the native cares less than nothing for that dogma, the benefits of which are obscure to him. He had lived for hundreds of years in a savage state which apparently satisfied all his aspirations. There was no necessity for him to work, his wants being few and the means of sustenance within easy reach. A modicum of labour—generally undertaken by his wives—provided the Kaffir with mealies to eat, and his wealth was represented by so many head of cattle. When he wanted change or amusement he made war on a neighbouring tribe, otherwise he slept or basked contentedly in the sunshine outside his kraal. It was not an existence filled with lofty aims and ideals; it was more bloodthirsty than idyllic perhaps; but it suited the Kaffir perfectly, and he had no desire to change it. Upon this order of things the European supervened, and the savage found himself confronted by a new type of humanity, having at his command the forces evolved by centuries of civilisation. The European, too, had fought and struggled, but, unlike the Kaffir, had progressed. He discovered in Africa a new country providing fresh fields for his energy and enterprise. The climate suited both himself and his children, and he accordingly settled in the land. He brought with him European civilisation, European wants, European vices, and sooner or later he came into collision with the Kaffir. The native had always looted cattle. He saw no reason why his white neighbour should be exempted from such little attentions, and accordingly he gave practical expression to them. The white man, incensed by the theft, pursued the Kaffir and exacted summary vengeance for his misdeeds. From that day

onwards he demanded that the Kaffir should live not in accordance with his own wishes, but in accordance with those of the European, and the logic of that demand was not clear to the Kaffir then as now. The white urges that he has saved the black from destruction, that by preventing inter-tribal wars he has restored peace in the land, and that his missionaries and schools have brought civilising influences within reach of the natives. He asserts that, instead of loafing all day, the Kaffir is now taught the dignity of labour, a theme on which the European waxes eloquent. These contentions are perfectly true, though it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the white man, having established himself in the land, was morally bound to do the best he could for the aboriginal races. At the same time, if the black is to be considered as the rightful owner of the soil because he was found in possession of it—a dogma to which some people attach much importance—it may be equally contended that the European has no shadow of right in Africa, and that the blacks were much happier without his vaunted civilisation than with it. Finally, 'the dignity of work,' a doctrine which sounds very well, is found to resolve itself either into one of mere expediency for keeping the black out of mischief, or else for supplying the white man with cheap labour and plenty of it. In any case, from the Kaffir's point of view such a doctrine was unnecessary, his wants being extremely simple and easily supplied.

The above arguments cannot theoretically be assailed, and I have enumerated them to show the hopeless confusion which arises as regards *meum* and *tuum* when the ambitions of a strong race are brought into sharp collision with the natural rights of a weak

and apathetic one. Theoretically, the Europeans had no right to establish themselves in Africa, and they have yet to prove that their presence there has benefited the original inhabitants. Those inhabitants in turn have every right to complain that we have abolished their systems of government, and grudge them any participation in ours. But had this doctrine been logically enforced, we are bound to own that neither progress nor trade could have advanced in any part of the world. The ethics of colonisation bluntly resolve themselves into the fact that a strong white race will always take possession of any land where its surplus population can flourish, quite irrespective of the wishes and feelings of its original inhabitants. History has proved this over and over again, but the dogma of the original proprietorship of the soil must be dropped in consequence. We are sometimes able to perceive more or less dimly how the working out of a great natural law creates confusion among our more or less artificial systems of politics and morality. The doctrine of proprietorship is a very firmly rooted one in every society, but now and again it comes into collision with that natural law which decrees that the fittest alone shall survive and enjoy the fruits of the earth. Nature makes no *contrat social*; she cares nothing for ethics or primogeniture; she cares for one thing only, the strong; and she ordains that her gifts are not for the first comer, but for the one who can make the best use of them. This theory points to the conclusion that in a land such as Africa, the climatic conditions of which are equally favourable to black and white, the white as the stronger must inevitably possess and rule the land. It may seem an unfair decree, but the brutal law of the stronger forces the

black to bow to the white man's will and adapt himself to the governing systems of the latter, or else perish off the face of the earth.

So long as the native lives in a savage state, little difficulty arises under the new order of things. A just, firm, but kind European rule ameliorates his condition in many ways. Though it may sound a retrograde doctrine, it is impossible not to regret at times that the native cannot always remain in this transitional stage. There is no question of equality between him and his rulers, and a whole gamut of friction which makes itself heard at a subsequent stage is accordingly silenced. When kindly treated he is like a thoughtless child, without overmuch malice or guile. Racial feeling is not roused, owing to his lack of pretensions. He has no ambitions, but he has no need of them. When forcing our civilisation on an aboriginal race, we are often apt to forget that it is bound up with much sorrow and bitterness of spirit, and that the path of knowledge is almost invariably the path of pain. We Europeans cannot avoid or desire to avoid either the one or the other; but the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, for example, are far happier in their lack of civilisation than we in the possession of ours. A civilisation which is the highest expression of thought and feeling in one part of the world becomes a mere fetish in another. However, for good or evil, we have established our civilisation in Africa, and we must not grumble when we find ourselves embarrassed by its practical application among alien races. The Kaffir, who is nothing if not a mimic, has grown anxious to learn something of those methods owing to which his rulers have achieved so much success. He bitterly resents the assumption that a state of modified savagery may be

after all the happiest one for him. On the contrary, the natives are at the present day eager for education, and avail themselves eagerly of its advantages. This brings us to the kernel of the colour problem in South Africa—namely, the educated Kaffir and his present and future position in the land. So far I have dwelt more on the abstract than on the concrete side of the problem, but we must now consider the practical difficulties it presents. Granted that a coloured race of strong vitality is indigenous in a land where a white race has established itself with equal success; granted that the blacks largely outnumber the whites; granted also that the natives are educated and on the same franchise footing as the Europeans—what influence may not the Kaffir ultimately exercise on the political destinies of Africa? This is a very grave question, the future developments of which cause the most far-seeing men in Africa much anxiety. Up to the present the colour problem has not assumed unwieldy proportions, and the different states and colonies have adopted different systems by which to meet it. Those systems must be explained in detail in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NATIVE AS A POLITICAL FACTOR.

THE Transvaal and Orange Free State—which for the purpose of this inquiry may be considered as one—Natal and Cape Colony have each in turn attacked their colour problem differently. The system adopted in Cape Colony is the most just and logical of the three; nevertheless it is one which excites some criticism and much misgiving.

The native policy in the Republics may be very briefly described. The attitude of the Boers on this subject is simple and uncompromising. They wholly repudiate any theory of equality between black and white, and they give logical expression to that theory by the absolute exclusion of the natives from civil or religious rights. The Grondwet on Fundamental Law of the Transvaal lays down this principle in the most explicit terms. A native may not hold land in either of the Republics, nor may he journey from place to place without a pass. The colour question is less felt in the Republics than in any other civilised portion of South Africa, because the blacks are only as two to one in the Free State, and less than three to one in the Transvaal. The native labour question at Johannesburg has caused much trouble, but it is an industrial rather than a political one. The Republican attitude towards the blacks is accordingly purely autocratic. Now, when

dealing with savages an autocratic form of government can be justified in many ways. Such a government, however, must fulfil one condition: it must be above suspicion as regards its integrity and justice. The great objection to a despotic rule is the difficulty of finding a good despot, and at all times uncontrolled power vested in the hands of one man is open to abuse. An enlightened public opinion, such as exists in England, is essential to safeguard the rights and interests of subject races when circumstances necessitate paternal rule. It would be impossible to pay too high a tribute to the British magistrates in South Africa who hold positions of authority among the Kaffirs and maintain so worthily the best governing traditions of our nation. The natives owe more to the good guidance and personal influence of these officials than to any other class of Europeans with whom they have been brought in contact. But in the Boer States neither public opinion nor just administrators safeguard native rights, and the condition of the Kaffirs is deplorable. Especially in the Transvaal they are treated with extreme brutality, sjamboked at will by the Boers, and, though slavery does not openly exist, the apprentice system is but the old evil under another name. This ill-treatment of the Kaffirs led to many remonstrances in the past from the British Government. The sale of intoxicants to natives is forbidden in the Free State, but a liquor law dragged by the mine owners from the Transvaal Government has practically remained a dead-letter. It is sometimes said the Boers are not the only Europeans in South Africa who have been guilty of brutality to the natives. It is perfectly true that individual Englishmen may have sinned in this as in other respects; but the power of the British Government, the

influence of the Imperial officials, and, above all, public opinion, are always exercised in ensuring justice for the coloured people, and protection from any illegal encroachment on their rights. The Transvaal Government and its officials do nothing of the sort, and there is practically no check on any Boer who chooses to ill-treat a Kaffir. A more just and equitable native policy is not the least of the blessings which will be ensured by British administration in the Transvaal.

The position of the native is, of course, very different in the English colonies. Though many Europeans strongly disapprove of the Kaffir exercising political rights, it is unnecessary to say there is no difference of opinion as regards his civil and legal status. His property and personal concerns are protected as fully, if not more fully even than those of the whites; a proceeding which is held on all hands to be right and proper. Civil rights are the same for blacks and whites in both colonies, but the treatment of the franchise question is widely different in Cape Colony from what it is in Natal. As a matter of fact, both dependencies find themselves in a dilemma as regards the principles of representative institutions. Both recognise that it would be worse than folly to establish a manhood suffrage which would include the blacks in an indiscriminate manner; but theoretically colour cannot be regarded as the basis of electoral disqualification. Still further, it would be practically impossible to exclude the native on any such grounds, because the half-caste question steps in at this point and complicates the matter. If colour is to be treated as a disqualification the question at once arises where the line is to be drawn. The strain of black blood among the Cape Dutch is too real to be ignored, and the better class half-caste

cannot be placed in the same category as a Red Kaffir. Both colonies therefore evade the point to a greater or less extent, but it looks at first sight as though Natal had dealt with the difficulty in a very sweeping manner. This is true; but, having a much larger coloured population than Cape Colony, she was forced to take more active steps to avoid its pressure than are at present necessary in the sister dependency.

The Kaffirs in both colonies are divided into two classes—tribal and non-tribal. The former, often known as Red Kaffirs, represent the savage element and live in communities ruled by their head-men under Government supervision. They at present form the overwhelming bulk of the coloured population; but naturally they do not exercise the franchise, a qualification for which is exemption from tribal law. Non-tribal Kaffirs are the civilised or tame variety, who have adopted European customs and live under European law. They are at present a small minority in the land, but this minority is bound to grow, and it represents the danger of the future. The reader will understand that for all practical purposes the government of natives is much easier when they are living under tribal rather than under non-tribal law. In the former case they do not interfere with the affairs of the whites; in the latter, the possibility of doing so comes within their reach. The better educated the native, the greater the problem he presents. The colour question in Cape Colony is accordingly more difficult to deal with than in Natal, where the Kaffirs are far less civilised. At the same time the native problem in the land of the Nativity presents elements of peculiar complication, owing to a third factor which arises in her case. One can only admire the Natalians for the

skilful manner in which they have overcome their difficulties.

The total population of the colony is 642,000 inhabitants. Of these, the whites only number 50,000, but there are 537,000 Kaffirs and also 55,000 Indians or coolies. Practically, therefore, the Europeans are little better than a handful in the land. A liberal native franchise would speedily have entailed the swamping of the white vote, and it was necessary at all costs to avoid this contingency. The danger did not arise so much from the Kaffirs as from the coolies. The Kaffirs nearly all live under tribal law, and have no electoral rights. The Government may at discretion confer the franchise upon any native who has been exempt from tribal law seven years and is considered a suitable person, but practically the Kaffir is excluded as a political factor. The native policy of Natal was tersely summed up to me by its leading citizen and ex-Premier, Sir John Robinson, in the words 'No guns, no liquor, no votes.' This system works very well, and is, in fact, the only one practicable under the circumstances.

The coolie immigrants from India, however, threatened at one moment to cause serious difficulty. The presence of the Hindoo in South Africa is a curious illustration of the influence of climate on history. Sugar-cane, tea, and other sub-tropical products grow in abundance along the coast strip of Natal, but the climate is not one in which a European can labour. Nevertheless, the wealth of the colony is much concerned with the development of the lowlands, and the cultivation of the tea, sugar, coffee, and maize plantations which have been established there. Asiatic labour was accordingly imported to meet the difficulty.

It may well be asked why it was necessary to import coloured labour into a country where there was already a teeming black population. The fact that it was found necessary to do so throws striking light on various idiosyncrasies of the Kaffir, especially his rooted disinclination to settled work of any kind. The coolie is a sullen, disagreeable person, but he is an admirable worker, patient, dexterous, and persevering. The Kaffir, on the other hand, is clumsy, fidgety, and utterly inconsequent. He is as merry as a child and fully as thoughtless. He may work hard for a few days, and then take a holiday for a few weeks. He appears with an engaging smile some morning, looks at his master coyly, and then says simply, 'Me no work to-day, baas.' Argument is hopeless with him. He does not feel inclined to work, so work he will not. This impromptu holiday may be extremely inconvenient to the European employer, but it is difficult to be angry with such an overgrown good-tempered-looking baby. At the same time it is obvious that when crops demand urgent attention, and tea-leaves or coffee-berries are spoiling on their shrubs, more reliable labour must be obtained than can be supplied by beings as amiable but as inconsequent as Kaffirs. An agreement was accordingly entered into between the Government of Natal and the Government of India, by which indentured coolies might be brought to Africa for a certain term of years, and then sent back to their own country. The arrangement has worked well, for the coolie has thriven in Natal, finding it a better climate than that of India, and many of them elect to remain in the country when their term of indenture is at an end. Following in the wake of the coolie, a superior class of Asiatics established themselves in the country, and started

trading operations. This caused much heart-burning among the Durban merchants, whose interests conflicted with those of the new-comers and suffered in consequence. These Asiatics were in many cases clever, intelligent men, and under the original franchise law of the colony large numbers of them were becoming eligible to vote. This prospect was viewed with unqualified dislike and alarm by the Natalians, who asserted that aliens possessing no political rights in their own land were not entitled to claim them in a foreign one. The Asiatic element was becoming a very powerful one in Natal, and to place political power in the hands of such people would have been a most mischievous act. The franchise law was accordingly amended by a clause which decreed that no political rights were to be accorded to immigrants in whose native lands representative institutions did not exist.

Natal by these various methods has safeguarded the electoral privileges of her white population from any encroachment by the Kaffirs or Asiatics. Her attitude has not been strictly logical for a self-governing community, but it has been wholly sensible. What developments her colour problem may take in the future it is difficult to say. The preponderance of the native population is disquieting, for as they grow more civilised and come under the operation of European law the difficulty in dealing with them must necessarily increase. At present Mr. Theal describes the colony as a miniature India, being in fact a country occupied by alien races with a small governing caste of whites.

Neither in the Boer Republics nor Natal, therefore, does the native count as a political factor. We must now turn to Cape Colony and examine his status in the largest and most important division of South

Africa. The total population of that dependency is estimated at 1,527,224 persons, 382,198 of whom alone are whites. It is unnecessary to remind the reader that Parliamentary institutions are of older growth in Cape Colony than in Natal, the former having received her constitution in 1872, the latter in 1893. Many questions, therefore, may be studied to better advantage in the elder colony, as they have had more time to develop.

In a previous paragraph I referred to the difficulty of making colour a franchise disqualification owing to the half-caste question, and this fact was evidently recognised when the Cape Colony constitution was drafted.

'The franchise which obtains in the colony is a liberal one,' writes Mr. Noble in his 'Official Handbook' of the Cape.' 'The qualification required of voters (irrespective of race or colour) is being a born or naturalised British subject resident in the colony for twelve months prior to registration, and either an occupier or joint occupier of property whose share is of the value of 75*l.*, or in receipt of a salary of not less than 50*l.* per annum; but no persons are entitled to be registered on account of sharing in any native communal or tribal occupation of lands, nor unless they are able to sign their names and write their occupations and address.' This mixed property and educational qualification is considered a very fair one, for it excludes the savage and admits the civilised native alone. The tame Kaffirs are at present in a small minority, for four-fifths of the coloured population in Cape Colony still hold their lands under tribal tenure. Whole districts, such as Herschel district, Khama's location—not to be confused with the Bechuana chief—Sewane's location, Amantinde's dis-

trict, and the Fingo location in Fort Peddie district, are tribal, and their inhabitants consequently do not come under the operation of the Franchise Act. Nevertheless, tribal tenure is on the wane, individual tenure on the increase. At present, however, the pressure of the coloured vote has not made itself felt in Cape Colony as it has in Natal; but, as I have said before, and must repeat again, the native problem in Africa is one of the future, not of to-day.

As things are at present, little political friction exists between the blacks and whites owing to the relatively small number of the latter who concern themselves with public affairs. It would be very short-sighted, however, not to recognise that the Kaffir vote is bound to increase steadily as the natives grow more civilised and come under European law, and that unless in some manner the franchise is restricted a future generation—we cannot at present say which—will be face to face with a situation in which the Kaffir vote outnumbers the white. We may say that, as these events will not take place in our time or in that of our children, it is unnecessary for us to concern ourselves with the difficulties of the far future. But we cannot ignore the fact that subsequent generations will have great difficulties to contend with in this matter, and that it behoves us not to add to their difficulties by piling up the heritage which results from short-sighted legislation. Before that day arrives it is possible that the hundred and one accidents of Fate may considerably modify the position of the two races in South Africa; but if, on the contrary, matters develop on their present lines, we cannot avoid the conclusion that a day will come when black men will be in a position to make laws for white ones. No one

who has travelled either in South Africa or the United States, and realises the intensity of racial hatred in those countries, can doubt that as far as the Cape is concerned the black man will only exercise such prerogatives over the body of the white.

Some people may think that, should such a day ever dawn, the black will be sufficiently developed mentally to be worthy of the trust reposed in him. This of course is a highly controversial question, but the balance of arguments tells in favour of those who maintain that blacks will think as blacks, and whites will think as whites to the end of time; and that education, in spite of many striking exceptions, will produce no more equality between their mental powers and general capacity than it is ever likely to produce between those of men and women. As the man is for all time the physical and mental superior of the woman, and will always prove himself to be such when the best men and the best women contest for the prizes of life in a fair field with no favour; so the white for all time will be the superior of the black whenever they meet on equal terms. And the moral in each case is probably the same, namely, that when Nature has clearly fixed certain inevitable limitations, happiness is best achieved by acquiescence in, not revolt against, them.

Still further, when the theory of Kaffir capacity for legislation is advanced, it may be replied that the Governments of the world have, as a matter of fact, supplied us with the striking object-lesson of a state under Negroid rule, and it is one which can only be contemplated with dismay. The condition of Hayti, a black republic modelled on European lines, but governed by Negroes, is curiously—I will not go so far as to say wilfully—ignored by those Negrophilists who are

anxious to vest the rights of Europeans in the hands of blacks. I have no space to give any detailed account of the excesses existing in a country which, free from European control, is drifting rapidly backwards into a condition of pure savagery illustrated by cannibalism and kindred excesses. Sir Spencer St. John, in his standard work on the island, draws one of the most appalling pictures it is possible to conceive, and his book—which is allowed to be in no way overdrawn—may be confidently recommended to all who have a taste for horrors. Toussaint l'Ouverture, the hero to whom Hayti owes her independence, was one of the finest men of his century, but the noble qualities of this particular Negro are thrown into lurid relief by the anarchy now prevailing among his countrymen. The Negro in Hayti has had every chance of proving his capacity as a governing unit, but the condition of affairs resulting from his political independence is not altogether an encouraging parallel as regards the desirability of Kaffir influence on South African affairs.

It is well to remember that in Jamaica also the representative institutions established after 1834 ended not only in *fiasco* but massacre. The free and independent Negro declined to pay taxes and talked of expelling the English. The insurrection suppressed by Colonel Eyre in 1864 brought matters to a climax, but after the disturbances which took place at that time the constitution was revoked and a Crown Colony Government established. Under European guidance the Negroid races up to a certain point do very well; left to themselves, the invariable tendency seems to be to relapse into barbarism.

With the object-lessons of Hayti and Jamaica before our eyes, it is not only interesting but important to ask

what part the political Kaffir aspires to play, sooner or later, in the affairs of Cape Colony. Any such inquiry reveals the fact that though in a minority their influence already has made itself felt distinctly. The Kaffir vote controls three, if not more, seats in the Legislative Assembly. When it is remembered that the Cape Government is at present carried on by a majority of eight, the influence of four votes may consequently result in a change of Ministry. In certain districts the Kaffirs are beginning to hold the balance of power between the English and Dutch—in fact, to constitute the Irish party in Cape politics. They aim, indeed, at being the Parnellites of South Africa. The dispute between the two white races naturally pleases the blacks, who hope to profit by the troubled state of affairs resulting from the disastrous quarrel of their betters. The political aspirations of the Kaffirs are well summed up in the person of Tengo Jabavu, editor of the 'Imvo,' a Kaffir paper which is published at King William's Town. The 'Imvo' has a very large circulation, and Jabavu himself is looked upon as the prophet of the educated Kaffir. He has much influence in the Eastern Province, and politically is a mugwump sometimes favouring the Dutch, sometimes the English. It is the duty of the Kaffir, says Jabavu, to listen from which quarter the wind blows and to profit by it accordingly.

It was noted with some surprise at the last elections that the Kaffir vote in many divisions was cast in favour of the Bond candidate. The vague idea so popular in this country that the South African natives love the English and hate the Dutch is an erroneous one. The native has no love for either side; he is indifferent to Dutch and English alike, but will lean to the party

favourable to himself. The competition which has consequently resulted between the Bond and the Progressives as regards the Kaffir vote is one of the most unfortunate features in latter-day Cape politics. It naturally fills the blacks with an undue idea of their own importance, and it puts the whites in a position of asking favours from them. The pretensions of the blacks are advanced by the quarrels of the latter, and the sooner that fact is brought home to the Europeans the better. As regards the favour shown by the Kaffirs towards the Bond, three reasons are forthcoming in explanation of their attitude. At first sight it seems curious that they should have any leanings towards a race which has always treated them badly. The Kaffirs, however, lend their support to the present Government not so much on the ground of its Dutch sympathies as on the ground that the Bond Ministry includes such men as Mr. Solomon, Mr. Sauer, and Mr. Merriman, who are known as Negrophilists. Also Mr. Rhodes was ruling with the Bond when he passed the Glen Grey Act, of which more anon. The native therefore does not look upon the Bond as necessarily inimical to his interests. On the other hand, no member on the Progressive side—Mr. Rose-Innes sits apart—has particularly identified himself with native affairs, and Sir Gordon Sprigg, leader of the Opposition, has never been popular with the Kaffirs since his Disarmament Act. Then, again, men of Tengo Jabavu's stamp, who are aiming at political power, undoubtedly think that the Kaffir has more to gain by his alliance with the Dutch than by his alliance with the English. The Kaffir recognises that his help is more valuable to the former than it is to the latter, and that the Dutch might be willing to purchase it at a higher

price. The English, he knows, are strong enough in the long run to do without his assistance; the Dutch, on the contrary, might be willing to buy it by concessions political and otherwise. Finally, an element half prejudice, half instinct, enters into the attitude of the Kaffir towards the dominant races. A parallel might be drawn between the Northerners and Southerners in America and the English and Dutch in South Africa. Like the Northerners, the English in the abstract are more philanthropically inclined towards the natives than are the Dutch. They treat the Kaffir with both justice and kindness, and are willing to give him a certain measure of political power. But the native feels nevertheless that between himself and the Englishman an intellectual gulf is fixed which he can never hope to bridge. The latter treats him with pitying scorn, and would never look upon him socially as an equal. The Dutch, like the Southerners, are harsher politically, but more familiar socially. The two races are more on a level intellectually, and the Kaffir feels that he is not removed from a Dutchman in the scale of humanity by the degrees which separate him from an Englishman. The native is forced in the Transvaal to walk in the middle of the street, but the Boer, if he is in a good temper, will talk and laugh with him when they meet. The Englishman, on the other hand, allows the Kaffir to walk on the pavement, but passes by him with every sign of aversion, and is careful not to rub shoulders. This may be called the sentimental side of the question, but sentiment is a factor which cannot be ignored in politics.

Undoubtedly there is a leaven working at present among the educated Kaffirs all over Africa little understood by the whites, but which is bound to produce far-reaching results. A Dutch South Africa, a British

South Africa—these are ambitions with which we are well acquainted; but slowly a third party is being formed in the land, which aims at Africa for the Africans. It is a dream, or black man's dream, which will never be fulfilled; but it is beyond us to prophesy what circumstances may come to pass in the working out and the shattering of that illusion. The aim of the educated Kaffir is freedom—freedom in all matters political and spiritual. This spirit is manifesting itself by a series of what are called 'new movements' generally connected with religion, to which much attention has been directed of late.

The establishment of the Ethiopian Church is a very significant sign of the times. Wishing to be entirely free from all control, the Kaffirs have started a coloured *soi-disant* Christian Church of their own, conducted on racial lines, no whites being admitted. This organisation is affiliated with the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America. The natives consecrate their own 'clergymen,' the head of the Ethiopian Church being a Kaffir bishop named Dwane. His following is roughly estimated at about 10,000 natives, and the Christianity taught is apparently of the most curious character. The tendency to relapse into heathenism is a conspicuous one among all these native religious organisations. The Eastern Province even to-day is honeycombed with witchcraft. Many curious tales were told me on this subject when I was travelling through the district, but they are too chaotic to be recounted here. Much restlessness and discontent have been caused by the 'new movements,' and the Kaffirs who break away from European control become in many cases totally indifferent to the teaching of either civilisation or the Gospel. The religious aspira-

tions of the native races are characteristically accompanied by that love of coercion and persecution which has marked theological ardour in all ages. So notorious has this become, that the Secretary of Native Affairs not long since was forced to warn the head-men that, however desirable the Government might consider spiritual and educational advancement among the tribes, coercion was not to be used to achieve these ends. Reference is made more than once in the Cape of Good Hope Native Affairs Blue Book for 1899 to the restlessness created by the propaganda carried on by the Ethiopian Church. 'The leading idea is to cast off the white man altogether in Church matters,' writes one inspector of native locations. 'The doctrines taught, the form of Church government, are secondary considerations. The name of the Church conveys the leading and master thought of the organisation. In the designation "Ethiopian Church" is contained the very pith of the movement.' She lays claim to being the native national Church into which all tribes shall come, prophesies the birth of a great nation out of herself—viz. the "Ethiopian people"—seeks to be entirely independent of all European control in Church matters; to this end has its own bishop (a Kaffir by birth), who is now the presiding elder in this country.'

The eagerness of the Kaffir for education is another striking fact which bears witness to his growth of ambitions. The great native institution at Lovedale is full to overcrowding, and the rush still continues. The average age of the pupils is eighteen to twenty, and of the industrial apprentices twenty-two, but this average is rapidly falling, which testifies to the growth of the educational spirit. Dr. Roberts, the Vice-Principal, told

me that this desire for learning is almost an instinct of self-preservation among the natives, and that some of them frankly say that with education their chance has come. The educational returns in Cape Colony are instructive on this head. The statistics for 1898 show the average of attendance in the State-aided schools to be 58·73 per cent. black, and 41·27 per cent. white. Kaffirs have shown capacity as teachers, evangelists, and interpreters, and they achieve some success as public speakers. They are also extremely fond of litigation, though their inherent mendacity is too great to allow of their making good lawyers. A Kaffir has in fact the most irreverent ideas as to the majesty and dignity of the law. Lawyer and liar are synonymous terms in his mind. If he goes to law and loses a case, he never admits that any idea—however mistaken—of justice has entered into the question. He only bewails that the other man's liar (*Anglicè*, lawyer) lied better than his liar, hence the judgment against him. One native magistrate complains in his report that 'a Fingo has not the slightest hesitation in ruining himself over an utterly trivial case.' On one occasion a sum of five shillings was in dispute and the costs in the case came to 25*l*. A witness before the Select Committee on the Glen Grey Act also described a case when a quarrel over a pair of old saddle-bags had resulted in a legal action involving very large costs.

It is this combination of savagery and civilisation which makes the direction of native affairs a difficult one in South Africa. The prejudices of the one side, the aspirations of the other, have both to be taken into account, and there is always the danger that the ignorance of the Red Kaffir may be exploited unscru-

pulously by the more intelligent section. The prejudices of the native mind, and the strange lack of mental perspective which determines all his ideas are almost incomprehensible to the European. Nevertheless, they must be understood and taken into account. The question which arose lately over the employment of Native Indian troops in the present war is an instance in point. The exclusion of the latter on grounds of policy puzzled many people, to whom the statement that the quarrel was between white men conveyed no meaning. The loyalty and splendid fighting qualities of our Sikhs and Gurkhas are as fully appreciated in South Africa as in any part of the Empire, but the local conditions rendered their services unavailable. The natives had been told not to interfere in a matter concerning the Dutch and English, but great difficulty was found in restraining various warlike tribes whose aboriginal instincts were whetted by the prospects of strife. Had Indian troops been sent to Africa when the country was in such an inflammable state, it is impossible to calculate the bad effect their presence would have had on the Kaffirs. Apart from its inconsistency, such an act would have been looked upon by the native mind, so ignorant and easily swayed, as a hopeless avowal of weakness and numerical inferiority. The educated Kaffir with his ideal of Africa for the Africans would not have failed to preach the following moral to his savage brother: 'If there are not enough English soldiers to fight a relative handful of Dutch, what would be the position of this so-called ruling race if brought face to face with a strong coloured population estimated south of the Zambesi at eight millions?' Considerations such as these have always to be borne in mind when ruling

native races, and they are considerations frequently ignored by the general public.

The question of the Kaffir vote is likely to prove a difficult one in any federation scheme devised for a United South Africa. It would be manifestly illogical to allow natives to vote for a Federal Parliament in one colony and deny them the gift in all the others. It is equally certain that Natal and the Dutch States would resolutely oppose the introduction of the colour factor. Nevertheless, the Cape Colony Kaffir has the franchise under the present system, and is not likely to forego it under a new one. How this difficulty will be averted is at present an enigma, for the Natalians and the Boers are at one in their determination that no native influence shall penetrate within the walls of their Assemblies. The Kaffir franchise has always evoked a good deal of criticism among Cape Colony's neighbours. The Boers flout her openly in the matter, and Natal equally reserves the right of making unpleasant observations on the subject. The relations between the two colonies are not effusively cordial. They are marked by that affection tempered by a high degree of criticism which often exists between members of the same family. Cape Colony is fond of adopting a lofty elder-sister, 'You are only a little girl, you know,' tone to Natal, and bids the latter beware of the precocity of youth and the introduction of coolie labour. To which Natal replies pertly: 'You needn't talk. I don't allow a black vote in *my* Assembly anyway; and what about your liquor laws too? You attend to your own Scab Act, which won't work properly though you are always tinkering at it, and leave me to manage my coolies.'

Such in broad outline are some of the problems raised by any study of the native question in South

Africa. The subject is an inexhaustible one, and I have barely touched its fringe. The most confirmed optimist is forced to own that the future outlook is not very promising for all parties concerned, whatever advantages may be gained by individual sections. Two facts, however, of which I have not yet spoken may serve to modify that future to a considerable extent. The first of these brings me back to the statement from which I started—namely, the vitality of the Bantu race. Opinions are divided as to whether that vitality will always maintain itself at its present high degree. So far the Kaffir has not withered at the touch of civilisation, as has been the fate of the Maori and the Red Indian. On the contrary, his numbers are increasing very rapidly. At the same time, it must be remembered that his conditions of existence are at present artificially favourable. Not only is a fair field open to him in his competition with the white, but special advantages are secured to him by law. The Government protects the natives against themselves by forbidding the use of liquor and guns, and, still further, in certain districts they are not allowed to alienate their lands, a provision which saves them from the penalties of debt and subsequent vagabondage. As the native grows more educated and demands that in every respect he may be treated as the white, these protections will be withdrawn, and once withdrawn it is possible the vices of civilisation will lay him low. Whether or not this theory is correct, time alone can prove; but, I should add, it is the view I heard upheld by one of the most competent authorities on native affairs in South Africa.

The question of the non-alienability of the land also raises a very important and highly practical issue as regards the electoral qualifications of the natives.

It is practically impossible in politics to curtail a privilege once given, and any direct restriction of the present franchise law in Cape Colony is most unlikely. Should the Kaffirs, however, grow too aggressive, their political power might be curtailed by abolishing the restrictive clauses on land tenure. Native land tenure is a complicated subject; but at present, broadly speaking, it is difficult for Europeans to buy up native property. If the blacks insist, however, upon being put on a perfect equality with the whites, they must submit eventually to the same land laws. This practically means—as a Kaffir is very easily run into debt—that by a little manœuvring the English could purchase all the native allotments, and the natives themselves would simply remain as labourers on property they had previously owned. The loss of the land would entail the loss of the qualification necessary for voting, and the balance of power might be restored in this way. Such a theory, however, savours somewhat of Machiavelian practices, and another solution of the difficulty would be more acceptable. One political element must in the end tell against the native. He will be unable to profit indefinitely by the quarrels of the dominant races. The present political cleavage on racial lines is an unnatural one and cannot last for ever. Sooner or later the real party lines in South Africa must fall between the Protectionist and the Free Trader—that is to say, country *versus* town. A few faint signs in this direction already begin to show themselves in Natal, where, racial distinction being practically nil, politics develop under normal circumstances.

The reader may perhaps feel inclined to say a little wearily that, as this generation has had to bear very heavy burdens resulting from the present problems of

Africa, it is gratuitous to trouble ourselves about those of a remote epoch. To each generation its problem and its task; but a certain degree of responsibility as regards the future is one which rests on every age in turn. The Kaffir mind may be compared at present with a green twig the growth of which depends on the form we choose to give it. That in itself is a weighty decision for us to make.

> It's an awkward thing to play with souls,
> And matter enough to save one's own;

and the cry of those inarticulate races who look towards us for light necessarily strikes a warning note in the ears of all who hear it.

CHAPTER XIII.

NATIVE EDUCATION AND LEGISLATION.

THE question of native education in South Africa is a very difficult one. It is difficult because it has to meet wants we have ourselves created in the Kaffir mind and are at present somewhat nonplussed to know how to deal with. It sounds very well at first sight to say that we must teach the native ideas of decency and self-respect; teach him also that it is better to work than to loaf. But when examined a little nearer, the case does not appear so simple. The native is perfectly happy in his natural state of dirt, demoralisation, and idleness. He asks no more than to be left alone, and from his point of view there is no reason why he should be disturbed. From our point of view, however, it is impossible to leave him in such a state. In the first place, it is contrary to European standards to acquiesce in the perpetual degradation of any human being; in the second place, savagery inconveniences the white settlers. Idle, demoralised, thieving tribes are not nice neighbours; also, the European wants black labour. To teach the Kaffir better manners and morals is consequently a very desirable step in the interests of the white community, quite apart from any benefits such training may confer on the Kaffir. The whole question, if we face it honestly, resolves itself

more or less into one of enlightened self-interest, and as such its treatment is open to much divergence of opinion. However, as I said in Chapter XI., any argument as regards the ethics of the white man's presence in Africa can only result in confusion worse confounded. Theoretically, we are bound to own that our advent was an injustice in many ways to the blacks; practically, we are established in the country for all time, and the latter has no choice but to make the best of us and our governing systems. The Kaffir must adapt himself to our standards and learn to be virtuous, because it suits us that he should do so. We have long since discovered that honesty is the best policy, and he must do the same. Hence it is necessary to inculcate in his mind some of those rudimentary principles on which the prosperity of a civilised race depends. But here again the Kaffir has some ground of complaint against us, for he may justly urge that we are always opening up vistas before his eyes, and then shutting them out with racial disqualifications. We are apt to start him on the path of knowledge and then bar the road to its ultimate goal of political privileges. We teach him at one and the same time the possibilities within reach of the higher races and the impossibility of his own attainment to them. These are hard perplexing facts, and they are necessarily ever present in the minds of those to whom the welfare of the natives is a matter of most genuine concern.

Sweeping away the cobwebs of theory, however, it is obviously the practical duty of any white Government to ensure, as far as possible, the well-being of these subject-races under their new conditions of life. The difficulty in doing so arises from the uncertainty which

prevails as to the system by which this end may be best achieved. The Kaffir is often a bone of dispute, the possession of which is contested by people of very opposite views. The champions of politics, religion, and philanthropy each in turn claim him for their own. Others, again, urge that he may be profitably left to his own devices, with a consequent saving of time and trouble. This simple solution of the problem is clearly out of the question. The educated native may increase our own difficulties as a governing race, but we cannot on that account condemn a large section of humanity to live for ever in a state of savagery. Any such contention would be as monstrous as the thinly veiled objections often brought forward against elementary education in this country. Those objections in many cases resolve themselves into the dislike of the upper classes at the conditions of the labour market being upset. Few attitudes can be more unworthy than that of the man who, being armed himself with the weapon of knowledge, denies that gift to another. The suitability of the education selected is, however, a very different matter, for the class of training and mental discipline given must necessarily vary according to the type of mind which receives it. The cardinal principle often forgotten, not only in Africa but in England, is that education has not as its ultimate object a mere cramming of facts and figures, but the evolution of a thinking being who is also a good citizen. How to give practical expression to these aims under circumstances of such difficulty as exist in South Africa, is the question which taxes the resources of Governments and philanthropists alike.

Practically speaking, education is entirely in the hands of the missionaries. In a former chapter of this

book the reader may think I made some rather severe strictures on the early days of missionary work among the Kaffirs. Undoubtedly great mistakes were made at that time—mistakes to which we cannot shut our eyes because the spirit animating them was good. Individually the missionaries were almost without exception men who did their best in every way for the natives, but frequently their well-meant efforts, being tactless, only resulted in the stirring up of strife. Great responsibility was incurred by various philanthropic societies whose members, unarmed by expert advice or personal experience, formed untested and wholly erroneous theories about the government of native races, and, still further, sent out agents to carry those theories into execution. This is a danger the repetition of which is not wholly impossible under present circumstances, and it is one to be guarded against carefully. A great change, however, has come over missionary work since the days of Lord Glenelg. In former times the missionaries were often reproached, quite justly, with the fact that they aimed at making converts rather than at making citizens. The necessity of civil as well as theological training for the Kaffir is now recognised on all hands. Many people hold, in fact, that it is better when dealing with natives to inculcate a sense of obedience to the law, as defined by the statute book, rather than obedience to a gospel the interpretation of which varies according to taste. The competition and discord existing at one time among the various sects were not altogether edifying from the religious point of view, and must have proved extremely puzzling to the Kaffir. The teaching of various industries now goes hand in hand with the teaching of religion, and, though the field of missionary work is at all times a disappoint-

ing one, the results obtained are far better than in the old days of purely evangelistic education.

The first great impetus in this direction came from Sir George Grey, that wise and able administrator to whom South Africa owes so much. He was untiring in his efforts at promoting the welfare of the coloured races, and with this end in view he encouraged the establishment of industrial institutions in different parts of the country, where the young natives might learn trades and other occupations. These industrial schools have done admirable work in South Africa, and first and foremost among them is the noble institution of Lovedale, in the Eastern Province.

I spent some days at this mission station when I was in South Africa, and my visit there was a most interesting experience. Lovedale is a striking monument not only to Scotch resource and energy, but to that educational perception for which our neighbours across the Border are noted. This little settlement is a true oasis in the desert. It is prettily situated in the midst of charming scenery on the banks of the Tyumie River, about forty miles from King William's Town. The general air of organisation and well-being comes as a tonic in a land which is often one of tags and ends. Orchards, gardens, and oak avenues surround the substantial-looking stone buildings, and but for the galvanised iron roofs it would be easy to fancy oneself in the midst of some quiet Scotch or English village. When it is remembered that every necessary of life has to be brought forty miles from the nearest railway by ox waggon, the refinements of Lovedale are all the more remarkable. The institution was founded in 1841 by the Rev. W. Govan, and called after Dr. Love, of Glasgow, a former secretary of the London

Missionary Society. Sir George Grey visited Lovedale in 1855, and it was on his suggestion than an industrial department was started in order to bring manual instruction within the reach of the natives. Sir George Grey assisted this new departure with a Government grant, and the work he inaugurated has borne excellent fruit. The institution is almost entirely supported by the Free Church of Scotland, who constitute the governing body and direct its policy from Edinburgh. Dr. Stewart, the present head, bears one of the most honoured and beloved names in South Africa, but unfortunately he was in Scotland at the time of our visit. 'You have not seen Lovedale if you have not met Stewart,' some one said to me on my return to Cape Town ; but, however much I regretted his absence, the warm welcome extended to us by Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, and the staff generally, left no possible wish unsatisfied during our visit.

Lovedale is the largest mission station in the world, and is in many respects a unique place. It carries on missionary work among the natives on three lines—religious, educational, and industrial. Preachers and evangelists are prepared for native congregations, teachers trained for missionary schools, and a general education, literary and technical, given to all who want it. The following trades are taught: carpentry, waggon-making, blacksmithing, printing, bookbinding, telegraphing, and, among the girls, sewing and laundry work. The institution aims at civilising through Christianity, but it is entirely non-sectarian, the Bible alone being read and taught. Attendance at these Bible readings morning and evening is compulsory, but no pupil is required to be a professing Christian or attend the prayer meetings. Roughly speaking, the

Lovedale community numbers about 1,000 persons; pupils, labourers, and a staff of forty teachers included. The fees are little more than nominal, the usual charge being 5*l.* per annum, board, lodging, and education included; and for day scholars only 1*l.* per annum. Altogether there are over 800 students—600 boys and 200 girls—drawn from the furthest ends of Africa. Lovedale as an ethnographical study ranks only second to the Kimberley compounds. Members of almost every tribe may be found there, and one hears with astonishment that enthusiasm for education has attracted some inhabitants from countries so far north as Gallaland, Nyassaland, and Shiré. Practically it is a coloured institution, but white children are also admitted; Lovedale being perhaps the only school in Africa where the two races learn their lessons side by side. I was interested to hear that the black children, as a whole, were much quicker than the white, and easily outdistance the latter at examinations. One must remember, however, these children are mostly the offspring of what are known as 'poor whites.'

The education itself is given on the ordinary lines on which it is conducted in an elementary school. There are five standards for the children, and three for the normal or teachers' class. Matriculation classes are also held, and Lovedale is a centre where examinations take place under the direction of the Cape Town University. The technical instruction given is of a thorough character. Boys who wish to receive industrial training spend two years first in the school, and are obliged to pass the fourth standard before they are allowed in the shops. After a year's probation they are, if satisfactory, indentured for a period of four years,

and receive instruction in the various branches of technical training. Nothing astonished me more in Africa than the excellence of the Lovedale workshops. It is often my lot to visit schools in England, but such technical institutions as I have seen in this country were altogether outstripped by this remote establishment in the heart of British Kaffraria. The work turned out in the carpentry and smithy departments was first-rate, and the printing and bookbinding establishments were also excellent. The discipline and method throughout the whole of Lovedale are admirable, and one can only marvel at the talent and still more the enthusiasm which have achieved such results.

No institution could be more fitted than this one to meet the needs of a transition period. The practical character of the instruction given strikes the visitor forcibly, also the whole tone and spirit of the place. Were all missions directed with as much wisdom as Lovedale, the criticisms raised against them would fast disappear. Those in authority teach by example as well as by precept. This devoted little band who have cut themselves adrift from the outside world and their own home ties in order to labour among those wastes, sterile almost as the desert, of the Kaffir mind, are men and women whom one is proud to have known. The difficulties of their task are immense. In the field of missionary enterprise, above all others, so much energy seems lost; so little headway made against the mass of heathendom; so little real success achieved. The education of the Kaffir for years to come must be an unsatisfactory task; but, granted that he is to be educated, the Lovedale system offers the most hopeful solution of his problem. It teaches discipline, order, restraint, and a very practical side of Christianity.

My Lovedale friends may not perhaps altogether like the wholly secular light in which I have represented their work, but one cannot avoid the conclusion that it is to this practical side that the institution owes its success. Religion is, after all, a growth not a graft, and the paucity of religious ideas among the Kaffirs renders their appreciation of Christian doctrines extremely difficult. The practical demonstration of goodness and self-sacrifice in the lives of those around him will teach the Kaffir more about the essence of Christianity than he is likely to learn from a study of the Thirty-nine Articles. Systems—political, social, religious—rise, flourish, and decay; but amid the whirlpool of human life and development one rock stands firmly established, the rock of Duty. That at least is clear when all the rest is confusion.

> By all ye will or whisper,
> By all ye leave or do,
> The silent, sullen peoples
> Shall weigh your God and you.

A system may fail, but example endures, and it is example which at Lovedale, as elsewhere, teaches many a noble lesson to those races by whom the ethics of civilisation are wholly ignored.

Whether the Kaffir will ever find real happiness through education is a speculation which can only arouse misgivings. It is impossible not to fear that to him knowledge may be a true Pisgah's mountain, the point of vantage from which he will view a Promised Land he can never enter. It is a serious matter to waken hopes and aspirations in a human being for which no adequate gratification may be forthcoming. Whether the effect of education in the long run may

but serve to unsettle the native, to change a thoughtless happy child into a thoughtful discontented man, is a possibility we cannot ignore. The element of development which characterises the Aryan races is apparently wholly lacking in the Ethiopic peoples. Development may be excited and encouraged in backward races, but under such circumstances it is an exotic growth lacking both in strength and stamina. The subordination of the black to the white seems inevitable for all time; but a day may come when the former learns to resent the fact bitterly, and to rise in revolt against it. One thing at Lovedale I noticed particularly—namely, the sad, almost sullen cast of countenance among the pupils. At Kimberley the natives working in the compounds were the merriest, brightest set of men one could wish to see; but at Lovedale the students, though perfectly courteous and amiable, seemed to have lost all the vitality and exuberance of their less advanced brothers. The shadow of knowledge rested on them, and the sight struck me as very pitiful.

The line of cleavage between the educated and uneducated Kaffir is very sharp, and it is interesting to note that the former has a great dislike to working with his hands. This parallel has a striking resemblance to certain difficulties and false ideals which have arisen over education in our own country. Many people complain that the millions spent annually on our elementary schools have not yet taught the somewhat obvious fact that manual labour and menial labour are not interchangeable terms. Apparently the Kaffir suffers from an aberration of the same kind; as much to be regretted in his case as in ours. But, be all this as it may, it seems to me that we cannot help ourselves in this matter of Kaffir education. Having brought the

native into contact with our civilisation and forced its restraints upon him, we must leave him free to profit by its blessings if he wishes to do so. Whether he may prove them to be such is a different matter, but it would be unjust to deny him the right of finding out for himself. We can but give him a helping hand when the opportunity arises, and the rest is on the knees of the gods.

As regards the civil discipline within reach of the Kaffirs, I have spoken in the last chapter of the excellent work and, still more, the excellent example of the European magistrates who are stationed in the native districts and supervise the tribes. The different laws which have been enacted for the coloured population include some interesting experiments. 'One law for both' is not practicable for blacks and whites at present, and special legislation is necessary to meet the requirements of a transition period such as prevails in Africa. Since the franchise was within reach of the native, clearly it was necessary that he should be trained to make a proper use of it. To teach the Kaffir the elementary principles of good government, to wean him little by little from his savage habits, was a task as necessary as desirable. Great difficulty, however, was found in devising a system which should combine the maximum of advantage with the minimum of political inconsistencies. Once again we find the existence of a difficulty bringing Mr. Rhodes to the front, and to him belongs the honour of having drafted the most admirable Native Act which exists on the statute book probably of any country.

Mr. Rhodes is popularly known as an empire-maker who thinks in continents; but he will have no better claim to the gratitude of posterity than that which

rests on his native legislation. It is characteristic that his first-rate work in this respect is practically unknown in England, probably because domestic reforms are lacking in the elements of picturesqueness to be found in a trans-continental railway. To have devised a system, however, which is being gradually extended in some form or another to the government of natives throughout South Africa is a great work, and it is one Mr. Rhodes has achieved by his Glen Grey Act. This measure takes its name from a district on the borders of the Transkei, to which it was first experimentally applied in 1894. The Glen Grey Act aims at three objects: first, the suppression of vagrancy and overcrowding; secondly, the discouragement of loafing; thirdly, the establishment of a system of municipal training. The Act is in fact a scheme of local self-government to supply the Kaffir with an outline of civilised administration.

Overcrowding and vagrancy are two difficulties which constantly arise in native administration. Under the Glen Grey Act, a system of allotments held under individual tenure and secured by primogeniture averts the first of these evils; and a clause ensuring the inalienability of the land the second. The Act is divided into seven sections. The first, known as the survey, dealing with the creation of locations in the district of Glen Grey; and the fifth, dealing with the establishment of a district council, are the most important clauses. The various locations are under the control of native boards, consisting of three resident holders of land within the limits of the location. These smaller boards send representatives to the council, which is the governing body for the whole district. It consists of twelve members, six of whom are ap-

pointed by the Governor and six by the inhabitants. Large discretionary powers are necessarily reserved to the Governor throughout the Act, but the spirit of the measure all through is to encourage the natives to take an intelligent interest in their own affairs. The district council has rating powers, and is responsible for the construction of roads, bridges, the planting and cultivation of trees, the establishment of schools, and other matters connected with civil administration and agricultural details.

Important powers are also vested in the district council as regards liquor licences, which are regulated by a system of local option. The liquor question in Cape Colony has never been satisfactorily dealt with. The sale of intoxicants to natives is strictly prohibited both in Natal and Rhodesia, and the Free State even enforces a similar measure. Liquor laws exist in Cape Colony and regulate the native traffic; but, owing to the Dutch brandy interest in the Western Province, the Bond has stubbornly and successfully opposed a complete prohibition of the sale of intoxicants being passed by the Cape Parliament. Many people feel strongly that this fact has been one of the greatest scandals resulting from the influence of the Dutch party in South African politics. The existence of canteens under the Glen Grey system is an unsatisfactory feature of the scheme, and the fact that drunkenness still prevails in the district, unfortunately, was proved before the Select Committee on the working of the Act. It is to be hoped some modification may be introduced to meet this evil, the toleration of which is a weak point in a good measure.

The succession law, which is bound up with the inalienability of the land, indirectly aims at the suppres-

sion of polygamy. The allotment and other immovable property cannot be devised by will, but devolve on the eldest son of the head wife. Native custom provides that the other wives shall be supported by their relations, but as the second and subsequent wives and their children have no legal status, their position is not satisfactory to themselves. Polygamy is connected with so many heathen customs that its discouragement, direct and indirect, is looked upon as most necessary.

A labour bureau established under the auspices of the district council has proved a useful institution. It receives applications from public departments, contractors, &c., who are desirous of obtaining the services of native labourers, and arranges for supplying the same. The demand for black labour at Kimberley and Johannesburg has entailed many changes among the natives. They have acquired wealth, and unfortunately vices as well. At Kimberley the admirable compound system enforced by De Beers keeps them out of harm's way; but the industrial conditions at Johannesburg are an unmixed evil for the blacks. As has been stated in a former chapter, abuses of the grossest character are tolerated by the Transvaal Government, and the demoralising influences to which the natives are exposed, especially in the matter of liquor, have the worst effect on their own after-careers. At the same time, the desire to become wealthy and to own cattle is steadily increasing among the Kaffirs, and they are more willing to go out to labour than in former years. The section of the Glen Grey Act which has excited the most controversy is a clause directed against loafing, known as the labour tax. Every male native residing in the district, exclusive of natives in possession of lands under ordinary quit-rent titles, or in

freehold, is called upon to pay a tax of ten shillings per annum unless he can satisfy the resident magistrate that he has been in service three months beyond the borders of the district, or has been satisfactorily employed at an adequate wage within the district. A very liberal construction of this clause rests with the magistrate, who can remit it for illness or any other good reason. After a total period of three years' service, consecutive or otherwise, the native is exempted from any further payment. The money collected from this source is applied to purposes of education within the district, so that the penalties imposed on laziness are applied to the ends of virtue. It is rather difficult to understand why the clause has excited so much controversy, but undoubtedly it is looked upon as a grievance by some people and as an irritant by others. A native labour tax is always open to the objection that it is imposing a system of forced labour on the black man without imposing the same on the 'mean white.' It is argued that though the tax may be regarded in one light as an incentive to labour, it is also capable of interpretation as a device of the white man for obtaining it. Loafing, however, invariably leads to crime among natives, and it is better for the community at large that the Kaffir should have a certain amount of employment. It is also argued that though the tax may be a special one, the native on the other hand has special privileges not accorded to the white. His land is inalienable and cannot be seized for debt, and he receives protection in other ways. The Select Committee on the Glen Grey Act, which sat at Cape Town in December 1898, did not come to any practical conclusion in the matter. It was maintained that exceptional advantages must also have exceptional obligations,

and the committee reported accordingly. All the witnesses, including authorities on native affairs such as Sir Henry Elliot and Mr. Levey, spoke against the tax as an irritating measure, but added it was more of a sentimental than a real grievance. It is in fact as a sentimental grievance that the tax must be regarded, for, during the four years that the Act has been in operation, only 700*l.* has been collected under this head. Those in favour of the tax of course argue that this small sum proves that the regulation is operating in the manner desired.

With the exception of this disputed clause, it is allowed by every one that the Glen Grey Act is the best piece of native legislation which has ever been introduced into Parliament. It has had a most salutary influence on crime in the Glen Grey district, for the prison at Lady Frere, usually fairly full of natives, was empty in the year following the passing of the Act. The young men now go out to work instead of attending the 'beer drinks' from which so much mischief resulted. The measure is working in a successful and satisfactory manner, and the native magistrates are warm in its praise. Sir Henry Elliot, chief magistrate in the Native Territories, stated before the Select Committee that he considered it the most beneficial Act which had ever been passed with reference to the natives. He considered that it would remove the danger of war in the future; for the Kaffir, instead of being subject to his head-man, had now a stake in the country, and would learn to think for himself in consequence. In his report published in the Cape of Good Hope Native Affairs Blue Book for 1899, Sir Henry Elliot dwells again on the sense of personal responsibility the system is developing among

the natives. His colleagues speak one and all in the same strain.

Certain sections of the Glen Grey Act have been extended to various districts in the Transkei and have proved equally successful. The local self-government clauses, but without the survey, have been adopted in Idutywa, Nqamakwe, Tsomo, Kentani, and Butterworth. Butterworth has recently adopted the individual tenure, and that district now is to all intents and purposes under the same operation as the Glen Grey. Measures such as these can only have a beneficial influence on the Kaffirs, and, so far as we can judge, they have resulted up to the present in the welfare of all concerned.

I have endeavoured to show, however imperfectly, what difficulties beset the path of native administration in South Africa, and the magnitude of the problem involved by the colour question. The obscurity which conceals the future is not the least perplexing element in the case. The administrator is weighted by the consciousness that his efforts are necessarily tentative and halting; that he is unable to judge, through lack of past experience, whether his theories are sound or unsound, and whether they will prove beneficial or disastrous to races yet unborn. Mr. Scully, resident magistrate at Nqamakwe, brings his annual report to an end with the following eloquent words, which form a fitting conclusion to this chapter:

'The philosophic administrator of a native district may draw comfort from the reflection that in the more difficult future other hands than his will hold the plough. The problems ahead make one almost afraid to think. When one considers the tremendous increase of population and remembers that there is no room for

expansion in any direction, the prospect looks dark indeed. What will become of these inarticulate myriads whose standard of righteousness we are so rapidly destroying, and to whom our standard is unintelligible? How long will they hearken to our half-understood speech? Shall we ever bridge the gulf which lies between our understanding and theirs? These and other questions we will have to answer, and there are apt to be serious consequences if one answers Sphinx riddles otherwise than correctly.'

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Part III.

NOTES FROM A TRAVELLING DIARY

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPE TOWN.

'In all the world there is perhaps no city so beautifully situated as Cape Town,' writes James Anthony Froude. 'The grey cliffs seem to overhang it like Poseidon's precipice, which threatened the city of Alcinous; from the base a forest of pines slopes upwards wherever trees can fasten their roots, and fills the entire valley to the margin of the houses.'

Among the great harbours of the world, Table Bay has few equals for beauty. It holds its own victoriously when compared with the renowned anchorages of Naples, Sydney, or San Francisco. Naples points to Vesuvius, Sydney to her Heads, San Francisco to the beauties of her Golden Gate; but 'there is but one Table Mountain,' as Afrikanders say, and it is claimed by the capital of South Africa. The great mail steamer presses restlessly forward on the last stage of her journey from England. We have swept round Robben Island—home of lepers and quarantined dogs—and entered Table Bay. Cape Town, lying in its amphitheatre of hills, stretches before us, still asleep in the rosy light of a June dawn. Straight ahead, the rugged mass of Table Mountain, with its thickly wooded slopes and green kloofs, rises above the line of low white houses. It is flanked to the left by the picturesque Devil's Peak, the Windberg of the

ancient navigators; and to the right by the great rock known as the Lion's Head. Far away to the left, across the dazzling sands of the Cape Flats, the summits of the distant Hottentots Holland Mountains stand like dream hills, guarding the entrance to the North—that North to which all men's eyes are turned politically in Cape Colony. This panorama seen for the first time at break of day is indescribably beautiful, and leaves an impression which neither time nor distance can efface. There are few who have thus looked their first on Table Mountain, grey seneschal standing watch and ward over a Dark Continent, without experiencing a thrill of wonder and expectancy as the ship on which they stand nears her goal in this land of paradoxes and surprises.

Two items of news greeted us as the 'Gothic' dropped her anchor in Table Bay and the health officials came on board. We had been cut off from the world for three weeks, and the world had not stood still during that time. 'Flying Fox has won the Derby' were the first words I heard in South Africa. Then came the far more weighty and unexpected statement, 'Sir Alfred Milner has gone to Bloemfontein to meet President Kruger and talk things over.' The news took us all by surprise, for no inkling of the conference had leaked out when we left England. Among the first bewildering impressions of a new land it is hard to say whether we fully appreciated the gravity and significance of what was taking place in the Free State. For the moment every one was occupied with his new surroundings and the general appearance of Cape Town. There is a certain family likeness between Table Bay and the harbour of Palermo, in Sicily. The characteristic feature of both

is a flat-topped rock. But whereas Monte Pellegrino stands on one side of the beautiful Conca d' Oro, Table Mountain is far more finely situated in the centre of the bay, and wins an allegiance from most people such as is commanded by few other natural objects.

At all times Table Mountain is grand and impressive. One of the most striking features of South African scenery is the wealth and variety of its colouring. Thanks to the clear atmosphere, the most dreary tracts of veldt and karroo are touched at all hours, but especially at sunrise and sunset, with shades of rose and blue and purple, inconceivable to dwellers under the grey skies of England. You may see Table Mountain a hundred times, but you will never see it look twice the same. Whether it rises a violet rock into a sky of purest blue, or covers its summit with that fleecy vapour—betokening a south-easter—known as the tablecloth ; whether the great mists descend in waves upon the city below, obscuring the rugged cliffs from view, or every kloof and pinnacle lies clear and radiant in the stillness of the African moonlight, Table Mountain remains ever-enchanting, ever new, to those who have lived beneath its shadow, and learnt to love the grey old rock with an affection which never changes.

Once on shore, Cape Town, it must be owned, speedily loses that dreamlike appearance which captivated the traveller from the steamer's deck. The city itself is not particularly interesting. It has a bad reputation, according to the season, for mud or dust, and in summer time, when the south-east wind is prevalent, the sand-storms are very trying. Few of the well-to-do classes live in the town itself, but inhabit

the charming suburbs which wind round the base of Table Mountain, from Sea Point on the one side to Wynberg, the military camp, on the other.

One of the oldest colonial capitals, it is disappointing to find how few traces of antiquity are preserved in Cape Town. There are but rare signs of the early Dutch rule, and no buildings to tell of Van Riebeek's settlement in 1652. The site is matchless, but the city as a whole has fallen between the upper and nether millstones of past and present. It has lost its old Dutch character, without attaining to the size and importance of the modern capitals of Australia and New Zealand. Except the Castle, a quaint old seventeenth-century citadel, now used as the quarters of the General commanding at the Cape, but entirely useless from a military point of view, little is left to tell the antiquarian about the days of Van Riebeek and the Van der Stels. Gone are the canals which formerly carried off those deluges of water still descending in the rainy season from Table Mountain; gone, too, in most cases, are the old-fashioned Dutch houses of the last century. Here and there, however, in quarters of the town now wholly commercial, you may still come across roomy, two-storied, flat-roofed buildings, with oak panels and small-paned windows, formerly residences of the Dutch aristocracy. High stoeps—a stone terrace, running along the front of the house, and of all domestic adjuncts the most important in South Africa—give straight upon the street; and here long ago the functionaries of the Dutch East India Company and their families would meet in the cool of the evening for social relaxation. The stoep is still the central point of all friendly gatherings at the Cape, though the company no longer obediently disperses at

nine o'clock upon a signal gun from the Castle. Times have changed since then, and with them the very names of the streets. Bree Street, Waterkant Street, Staal Plein are survivals from the old days, but the Heerengracht is now known as Darling Street, and the principal thoroughfare is no longer called the Kaizergracht, but Adderley Street.

Adderley Street is typically colonial; a jumble of stores, shops, and houses of all heights and sizes, mixed up somewhat incongruously with a few handsome public buildings, such as the Post Office and the Standard Bank. The railway station, which may one day be the southern terminus of the Cape to Cairo line, is attractive for that very reason to the sentimental imperialist. Adderley Street looks in a minor degree what every street in South Africa does more or less—unfinished and dumped down, as the expressive saying goes. But whatever the æsthetic failings, Cape Town, thanks to its site, could never look ordinary. The long streets sloping seawards to the intensely blue waters of the bay, frame charming little views of the harbour and its shipping; whilst sideways there are other glimpses to be caught of the green mountain crest dotted with houses and gardens. A fine statue of Van Riebeek, a recent gift of Mr. Rhodes to the Municipality, stands guard over the harbour end of Adderley Street. Looking upwards the town seems to lose itself in a forest of oaks and pines.

Properly laid out and properly built, Cape Town should have been the most beautiful city in the world. As it is, one is struck by the unforeign look of everything. A person who has crossed six thousand miles of ocean in search of new impressions, feels somewhat aggrieved perhaps at discovering that, as far as Cape

Town is concerned, he might have achieved that object better within a stone's throw of his own shores, say at Boulogne or The Hague. Neither the Dutch population nor the native factor seems to count for much in one's first idea of the place. Adderley Street, with its bustling electric trams, large shops, and well-dressed men and women, is wholly Anglo-Saxon. The old familiar type, the old familiar language, strike upon eye and ear at every turn and corner. The Dutch element is outwardly not conspicuous. You have to look carefully to pick out the Dutch farmer with his slouch hat and long unkempt beard who is in for the day from the country. I do not remember hearing Dutch spoken in the streets of Cape Town half a dozen times during as many months. It is only when one settles down in the place that little by little a disagreeable consciousness of some hostile influence silently but surely operating against England and the English forces itself upon the traveller. To understand the problems of Africa it is necessary to have lived among them. The impulse which moves the Englishman to raise his hat to the Union Jack when he sees it—that characteristic act of a loyal South African—surprises the new-comer, who fails to catch the drift of such a gesture. One learns, and that before long, to appreciate its significance, and be thankful for the spirit which prompts it.

The large numerical superiority of the native population is not quickly realised, probably because they have abandoned the aboriginal blanket for the garb of civilisation. There is not much local colour in Cape Town. The diminutive cream-painted hansom cabs which ply for hire are more quaint than clean, whilst the red fez of the Malay driver is but an unsatisfactory

reminiscence of street scenes in Constantinople or Cairo. The flowing robes and many-hued turbans of the East are lacking here. The Malay women, with their brilliant scarves and pink shawls, alone supply a touch of picturesqueness entirely lacking in the ordinary native. The up-country Kaffir or Zulu, seen in his own kraal, is a striking specimen of humanity; but it is difficult to speak with common toleration of that mongrel product of the coloured races known as the Cape Boy. He wears European clothes, and so does his dusky lady. Having no virtues, they have intelligently supplied the lack with the white man's vices. The intense racial antipathy of the white man for the black is generally puzzling to the stranger, who at first sight can see no necessity for so much animosity. But a short acquaintance with the Cape Boy throws much light on the subject. The native, swaggering down Adderley Street, jostling the passers-by, and behaving generally in an offensive manner, is a very unlovely development of civilisation. He glories in check suits, high collars, red ties. His clothes, of course, are his own affair, but his general disregard of manners and morals affects others. When he has been rude to a lady in the tram, or pushed her off the pavement into the mud, often ankle deep—then the Cape Boy is happy. Little wonder if, under the circumstances, he is disliked; and by the Dutch more thoroughly even than by the English. The treatment of the natives in the two Boer Republics is cruel, and wholly indefensible; but at heart most people in Cape Town think that Paul Kruger is to be at least thoroughly commended for a law which in the Transvaal compels the native to walk in the middle of the street, and not come near the pavement.

Whatever the limitations of the Dutch as rulers, there is one legacy remaining from the days of the Dutch East India Company for which Cape Town owes unbounded gratitude. The old settlers understood their duties towards the land, and planted trees (notably the oak) in all parts of the country where they established themselves. Alien descendants reap the benefit of their planting to-day, for the oak groves of Cape Town and its suburbs rank high among the greatest charms of the country. The Government Avenue, three-quarters of a mile in length, is a shady walk bordered by a double row of noble oak trees, and in hot weather forms the principal recreation ground of the inhabitants. Here are situated those halls of learning and of legislation it was the dream of Sir George Grey to see established at the foot of Table Mountain. On one side stand the Public Library, the South African Museum, and the beautiful Botanical Gardens; on the other, Government House, and the red brick walls and granite columns of the Parliament buildings. The words 'red brick' and 'granite' strike somewhat harshly on an artistic ear; but it is only one small contradiction among the many great ones of Africa that the Cape House is wholly pleasing to the eye. The simple building, with its bold Corinthian columns, wins admiration from every one. Even connoisseurs, as they study the novel treatment in red and cream colour, cannot withhold their meed of praise. The architectural spirit compares somewhat favourably with the political one. As regards the legislative efforts carried on within these walls, more criticism is perhaps possible.

The residence of the High Commissioner, which lies buried among the oak trees of its garden, is one of the oldest houses in the Cape, dating from the days of

the Dutch Governors. Though relatively small and unpretentious for the purpose of viceregal entertainments, the low, old-fashioned building comes with a welcome sense of relief in a land where most things are aggressively new. Colonel Hanbury-Williams, Sir Alfred Milner's Military Secretary, has worked a transformation inside Government House by lending his fine collection of Old Masters to decorate the reception-rooms. Many people might hesitate to launch their ancestors on such a great trek to the Cape, but Colonel Hanbury-Williams's spirited action has had its reward in the excellent effect produced. The Stuart ladies and Vandyck cavaliers who look down upon one from the walls are thoroughly in keeping with the old house which they mellow and dignify by their presence. Without these portraits, however, Government House must be bare and somewhat dingy. Many people complain that the present building does not sufficiently uphold the dignity of the Crown. Others, again, consider that British dignity in South Africa would be better upheld by a sound and sensible policy than by the most gorgeous combination of bricks and mortar. Lord Charles Somerset, a Governor of whom many stories are told, is said to have expressed himself freely on the subject of his residence when he first arrived in Cape Town. The carriage conveying him from the landing-place drew up at Government House, and Lord Charles was invited to descend from it. 'What's this place?' inquired the Governor. 'This is Government House, your Excellency,' was the reply. 'Government House!' exclaimed Lord Charles. 'I took it for a dog kennel!' There are several legends treasured in Cape Town of very candid remarks made on the same subject, by one 'Governor's lady' in particular.

Socially, as well as politically, Government House is, of course, the centre of Cape Town. How much the popularity of a Governor and of a Governor's administration depends upon the social qualities and tact of his staff is a fact which is soon impressed upon any traveller in Greater Britain. It requires no trifling measure of discretion to steer successfully among the little ins and outs of colonial society, or avoid the various small cliques and jealousies which divide the inhabitants. Such an operation may not involve treaties and army corps, but the task falls with much responsibility on the feminine portion of a Governor's surroundings. 'I win empires,' said Napoleon, 'but Joséphine wins hearts.'

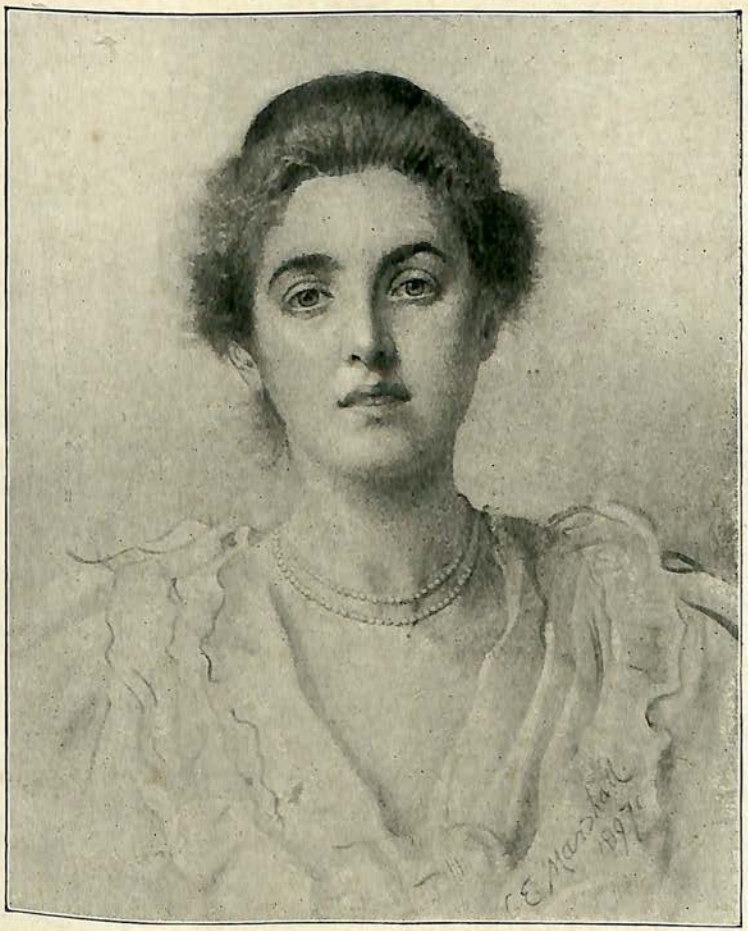
Incidents occasionally take place in colonies which do not find their way into Blue Books. Strange whispers are sometimes heard of Government Houses where aides-de-camp succeed each other with the rapidity of housemaids in a badly managed establishment. The occurrence of such incidents is extremely unfortunate for every one concerned. When a Government House ceases to be actually, as well as theoretically, the central point in the life of a colony, the neutral ground on which all political parties may meet; when no trouble is taken to conciliate the various classes and sections of the community; then the prestige of England suffers in consequence. However staunch a colony in its adherence to the mother country, its loyalty after all requires recognition and gentle handling. We are apt to forget how large a proportion of our fellow-subjects have been born and bred thousands of miles away from England. By the time the second generation has grown up, interests have arisen in a colony

necessarily divergent from those of our own island. Though an English-speaking race, the hopes and ambitions of these men and women centre in the land of their adoption, and many of them have no personal tie whatever with Great Britain beyond the strong link of sentiment. Under these circumstances, and human nature remaining human nature all the world over, if the Imperial authorities are not keenly alive to the varying shades of local opinion, a half-defined grievance is only too likely to arise among the colonial aristocracy as to the fact of the highest posts in their country being filled by people who are practically strangers. A Colonial Minister, with his head full of loyalty and schemes of Imperial defence, feels his patriotic ardour sensibly damped should his wife return from a visit to Government House complaining she has been slighted or not given 'her proper place' at some function. On the other hand, when she is received prettily, and made much of, it helps to fix another rivet in the plates of that colonial battleship slowly forming in her husband's brain. The heartburnings which arise over questions of precedence have entailed international situations before now. They are questions which tact and delicacy smooth away before they half exist. Is it too much to say that there will never be any talk of 'cutting the painter' in a colony where it has never occurred to the colonial lady to feel annoyed because the English official lady invariably goes in to dinner before her? These trifles are but the sidelights of diplomacy, but they are trifles on which great issues have turned before now.

Cape Colony, with its two nationalities and strong racial feeling, presents many thorny social problems, and matters in this respect were at a low ebb in Cape

Town when Sir Alfred Milner arrived. However, a change was soon visible under the new *régime*. The brilliant and hospitable functions, extinct since the days of Sir Bartle Frere, were successfully revived. The latter-day gatherings which before the war thronged the old house in the Oak Avenue were remarkable for their representative character. Dutch and English, Bond, Progressive, and Moderates, all were to be found mixing freely together under Sir Alfred Milner's hospitable roof. To each in turn the same kind welcome was extended. A Governor whose courtesy is proverbial, who has taken the trouble to learn Dutch in order to converse better with one section of his guests, is only likely to be popular. But Sir Alfred himself would be the first to say that the social laurels of Government House must fall to the lot of the charming lady presiding there, who by her tact and sympathy has done so much to reconcile the divergent elements of her surroundings. Lady Anne Barnard herself could not have worked more energetically for the reconciliation of the races than Mrs. Hanbury-Williams. When the history of the Milner administration comes to be written, I hope its chronicler will do full justice to the part she has played in it. Her untiring energy, and still more unfailing kindness in all matters, great or small, where the welfare of others is concerned, have made her one of the most deservedly popular women in South Africa.

Apart from regular social functions, the weekly event in Cape Town is undoubtedly the arrival and departure of the mail. We are accustomed in England to find our letters on the breakfast table, without giving a thought as to how they have reached us; but in South Africa, where all the large towns are situated



A. E. Hanbury Williams

From a drawing by C. E. Marshall

on the seaboard, the weekly steamer becomes a factor in the life of every person. It constitutes the principal link with the outside world, and, as such, its comings and goings are of great importance. Every child knows the relative speeds of the different boats, and, according to the name of the incoming vessel, with what degree of punctuality she may be expected to deliver her mails. The mysteries of mail boats, 'G' boats, and intermediates—shipping enigmas which harass the casual globe-trotter in search of a passage—are simplicity itself to the colonist. The mail leaves for England on Wednesday, and its departure is looked upon by many people as the excuse for a pleasant afternoon out. The population turns out *en masse* to the docks, to bid farewell to the vessel; and between writing letters in the morning and seeing-off friends in the afternoon, mail day is fully occupied. 'Seeing-off friends' is an elastic term in Cape Town. It does not imply the weekly decimation of an intimate circle of neighbours; indeed, a very shadowy acquaintance is apparently sufficient justification for boarding the steamer, meeting other friends, and partaking of the free lunch and tea provided by a generous but somewhat long-suffering company. The perplexed stranger, fresh from all the turmoil of English industrial life, wonders how business people can have so much time to waste. The answer is simple. Apart from the mining centres, no one is particularly busy in South Africa. No one consequently is in a hurry. Always excepting the much-abused capitalists of Kimberley and the Rand, there are few very rich men in the country. Competition is not excessive, and people take life easily, unshackled by paltry considerations as to the commercial value of half-hours. I was often reminded of the

Spanish spirit of *mañana* in South Africa, though it is *mañana* without the Spanish charm. The Dutch, as a matter of fact, have a proverb to this effect, which states that 'to-morrow is also a day.' Every one lives up to this doctrine, for the unpunctuality of the average South African is as great as his boundless hospitality. More than that cannot be said. The absence of bustle in Cape Town is rather surprising when one remembers it is the capital of South Africa, and a great shipping centre; but it is yet another reason why the wanderer in search of health or relaxation is attracted by the conditions of life in this haven under the hill.

The bluffs of Africa are a feature of its social life with which the new arrival has to contend. It is certainly a land of amazing stories, and I am bound to say the phrase 'Oh! you Ananias!' is bandied about with considerable freedom. The new-comer is always looked upon as fair game for the process known as 'stuffing.' Every one in turn is forced to submit to it, for it is as much in the natural order of things as the first night's blanket-tossing in a small boys' school. Africa is not perhaps a land of little lambs, save those who have gone astray, but now and again a simple and ingenuous person is met, who listens open-eyed to Arabian Nights' stories about miraculous finds of gold and diamonds, or mammoth game despatched with a shot-gun.

As a matter of fact the bluffs of Africa begin before you are clear of Southampton Water, for the promenade deck of a Cape mail steamer is a very fair epitome of South African society, good, bad, and indifferent. But one well-known character who journeys between Southampton and Table Bay is not to be upset by

fairy stories of any kind. There is not a more popular man among the South African travelling world than Mr. W. G. Fraser, engineer-in-chief of the Union line. I came home with him on the 'Briton,' and, as he took M. and myself under his protection, our lines fell in pleasant places on that vessel. A slow, imperturbable manner but half conceals his funds of kindliness, resource, and humour. For over twenty years he has watched the shifting kaleidoscope of South African life, and nearly every man of mark has travelled with him in his time. He brought Sir Bartle Frere home in 1880, and he told me it was the saddest trip he ever made. Mr. Fraser's friendship is a passport among many people in South Africa, for on more than one occasion when the merits of a stranger were being discussed, I heard the matter settled by the words, 'Oh, he must be all right. Fraser had him to sit at his table coming out.'

The chief engineer on the 'Briton' is the one man who can keep the African bluffer in his place, and it is with secret joy I have sometimes watched him attend to a certain type of aggressive passenger who goes down to the sea in ships. The art of bluffing is of two kinds, I might remark; the crude one, which tells stories; the refined one, which demolishes them. Mr. Fraser is a past master in the latter. I heard some conversational contests on the 'Briton' which were fairly Homeric, but it was always the big engineer who sauntered away with the laurels. In a rash moment one day I asked a question about the launching of the 'Terrible,' and if there had not been some trouble in getting her out. To advance such a thesis was to court destruction on an African mail boat. 'Difficulty?' someone replied loftily. 'Not a bit of it. Now *I'll* tell you a story about

a launch which really was a remarkable one. It was in '97 at Laird's,' &c., &c. 'Talk about launches,' chimed in some one else when the first speaker had brought a truly remarkable history to a close, 'there's nothing out of the way in what you saw. Take the case of the Jarrow yard. Now I saw a ship launched,' &c., &c. And so it went on, the history of one marvellous launch being succeeded by another still more marvellous, till finally the record was capped by one young gentleman who gave us a vivid account of a Japanese battleship, about twice the size of the 'Magnificent,' which was launched in four feet of water and then apparently took a sporting leap over a sandy bar at the mouth of the harbour. We all drew a long breath. It did not seem possible to improve upon this history: but I kept my eye on Mr. Fraser, who sat, head on hand, listening in silence to the conversation. There was a pause; then at last he sighed and looked sadly at the youth.

'Man! that's nothing,' he said. 'You've a lot to learn yet. Why, on the Cart at Paisley, when we launch a battleship we don't bother about tides. We just wait for a damp morning, and then when there's a heavy dew we let her go.'

The group broke up in confusion, and the young man fled.

'It's strange the stories you hear on board ship,' the last speaker remarked musingly. 'I wonder what made that boy run away so quickly!'

But Mr. Fraser to be seen at his best must be seen below, among his beloved engines. It is a wonderful sight, the engine-room of a great ship—a sight which I think fills one with pride in the triumphs wrought by

human skill and energy. Kipling speaks truly when he says it is a sublime orchestra which plays the Song of Steam, and his genius has made that song articulate to some of us. How it works is an insoluble mystery, but as the great engines revolve one thinks of M'Andrews' words:

Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:
'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!'
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
'Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!'
Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.

And the directing spirit of it all is in most cases the least-known man on board, though almost invariably he is the person best worth knowing. Many passengers hardly know the chief engineer by sight. They seldom thank this officer when they go ashore; though he is the man who for many anxious days and nights has stood between them and destruction. These Scotch engineers are nearly always quiet strong men, as is perhaps befitting in those who watch at the post of danger over the safety of eight or nine hundred thoughtless souls. Sometimes, while passengers dance on deck, the chief is sweating agony below because some flaw, or terrible imperfection, discovered suddenly, warns him that, unless his skill and promptitude can meet the threatened danger, the dance above him may be turned into a dance of death and his noble ship into a helpless derelict. Perhaps it is just as well that first-class passengers do not think about these things,

for if the saloon cranks began to take an interest in the oiling of their brethren below, things might grow a little congested on board ship. But it is responsibility such as this which seems to evolve good men and true, and my friend who rules below the water-line on board the great ship plying between Southampton and Table Bay stands foremost among them.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME CAPE HOUSES AND RESIDENTS.

Buy my English posies!
Here's to match your need,
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed.
White as sands of Muisenberg
Spun before the gale,
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail.
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie,
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky.
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain,
Take the flower and turn the hour and kiss your love again!

THE beauties of the Cape Peninsula hardly hold that high place in popular estimation to which they are certainly entitled. Typical South African scenery consists of unending stretches of veldt, karroo, or of bush, and the existence of this district, so different in character from the rest of the continent, is not realised by many people. Yet it would be hard to find any place offering a more enchanting combination of sea and mountain, wood and garden, rock and forest, than exists in the narrow strip of land jutting for thirty miles into the South Atlantic. Turn by turn it is grand, romantic, impressive, alluring: at one moment a fit setting for an epic; at another, more suggestive of some scene in a pastoral play. A rugged chain of rocks,

known as the Twelve Apostles, detach themselves from the back of Table Mountain and run south, dividing the peninsula, so to speak, in half. To the east of this ridge lie the beautiful suburbs which wind round the mountain. It is as though an edition of the Waverley Novels had run away and settled on the railway line between Cape Town and Simon's Town. Such names as Woodstock and Kenilworth recall the days of chivalry, to say nothing of Mowbray or Claremont. Further on, beyond Wynberg, appears the great opening known as False Bay, of which Simon's Bay, the naval station, is an inlet. To the west there is a superb bit of coast scenery stretching from the village of Sea Point to the Cape of Good Hope itself. The South Atlantic rollers, unbroken in their course for thousands of miles, dash themselves against these desolate barrier rocks with almost incredible fury. At all times there is a heavy swell along the coast, but with even a capful of wind the breakers are tossed up in great foaming masses to a height I should not care to hazard in figures. The sea contends below; the mountains frown impassably above. It is a struggle for mastery in which neither yields an inch.

But inland the scene is very different, thanks to the vegetation. Forests of oak and pine cover the base of the mountains and fill the kloofs, where one may clamber among heather-clad rocks for hours and listen to the rushing brooks speeding downwards to the sea. Works on botany may eruditely state that the flora of South Africa is very rich in species and genera; also that the Cape Peninsula alone possesses 350 distinct varieties of heath. Cape bulbs are well known to gardeners; but all these facts little prepare the traveller for the amazing beauty and variety of the

Cape flowers. It is as though a magician's wand had been waved over this land, elsewhere so barren. An endless variety of flowering shrubs and heaths flourish on the slopes of Table Mountain. The protea, popularly known as the sugar bush, grows in profusion, covering the hillside with the masses of great cream-and-pink-coloured involucres. The silver tree (*Leucadendron argenteum*) is a rare and beautiful species, exclusively found in the peninsula. The silvery sheen of its graceful foliage is a striking feature in kloof and gully. Irideæ, Amaryllideæ, Liliaceæ, and other bulbs are to be found in abundance, and also countless heaths, yellow, purple, pink, and white. It is impossible to convey any real idea of the effect made by these brilliant, many-hued ericas. They spring up among the rocks, transforming a grey land into a paradise of purple and gold. Underfoot there are countless flowers, many of them new to the traveller, but all bright and beautiful. And then the arum lilies! It is one of the sights of South Africa to see them growing out of doors in as wild a profusion as the marsh-mallow does in England. They are to be found in every ditch by the roadside, or covering whole fields with their regal white blossoms. The latter are not small or insignificant, but finer flowers than we can grow in hothouses. It is doubtless a weighty assertion to make, but I honestly think no one knows how beautiful the spring can be who has not watched the passing away of the brief Cape winter. The slow and lengthy changes of the northern latitudes are unknown here. Winter, in our sense of the word, there is none; and spring is as short as the southern twilight. It comes and goes in a flash, leaving hot and dusty summer in its wake. But there is just one moment in South

Africa when the oaks are coming into leaf, and field and hedge and hillside are a blaze of multicoloured flowers; when on the road to Wynberg, golden creepers, 'dropping wells of fire,' climb over every house, and the air is heavy with the scent of roses; when the lilies are spread in great waxy sheets along the roadside, and the plumbago hedges begin to open their delicate petals; when overhead, above the dominating crest of Table Mountain, there is a sky so blue, so clear, yet touched with a softness which mellows the landscape without destroying its brilliancy; when spring comes arrayed in panoply such as this, and all is fresh and green and beautiful—is it strange that, however reluctantly, such a sight dethrones the recollection of even a Devonshire lane in the month of May? The oak groves and pine woods at Wynberg make one think of Surrey rather than of South Africa. The illusion is only dispelled by the clumps of palm trees and bamboos in the neighbouring gardens. It is as though a curious but delightful union had taken place in the vegetation of two latitudes. The alien trees have been touched and expanded by contact with subtropical luxuriance without losing their characteristic strength and greenness. At the same time, our European trees show a certain amount of capriciousness in their likes and dislikes of the African climate. The oak is the glory of the Cape Peninsula, and the pine, the plane, and the poplar all do well. On the other hand, I never remember seeing the beech, the lime, or the elm; though on one occasion we were shown a holly bush and a small chestnut tree as triumphs of arboreal art.

The eastern side of the peninsula being the more sheltered, the finest gardens are naturally found there. Of these the most celebrated belongs to Mr. Arderne, a

well-known Cape resident, who owns a beautiful property at Claremont called The Hill. This garden is a horticultural paradise containing a wonderful collection of trees, plants, and shrubs from all parts of the world. Lawn and terrace, tree and flower, all have been laid out and planted with great skill. Mr. Arderne's father was as enthusiastic a gardener as his son, so the property has reached its present state of perfection under the guiding hand of two generations. Mr. Arderne is wont to say that no garden in Europe possesses such a background, and certainly the wooded kloofs and gorges of the grand old rock which bound the view give a finishing touch to his beautiful estate which is probably unique.

The whole district round Rondebosch, Newlands, and Wynberg is exceedingly picturesque. Many of the old Dutch houses are passed on the way to Simon's Town, quaint white buildings with high gables and spacious stoeps. The stoep is a very important feature in every South African house. Climate is a great factor in the evolution of architecture, and in a country where it is possible and pleasant to live out of doors nearly all the year round, *al-fresco* modifications soon take place in the most solid erections. What the chimney-corner is to the English farmhouse, the stoep is to the South African one. This stone terrace in front of the living rooms is the meeting-place of the family and their friends. Here every one gathers when the day's work is over. The inevitable coffee, and the still more inevitable pipe, make their appearance, and the company sit for hours slowly drinking and smoking. Everything is passed in review: the political situation, the crops, the latest scandal, the insufficient character of the rains. If stones could

speak, some of the stoeps might tell strange tales. The Afrikander sentiment was cradled on these terraces. The plots of Africa have been hatched on the stoeps of Africa.

One cannot help regretting that in so many cases the old Dutch names of places have not been better preserved. Wynberg, so called after the great vineyards in its proximity, is naturally the hill of wine, and Rondebosch, another suburb of Cape Town, is the village of the round bush, which dates from the days of Van Riebeek. It was under the sheltering flank of the Devil's Peak that the emigrant Dutch raised their first successful crop of wheat. There was a grove of thorn trees near the spot, and from them the settlement took its name. It is at Rondebosch that the most celebrated of all Cape houses is situated—a house to which every traveller makes a pilgrimage. There never was a place which better deserved its notoriety than Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes's property. Outside and inside, it is an ideal residence. The original Dutch house was burnt down four years ago, at the time of the Raid, but the new Groote Schuur has risen phœnix-like on its ashes, an improved edition of its predecessor. Groote Schuur—which being interpreted means Great Barn—is built on the plan of a typical Dutch house. They are usually one-storeyed thatched buildings, painted white, with long wings at each side. Roughly speaking, the shape is like a capital E with the middle dash left out. The vertical part of the E consists of two halls, the latter sometimes leading into a paved courtyard. The other rooms give out to right and left. It is a charming arrangement, as the offices are always on one side, and the house faces both ways, without, so to speak, any

back premises. At Groote Schuur the stoep runs round three sides of the house, and it is difficult to say from which point of vantage the view is the most beautiful. At the back rises the wooded slopes of the Devil's Peak; in front lies a vast panorama of mountain, plain, and ocean. The grounds have been arranged with consummate art. Whoever planned them fully understood (what is so often forgotten) that the character of a garden must be determined by the class of scenery and the class of building with which it is associated. The stately lawns and formal grounds of an English castle would have been thoroughly out of place here. Nature is the dominant note in South Africa, and at Groote Schuur art has known how to retain that dominant note by her own careful concealment. Large old-fashioned vases filled with plants stand round the stoep. In the immediate neighbourhood of the house the grounds rise in stone terraces, bright with flowers, but gradually glades of pine trees and grassy slopes replace the formal borders. Finally, the whole garden is merged almost insensibly into the park-like land which stretches away to the rocky precipices of the mountain crest. A natural gully in the grounds has been planted from end to end with flowering hydrangeas. It is easy to imagine what a wonderful sight this is when the vivid pink and blue blossoms are in flower. Roses grow everywhere in profusion, and a brook dashes through the garden—a rare charm in this land of thirst and drought. The Groote Schuur estate is a large one, stretching for many miles along the mountain side, and Mr. Rhodes has a private menagerie in the grounds. Many rare and curious animals are kept there, and a lion house is very popular with visitors. What strikes one so particularly is the

entire absence of gates, fences, or any assertion of private property. The drive to the house opens off the Groote Schuur Avenue, but there is nothing to tell the wayfarer where the public road ends and the private one begins. The whole place is free and open for anyone to visit. Groote Schuur is practically the pleasure garden of Cape Town. Mr. Rhodes, with accustomed generosity, does not keep his beautiful home to himself. People are allowed to come and go as they like about the gardens, and, if so be it please them, picnic in the grounds. As often as not they ask to see over the house, a permission which is seldom or never denied. There is nothing of the 'Beware of the dog,' 'No road,' 'Trespassers will be prosecuted' spirit about Groote Schuur. It is no uncommon sight to see Mr. Rhodes in his study and half a dozen people peeping through the window to have a look at him.

Inside, the house is delightful, though essentially masculine. The hundred and one little signs of a woman's presence are conspicuous by their absence. The beautiful old furniture is simple but severe, setting off to advantage Mr. Rhodes' fine collection of Dutch curios. The wood panelling, old-fashioned grates, and carved mantelpieces are thoroughly in character with the house. There are books everywhere, some of the rooms being lined with them from floor to ceiling. Mr. Rhodes himself is an excellent guide to Groote Schuur. At no time does this man of Protean character show to better advantage than in his own house. He is a charming host, kind, genial, simple, ready to waste time on the merest stranger who is interested in his collection of old glass and silver, or wants to ask questions about the prehistoric relics from Zimbabwe. Love of beautiful scenery is a marked trait in this

moulder of continents. He likes to hear Groote Schuur praised; indeed, he has said of the view from the hill above the house, that it must have been the spot where the Devil tempted Christ with all the empires of the world. It struck me as very characteristic of the man that a copy of Olive Schreiner's 'An English South African's View of the Situation'—an unnecessarily clumsy title, by the way, for a lady whose descent is German-Dutch, not English—was lying on his study table. 'I hope it interested you,' I said, picking it up. He turned away with a shrug. 'It's a pity she's gone off at that tangent,' he remarked. 'She wrote an exceedingly clever book to begin with, but now she's got me on the brain, and that's the result.' His words would probably have annoyed the emotional Olive. It is somewhat trying to be treated with good-tempered philosophy by a person over whom one has attempted to pour many vials of literary vitriol.

What Mr. Rhodes's exact place in history may be it is at present somewhat hard to say. His own contemporaries are too near him to judge the proper proportions of a character which is among the most remarkable of the century. He is a man, unluckily, of whom few people seem able to speak temperately. There is something about his personality which generally inspires either hysterical devotion or equally hysterical hatred. One man lauds him to the skies; the next overwhelms him with polysyllabic abuse. Some panegyrics composed of bewildering adjectives leave the puzzled reader under the impression that Mr. Rhodes, instead of founding a colony, has founded a cult more obscure in its tenets and metaphysical expressions than that which bears the name of Auguste Comte. Mr. Rhodes, to whom the gods have not

denied the gift of humour, must at times be vastly entertained by the remarks of both his admirers and detractors. Panegyrics and diatribes alike will probably affect him but little. Success is pleasant to all mortals, but success, like wealth, is valuable to him more as a factor in the furtherance of his schemes than as a personal asset. He will go his own way to the end of the chapter, and from that way no human being, either man or woman, will turn him. Carlyle assuredly would have made a hero of him, and have written mordant phrases about a man of facts and an age of formulas and clean-shaven respectabilities. Those lines, 'Keep your gilt carriages, your huzzaing mobs; keep your red tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone, there is too much of life in me already,' might have been written about the founder of Charterland. Mr. Rhodes has been compared turn by turn to Cæsar, Nero, and Napoleon, to all the heroes and all the monsters of history. Personally, I think he has more kinship with Mirabeau than with any other great historical character. Certainly he is akin to the latter, not only in his manner of bearing down all opposition, but in the violent passions he arouses. That spirit of 'I swear beforehand I will not obey,' 'I will triumph or be torn to pieces,' is the spirit common to both men. Like Mirabeau, Mr. Rhodes, looking back on his history before and after 1896, can say he too has been carried in triumph and needs no lesson to remind him there is but one step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock. Like him, too, he may say that 'the man who wishes to be useful to his country, who cares little for the vain celebrity of a day, is not easily overcome. He expects his reward from time and his own con-

science, the incorruptible judges of us all.' To those great judges we may well leave Mr. Rhodes, and the men who know him best do not fear the verdict.

The dome of the Royal Observatory, which is situated at Mowbray, not far from Groote Schuur, recalls some interesting scientific names connected with South Africa. Sir John Herschel resided at the Cape for four years when carrying on his survey of the heavens, and a French *savant*, La Caille, had erected a temporary observatory in the middle of the eighteenth century. The present building, which dates from 1820, is controlled by the Admiralty. It is a solid Georgian erection, and, as though to emphasise its Anglo-Saxon origin, is perhaps the only house in South Africa built without a stoep. Dr. David Gill, Her Majesty's Astronomer, is head of one of the best known and most popular institutions of Cape Colony. Of the work which has placed him in the front rank of living scientists I cannot profess to speak. Are not these things written in the books of the Royal and other learned societies and committed to memory by all astronomers? The complicated studies of solar parallax, which have been Dr. Gill's great work, bewilder and amaze, but are quite beyond the grasp of any ordinary mind. Work of that nature can only be appreciated at its true value by experts. But Dr. Gill himself can be appreciated without any knowledge of what is meant by the word parallax. Though half the letters of the alphabet seem to be inscribed after his name, no one could be afraid of him. The study of the infinitely vast has only widened his sympathies for the infinitely little. To the simplicity of all really great minds, this genial Scotchman adds a spirit of kindness, of humour, of enthusiasm, which combine to make up a personality

as rare as it is delightful. He has lived in South Africa for over twenty years, and South Africa is proud of her astronomer, who, through good report and ill, has so sturdily upheld the honour of England. In charm and kindness Mrs. Gill fully equals her husband. To know them both is only to love and admire two people in whose characters are united the finest gifts of heart and head. The simple old-world hospitality of the Royal Observatory has a charm none of its visitors ever forget. There is an atmosphere of loyalty and whole-heartedness about Dr. and Mrs. Gill which comes like a breath of wind off their own Scotch moors blowing away that dubious mist of intrigue usually hanging over Cape Town.

A valuable new telescope, the gift of Mr. McLean, has recently been erected at the Observatory. From this instrument many great things are hoped. It struck me, however, that the care of a young and fractious child is a trifling matter when compared with that demanded by the early days of a telescope. There is a large staff at the Observatory, and the energies of all these learned gentlemen from Dr. Gill downwards are anxiously concentrated on keeping their big darling in a good temper. Mrs. Gill tells a delicious little story of how one day her best eider-down quilt vanished and was nowhere to be found. The house was searched, but unavailingly. Dr. Gill when questioned was unable to throw any light on the subject. His astonishment, in fact, only equalled that of his wife when the eider down was finally discovered in the Observatory—three hundred yards away—carefully wrapped round the lens of the McLean telescope! Her Majesty's Astronomer always looks very innocent when this story is told, but there is an expression in

his eye which clearly says, 'If eider-down quilts were not meant to cover a lens, for what use were they designed by a far-seeing Providence?'

Mr. Rhodes is not the only person in South Africa who cherishes schemes which stretch from the Cape to Cairo. The trans-continental line is not more dear to the owner of Groote Schuur than trans-continental chains of triangulation are to Dr. Gill. The one sees in his mind's eye a railway system which links the north and south; Her Majesty's Astronomer dreams of that great arc of meridian which runs from the south of Natal through the Transvaal to Rhodesia, and then on again by Tanganyika and the Nile to Cairo, properly surveyed and laid down all along its course. South Africa owes Dr. Gill a great debt for his untiring energy in promoting the geodetic survey of the country. His proposals on the subject in 1880 met with the warm approval of Sir Bartle Frere and Sir George Colley; but, though the work was begun then, a great deal still remains to be done. The Natal portion of the arc was the first to be completed, and the survey is now being carried through Rhodesia. The Transvaal, needless to say, is still a *terra incognita*, also the North African portion. Any right-minded Boer would certainly look with horror upon a theodolite as the true mark of a son of Belial. Under the new order of things, however, they may be persuaded to view matters differently. These meridian measurements carried over a large area are of great value in astronomical and other scientific calculations. The many gross deficiencies in our military maps call for readjustment as soon as peace is restored, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that public interest in the survey will be sufficiently awakened to allow Dr. Gill to realise his

dream of an Africa accurately measured from end to end.

The social charm of the old Dutch families at the Cape is proverbial. They are frequently people of great dignity and refinement, and these are qualities often sadly lacking in a certain type of British adventurer who has drifted to South Africa, thanks to the mineral enterprise. Sir Henry and Lady de Villiers, who live at Wynberg, are leading personages among the Dutch community, and are held in great honour and esteem. Sir Henry de Villiers, as everyone knows, is Chief Justice of the Colony, and is also President of the Legislative Council. He is the most distinguished representative of the Dutch race in South Africa, and the honours he has so justly won from the English Crown during his long career are facts on which one gladly dwells. When Dutchmen like Sir Henry de Villiers are able to work with the British Government, it is of good omen that, as the intellectual standard of the rank and file improves, the difficulties of the present may disappear. The touch of Huguenot ancestry is, I think, very noticeable in Lady de Villiers. In appearance she much resembles an old French picture, and she possesses all the personal charm one associates with the great ladies of a past epoch. Hospitality, as I have said before, is a word the obligations of which are construed in the widest sense throughout South Africa. This is particularly the case with the Dutch, and I have few recollections more pleasant than those hours spent with Sir Henry and Lady de Villiers in the delightful garden of Wynberg House. Sir Henry is an enthusiastic botanist and a great authority on Cape flowers.

No visitor to the Cape should go away without

seeing Groote Constantia, an old Dutch house beyond Wynberg, built by Simon Van der Stel. It was the beautiful estate to which he retired on relinquishing the reins of government. Formerly a property belonging to the Cloëtes, Groote Constantia has now been turned into a Government wine farm. It is situated under the crest of the hill known as Constantia Nek, from the summit of which the eye ranges for many miles over spreading vineyards, the white sands of Muisenberg, and the waters of False Bay. Magnificent oak trees surround the house, which is a really fine specimen of old Dutch architecture. During the vintage, a visit to the cellars where the great wine vats are kept is a very curious sight. A classical frieze which decorates the façade is a striking addition to the building. At first glance one is puzzled to imagine how this elegant decoration, with its cupids and festoons, has found a home in South Africa. The history of the frieze is in fact a curious one. During the eighteenth century a French ship was wrecked near Table Bay, and among her passengers there chanced to be some French sculptors. These men found themselves stranded and utterly destitute in a strange country. In order to find them some employment, certain Dutch magnates of the day came forward and engaged these foreigners to decorate their houses. The then owner of Groote Constantia must have been one of these Good Samaritans; hence an act of kindness led to this interesting artistic relic for the Cape.

Colonies are generally new countries; new countries are almost invariably ugly; but these old Dutch properties give a mellow touch here and there to Cape Colony. All people who have lived in Greater Britain know how jarring after a time becomes the

intense newness of everything. An invariable delight of a return to Europe is 'seeing something old again.' Legend is a golden key which opens the great doors of imagination, and the glamour of the past has always a hold over any educated mind. It is a deeply rooted feeling, and wise Mother Nature probably knows its value. She has planted instincts of idealism and realism side by side in that strange growth we call the soul. As the mind expands the æsthetic faculty awakes. The craving for beauty in one form or another is a check placed on the whole utilitarian absorption of a man's intelligence. The Americans are a very good case in point. We laugh at them for standing in ecstasy over a heap of old ruins in Europe, and ask why they so eagerly pursue that antiquity they profess politically to despise. As a matter of fact, they are interesting examples of a highly cultured race in whom the instinct of artistic atavism runs riot, thanks to their purely modern surroundings. Progress, with a very big P, has done its best and its worst for them, and they have found that the most perfected forms of hydraulic lifts and overhead cars are not wholly soul-sufficing. Consciously or unconsciously, they drift across the Atlantic to the old countries where cathedral and palace, temple and citadel tell another tale from that of Wall Street. Legend and romance have an influence on a nation not to be despised when they keep alive the memory of brave and heroic deeds. Barbed wire, galvanised iron, and red brick are very useful things, no doubt, but they are not stimulating to the mind of a people. The majority of new countries labour under this deficiency, and the Cape is fortunate inasmuch as it possesses some historical traditions, and can point to haunts and houses far removed in their

character from the gilt and glitter of places like Kimberley and Johannesburg. It is pleasant to look at the gables and small-paned windows of Groote Constantia, and to remember there have been other influences in the land besides those of the speculator and the company-promoter. Under the rustling oak leaves one hears no longer 'the growl of the sluicing stamp head.' Considerations of blue rock or banket formation, and all the weighty issues they have entailed, vanish from the mind. The heated politics and passions of a divided country are forgotten. The old house calls up memories of other actors and other ages. Far-distant ancestors of the Cape Dutch seem to flit across the scene; those men who were partisans of Horn and Egmont, victims of Alva and Philip, followers of Van Tromp or De Ruyter, friends or foes of our own England in a hundred fights and more. One sadly wonders by what dreary fatality the land should have run red with the blood of two races thus closely allied both by temperament and history. Why have the Dutch been thus loth to share that inheritance of England's great past, an inheritance which would have united so fitly with their own? What possible dishonour could rest upon them under the sovereignty of a country whose wisest king was a prince of their own race? These things are the calamities of history, but the land is still the land of Good Hope and *alles zal recht kom*, as good President Brand was wont to say. From the memories of the past, across the strife of the present, the mind flies forward to the anticipations of a happier future. We must still hope, still look forward to a day, however far distant, when other men and women will stand on the wide terrace and wonder who built the old farm-house with its

classical façade. They are men and women to whom the words Dutch and English will be no longer the rallying cries of hostile camps, for they are the children of two races fused at last into one people. Descended alike from victors and from vanquished, conquest for them has lost its sense of triumph, defeat its bitterness. They will value the old building as part of their joint inheritance, as a monument of their dual ancestry, as a covenant of a feud for ever dead and buried. Simon Van der Stel's house will be honoured in that future as the national possession of a race in whose blood is united the greatest traditions of England and of Holland.

CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGH VELDT AND KARROO TO KIMBERLEY.

It is 11 A.M. on a Friday morning, and the scene is Cape Town Railway Station. An unusual degree of bustle prevails at the terminus, and the vendors of papers, oranges, and bananas are plying a busy trade. The Johannesburg express which runs once a week in connection with the steamer is about to start on its long journey north. A crowd of people are 'seeing off friends,' that minor excitement in the life of every South African. Passengers, under the supervision of Ross, the conductor, are settling down for their two days' journey from Table Bay to the gold-reefed city. The scene is quite animated as the warning bell rings, and the train moves off among a waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

Trains, like everything else in South Africa, take life in a leisurely manner. The distance between Cape Town and Johannesburg is a little over a thousand miles. In an ordinary way the journey takes two and a half days. The Friday express, however, reduces that total by several hours, added to which the limited mail, as it is called, possesses the unusual luxury of a kitchen car. The food obtainable at the ordinary wayside station in South Africa is often more curious from the antiquarian, than edible from the culinary, point of view. It is a great advantage, therefore, to be

able to have meals on board. We were bound for Kimberley and were glad to profit by all these luxuries as far as De Aar Junction, where the line branches north on the way to Bulawayo.

Railway travelling in South Africa is very comfortable. The carriages on all the express trains consist of corridor cars, out of which the compartments open. The latter contain berths, which are let down at night, and bedding is put in if required. The journeys to our ideas are long, frequently extending over two or three days; but, as the speed is not great, many people who have tried both, prefer the long South African journeys to those catapult excursions across Europe in a *train de luxe*. Certainly they are less tiring than the latter. The corridor system is a great relief on long journeys, for it obviates the irksomeness of being cooped up in the same compartment for several days and nights. A particular feature of South African railway carriages is the little outside verandah at the end of each car. Here it is very pleasant to come for a breath of fresh air, and watch the great rolling landscape through which the train is passing. The corridor is to a train what the promenade deck is to a mail steamer; that is to say, the mutual ground on which strangers meet. During the slow and lengthy journeys passengers frequently end by making friends and paying each other calls in their respective compartments. It is very necessary to take provisions with which to supplement the somewhat doubtful food which may be obtained *en route*. A friendly exchange of eggs *versus* oranges, Bovril *versus* tea, and so on, often arises between owners of differently assorted baskets. Plenty of wraps are also desirable, for the nights on the high veldt are bitterly

cold. Coming across the karroo in September (the South African spring) I have known all the water in the train frozen.

Of course with unpleasant passengers these corridor trains have obvious disadvantages. It does not add to one's comfort when a certain type of Johannesburg adventurer is on board. There are sometimes sounds of revelry by night on the mail train, which must startle the denizens of the lonely karroo as the express passes by. And then the South African baby is apt to be a little trying on a long journey. A whole chapter might be devoted with profit to a study of the idiosyncrasies of that infant. An interesting family, consisting of father, mother, and three children, occupied the next compartment to ours on the way to Kimberley. From them we culled *en route* many valuable hints on the art of how not to manage a family in a railway train. Except for brief lulls, when their attention was diverted by oranges or gingernuts, those children cried steadily all the way from Cape Town to De Aar Junction. The parents enlivened the monotony of the journey by alternately feeding and chastising their offspring. When the one resource failed, the other was invariably adopted. Fragments of conversation, dulcet and the reverse, were perpetually wafted into our carriage. At one moment we should hear, 'If baby darling will be a good girl, and do as mother tells her, she shall have some chocolate.' This ensured a brief lull in the disturbance, but before the effect of the chocolate drops might have been reasonably expected to wear off, a volley of execration, supplemented by various audible thumps descending on the head of another hapless child, startled the trio once again in full cry. And so it went on all

the way, thumps and ginger-nuts being apparently of interchangeable value as regards discipline. Even the naughtiest children generally require sleep, but these added wakefulness to their other enormities. A prolonged wail was the last sound I heard on dropping asleep myself, and it was the first which awoke me in the morning. Poor Mites! We felt too sorry for them to be angry at the noise they made; still, companions of that kind on a long journey are distinctly perverting to the moral sense. Before we had been twelve hours *en route*, M. and I were speculating whether further bribery from our luncheon basket in the shape of cakes and hard-boiled eggs might keep them quiet for a time. However, following on the diet of chocolate and ginger-nuts, we stayed our hands lest a worse evil befell us.

Some weeks later it was our lot to return to Cape Town in a train full of Johannesburg refugees. It was a pitiful sight to see so many women and children turned out of their homes to seek a precarious existence in Cape Town or elsewhere, and the sad anxious faces brought the miseries of war home to us in a very forcible manner. Young Johannesburg did not take kindly to the exodus and protested against it loudly. This time it was no isolated wail, but a concerted effort, reminiscent of those village choir rehearsals when there seems some doubt as to whether the voices are trying to sing in part or in unison. 'Conductor,' I said at last in despair, towards the end of the second day, 'do the South African babies always cry like this, or are they making a special effort to meet the crisis?' The conductor was an Englishman comparatively new to the country. He was homesick and liked not the manners and customs of the land

in which he found himself. 'Well, you see, miss,' he replied, 'they always do it more or less.' Then, with a sigh, 'There's real nasty in'erent wiciousness in these little South African varmints. This lot we've got on board to-night wants drowning anyway.' We interposed hastily, our feelings, though rasped, not being wound up to this same murderous pitch.

But a truce to the South African baby and its ways.

Leaving Cape Town, the train runs north and east for a hundred miles, through a fertile agricultural country as far as Worcester. The scenery is picturesque and charming, though not characteristically South African. It is too pretty for that. This corner of the Dark Continent is a smiling land, with vineyards, wheatfields, and snug farmhouses surrounded by lofty trees. It is as though Nature had prepared a last peep of pastoral Europe for the homesick traveller before he plunges into the deserts of the north. The quaint old Dutch towns and villages through which the railway passes seem isolated enough to our ideas. One soon learns to recognise, however, that these districts of Malmesbury, the Paarl, and Tulbagh are populous when judged by the standards of South Africa. The Paarl—the Dutch for Pearl—is a long straggling village situated twenty-five miles north of Cape Town. It is so called after some huge granite boulders which glisten on the slope of a neighbouring mountain. The Berg River flows near the village, which has always been celebrated for its vineyards. In latter times the Paarl has won for itself a celebrity of a greater but less enviable kind. We passed through it on a sunny morning when the magic of spring had touched the land, and the gardens round the picturesque

whitewashed houses were bright with flowers. It all looked quiet and peaceful. The sleepy streets planted with rows of oaks, and the old-fashioned thatched buildings whitewashed and high-gabled, spoke of Holland rather than of South Africa. A less likely spot to be the birthplace of a far-reaching conspiracy it would be hard to imagine. Then one remembers with something of surprise that the Afrikander Bond originated in this pastoral sunny Paarl. Dutch disaffection in the colony has had its headquarters here for a long time past. The Paarl divides with Stellenbosch the doubtful honour of being the leading centre of what is euphemistically termed the Afrikander sentiment. The plain-spoken Englishman, when referring to the same, usually prefers the word 'treason.' The latter is an ugly term, and it is unfortunate for any country when the political conditions necessitate that word being frequently on the lips of its inhabitants. War rumours were rife in Cape Town at the time of our journey north. We had been freely warned by some alarmists that train-wrecking at the Paarl was only too probable. 'Things are not always as they seem,' sapiently, though somewhat obviously, remarked an ancient philosopher; but we found it hard to think of this pretty village as a stronghold of rebellious Dutch farmers waiting to pull up the line if trouble arose. And as events have turned out, we had no cause for fear.

At Worcester, another quaint old town, one bids farewell to that small district of South Africa on which the goddess Demeter has deigned to shower her blessings. The scenery here becomes grand and impressive, for the rugged Hex River Mountains come into sight, apparently barring the road to all further progress. These mountains are an offshoot of that great range

which, broadly speaking, runs near the South African seaboard from Cape Town to the mouth of the Zambesi. Besides a large portion of Cape Colony, the vast territories of Damaraland, Bechuanaland, the Free State, the Transvaal, and most of Rhodesia are all situated on a lofty plateau round which the coast mountains stand in a forbidding fringe. This plateau varies in height from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea-level. One of the peculiarities of South Africa is that all journeys into the interior consist in going up hills, and never descending from them on the other side. The traveller must wander hundreds of miles towards the far north before this great tableland dips again at the Zambesi Valley.

Railway enterprise in the past found a great obstacle in this barrier ridge of mountains, but it has been successfully overcome by engineering skill. At the Hex River entrance, near Worcester, the line threads its way through the valley for some distance, and then, literally throwing itself against the mountain wall, climbs in about an hour's time to a height of 3,000 feet on the Great Karroo Plateau. Night was approaching by the time we reached the Triangle, the highest point of the pass, and the brief twilight shut out the view all too soon. It was a wild scene, fittingly illustrated by an angry sunset. Great shafts of red light, all the more vivid by contrast with the shadows below, were striking the snow-capped hills. Looking backwards and downwards, we had a last view of the beautiful valley with its farms and vineyards, through which men hasten without thought or regret towards the unlovely cities of gold and diamonds.

A desolate world surrounded us by daybreak the next morning. We were on the borderland of the

Karroo proper, that dreary level waste of stones and low shrubs, where not a tree, not a blade of grass is to be seen. Here and there erratic-looking hills sprang up on the horizon, some pyramid-shaped, some with the flat-table look peculiar to the country. Hour after hour and mile after mile we ran through this class of scenery, the desert stretching one vast waste in every direction. Sometimes, though very rarely, we passed a lonely farmhouse or an occasional flock of goats and sheep. Such few signs of life seemed only to accentuate the intense loneliness and make it, so to speak, more striking. One learns after a time to feel a strange sense of comfort and companionship from the presence of the railway line. The narrow iron thread winds its way, small, insignificant-looking. But it is like the finger of man's predominance laid across the wilderness, subduing it to his own uses. It is surprising to hear such a country can support life in any form, and yet sheep find good pasture on the tufts of karroo bush which strew this desolate landscape. As in far-distant Egypt, irrigation works miracles here. If water is turned on this waste of stones the desert blossoms like a garden. After the rains there is just a brief season when even the Kalahari is a blaze of flowers. They smile for a moment on a grey world transfigured for a little space by their brightness, and then wither and die. We first saw the veldt in winter time before the rains had fallen. All was brown and bare then; but later on, after the first showers, splendid red blossoms had sprung up among the stones, and also masses of white and purple heaths. The effect was very beautiful.

Further north the absolute aridity of the karroo gives place to the rolling veldt with its scanty herbage

and mimosa trees. It is a trifle less dreary to look upon, but in point of loneliness there is little to choose between any part of the line between the Hex River Pass and far-distant Bulawayo. Desolation is a word the real force of which is realised in Africa. The country is silent and barren; the population seems nil. Between Cape Town and Kimberley, a distance of 646 miles, there is practically not a town as we understand the word. At Matjesfontein there is an hotel as well as a railway station, and further on another village is passed rejoicing in the stately name of Beaufort West. Mr. Theal comments somewhere on Lord Charles Somerset's predilection for covering the map of Africa with the names of his family. It is a far cry from stately Badminton to Beaufort West, but it is curious to remember how the title of a great English duke comes to be thus perpetuated on the karroo. De Aar, the Clapham Junction of South Africa, where the line branches off for Bloemfontein and Johannesburg, consists of half a dozen tin shanties and a siding. Many dry river-beds are passed during the journey, but until the Orange River is reached there is no perennial stream. Running water is a welcome sight in this land. The green bushes along the bank are perhaps more valued by travellers than all the arboreal glories of the New Forest.

Dusk had fallen again by the time we crossed the Modder River, at this season of the year hardly more than a large-sized brook. A slender crescent moon hung over the low hills towards the west. Little we thought then of the grim scenes of death and destruction so soon to be enacted among these rocks and kopjes. Little did we imagine that for many weary weeks the eyes of an empire would be turned with

mingled hope and anxiety towards the banks of the Modder River. It is a scene which will be for ever historic in South Africa, but we were hurried over it in merciful ignorance as to what the immediate future held. Shortly after this the lights of Beaconsfield came into view, and not without a certain sense of relief we found ourselves once more among signs of human industry at Kimberley.

Such was the country we had travelled through, and such, broadly speaking, is the appearance presented by seven-eighths of South Africa. Is it wonderful after all that statesmen, little dreaming of the mineral wealth beneath the surface, should have treated such a possession with indifference? Away from the coast there is little outward attraction. But for a short space is Africa a land of corn and wine, a land of running water and noble trees, a land where man may enjoy the fruits of the soil, where he may feast or rest under the protection of a kindly Nature. This is no land of smiling goddesses. It is a land of giants, where primitive gods wielding cosmic forces might have waged warfare against each other in some dim past, and left but a vast seared battlefield for the amazement of a puny humanity. These inland wastes of Africa are grand and overpowering, magnificent in their desolation, all-compelling in their vastness. One shrinks at first from such a country; it forces an unwilling love in return. The traveller hastens back to the green fields and trim hedgerows of England, feeling at first as though he had thrown off some nightmare. But never more will an English landscape content him. Those who have looked on Nature face to face, away from the haunts of men, know no rest till they have looked upon her again. For by some paradox the

Great Mother attracts the most powerfully when outwardly least seductive. One may forget the English lane, the sunny French valley, the romantic Italian hillside; but the Arctic wastes, the Russian steppe, the Libyan desert, the African veldt, one and all enter, so to speak, into a man's nature, and take possession of it for ever afterwards. All travellers know that strange and irksome feeling which is inspired after a time by the small perspectives of Europe. A desire awakens for more mental elbow-room, so to speak. And then Arctic fever, or veldt fever, or the 'East's a-calling,' as Kipling has it, seizes one, and like a magnet the deserts of Africa or the snows of Greenland draw the wanderer back—back over many thousand miles of ocean to those great kingdoms where Nature rules alone. There is no disobeying that call when it comes, otherwise the devils of unrest enter into a man and half tear him to pieces. Tramp fever of all diseases has an evil bacillus.

The high tableland of Africa at first sight appears dreary and monotonous; but most people succumb sooner or later to the strange charm of the weird-like veldt, stretching away on all sides into illimitable distance. It is easy to sit for hours watching the lights and shades play over the low hills. There is something almost hypnotic in the silence and solitude of Africa. Had ancient civilisations like those of India and Egypt had their home on the high veldt, most surely such races, living in these surroundings, would have evolved similar forms of mysticism in religion. It may have been but a whimsical fancy on my part, but sometimes when riding across the veldt I half expected to see the same mighty ruins as those which are to be found in the Egyptian desert. Every writer

on South Africa has spoken of the severe grandeur and solemnity inspired by these vast wastes; has spoken also of the African sunsets. And yet what wizard of the pen can evoke the image of that marvellous hour when the grey desert is for a short time transformed into something mystic, wondrous? Who can convey any idea of the scene when the great canvas of heaven is painted red and gold, as if by some Titan's hand? The approach of night is grandiose in this silent land. The hour when the hills turn all imaginable colours of red and orange and purple; when the calm of evening is added to the primeval calm of Nature—that is the moment for which one longs all through the hot and thirsty day. The sun beats down mercilessly from dawn to dusk, shrivelling up the scanty vegetation, driving man to crouch under the shadow of any rock or shrub where he may escape those pitiless rays. One wearies of the sunlight, of the metallic heavens, of the white intense glare from sand and kopje quivering in the heat. Shelley's lines 'To Night' come back with a rush:

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

And when at last the merciful night comes, cool and beautiful, it brings a sense of relief, which to be understood must be experienced.

It is rather the fashion with travellers to decry the Southern heavens, and abuse the celebrated Cross. Personally, I take the opposite view. One misses the Great Bear and Cassiopeia, but there are many compensations for their absence. The Southern Cross is by no means to be despised, and it has a splendid bodyguard in Centaur. Scorpio is one of the best-defined constellations in the heavens; Argo and the Magellanic Clouds are both interesting groups of stars. And after all, many old friends, like Orion, Leo, and others, rise night by night according to the season. At first they look a little perplexing turned upside down, but they shine with double brilliancy in the purple vault of heaven, thanks to the marvellous clearness of the atmosphere.

This is a land which also recalls the verses of another writer, widely separated from Shelley by the differences of time and race and character. Old Omar, the astronomer-poet of Persia, is essentially the poet of the desert. He too lived in a land of sand and sunshine, where men think lovingly of the rose tree by the fountain, and that green patch of herbage along the river's brim. And so the 'Rubaiyat' teems with imagery of the Caravan pursuing its journey through Annihilation's wastes; of the wilderness transformed by the joys of love or wine; of the worldly hope fugitive as the desert's sand; of the mysteries of life unknowable, incomprehensible—in a word, with all that philosophy peculiar to the great minds of any country where the physical features are such that the hand of Nature rests hard on man, struggling with her for a precarious existence. Read the 90th Psalm in the silence of the

African veldt. To do so is to realise for the first time the full meaning of that melancholy hymn, in which human life, frail and finite, is compared with the eternity of an everlasting God to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday. In the midst of such surroundings those lofty words come home with a force undreamt of in a quiet English church.

The more one sees of the South African scenery, the more comprehensible become certain characteristics of the Dutch farmers who have inhabited this country. Natural features react powerfully on the disposition of a people, and it is curious to trace in this instance the effect of an overwhelming nature upon a primitive and ignorant race. The vastness, the solemnity of Africa would press heavily upon the most enlightened of men. The tendency is to grow sad, introspective; to lose the sense of human worth and dignity, because all dignity and greatness seem swallowed up by Nature herself. It is well for man in his pride of intellect that from time to time he should go out into the wilderness and humble himself before its mysteries. We read that it was the habit even of our Great Exemplar. But a daily life in the wilderness, cut adrift from every noble and refining influence, makes man in time brutish. It requires a fine character to stand the test of isolation. Under the most favourable conditions an isolated race inevitably develops silent melancholy traits. The first Boer settlers were ignorant and uncouth. Their only home was a waggon, their only book a Bible, the highest teaching of which was incomprehensible to them. Is it wonderful, therefore, that in the course of generations such an existence should have fostered instincts of savagery rather than of civilisation among these emigrant peasants from Northern Europe? Cut adrift

from civilisation, they have gradually learnt to despise it. The Boers are called simple, God-fearing, hardy. Their simplicity arises from an ignorance into which no descendants of a civilised white race should have allowed themselves to fall. Their religion consists in a worship of that angry but propitiable God peculiar to all low grades of mental development. Their courage is a necessary quality developed by those prolonged struggles against savage tribes on the one hand, and natural conditions hardly less savage on the other. No one denies that their characters are hardy and robust, but unfortunately it is a robustness purchased entirely at the cost of the nobler, the finer, the higher side of human feeling and sensibility.

CHAPTER XVII.

KIMBERLEY.

THE cities of South Africa are neither great nor beautiful when judged by any æsthetic standard, but the Dark Continent possesses two towns absolutely unique in their way—namely, Kimberley and Johannesburg. There is a good deal of rivalry between the City of Gold and the City of Diamonds as to which is the better worth seeing. At first sight it would appear as though there could be little competition, and that Johannesburg easily bears off the palm. And yet of the two it is possible to look upon Kimberley as the more remarkable place, and this for one particular reason. Outwardly, of course, there is no comparison. Stockdale Street, Kimberley, seems a quiet, uninteresting thoroughfare, after the polyglot crowds of Commissioner Street, Johannesburg. But in South Africa, more perhaps than in any other country, it is necessary to look beneath the surface of things. Forces outwardly small and insignificant may often have more influence in the long run than others from which great results might have been naturally expected. The legend of the hare and the tortoise is being played every day in this land, but as few people take the trouble to watch the race, there is general astonishment when the tortoise is found at the winning-post.

Kimberley, thanks to the economic conditions which rule its industry, contains none of those elements of expansion to be found in Johannesburg. One fact, however, places that industry in a category apart. Johannesburg, remarkable though it is, cannot claim to be the only gold-created city in the world. Then, again, gold is a necessity, not a luxury, in life. Some people are apt to forget, when denouncing the *auri sacra fames*, that without the medium of exchange represented by the sovereign, chaos and anarchy would reign in every civilised quarter of the globe. The great industry which centres at Johannesburg rests upon the solid and natural basis of commercial necessity. The mines, the machinery, the vast and complicated financial organisation, all these things are justified by the wants of that social system which are inextricably bound up with the supply of gold. But the industry of Kimberley is a different matter. A smaller town than Johannesburg, it nevertheless musters a population of 39,000 inhabitants. The discovery of the diamond fields in 1869 gave an impetus to the prosperity of Cape Colony, such as that country had never previously received. The discovery came, too, at a most opportune moment, when agricultural depression and Kaffir wars had disastrously affected colonial affairs. People rushed north to the Vaal diggings, companies were started, a town sprang up, and the wisest financial heads of Europe turned their attention to South Africa. It is impossible to restrain a feeling of amazement when we reflect upon what sentiment such far-reaching results have turned. Unlike Johannesburg, the Diamond City owes its existence to no necessity more potent than that of woman's

vanity. If we search among the foundations of this industry they are found to rest upon a feminine love of display. The fashionable lady, as she drives to ball and function, is the real mainstay of a city the existence of which she hardly realises.

For her, and for her alone, exist the mighty ramifications of the De Beers Company; for her pleasure countless Kaffirs toil in the bowels of the earth; for her sake—so that the diamond on her neck may still remain a costly stone—financial battles have been fought and won. Men have suffered, and endured, and perished, to place that tiara on her dainty head. A large town and a large population are visible emblems of her sovereignty. For it is the old, old story illustrated here at Kimberley—what women ardently desire, the men who love them will search the ends of the earth to discover. Every right-minded woman likes a diamond necklace. A woman who says she does not is capable of saying anything, and should be treated accordingly with deep distrust. It takes two or three days at Kimberley to see all the different stages through which the diamonds pass in their course of extrication. The spectacle of so many thousand human beings wholly engaged in a work which results from man's desire to gratify woman's fancy is a very striking object-lesson. It is one apparently ignored by those worthy ladies who talk so loudly of the brutal treatment we endure at the hands of our lords and masters. I offer it respectfully to their consideration.

Kimberley, the Diamond City, is situated between the Vaal and the Modder Rivers, about 650 miles north of Cape Town. The history of its development is in a large measure that of the economic rise of South

Africa. It was in 1867 that a certain Mr. O'Reilly, when on a hunting trip near the Vaal River, stopped for the night at a Dutch farm in the Hopetown district. He noticed one of the children was playing with a brilliant pebble, which excited his curiosity. The pebble was sent to Grahamstown, and proved to be a diamond worth 500*l.* A few adventurous spirits now went up to explore the district. Two years later, the splendid stone, weighing 82½ carats, known as the Star of South Africa, was obtained from a Hottentot. A rush then began to the Vaal River diggings, but no great progress was made until the discovery of certain mines further south, near a farm called Dutoitspan—the Kimberley of to-day.

Political difficulties at once arose with the Orange Free State, who claimed that the new diggings lay within their territory. When Great Britain renounced the Orange River Sovereignty in 1854 the question of boundaries on the western frontier had not been very accurately settled. The discovery of the diamond mines naturally put a new complexion on affairs in that desolate region. The chapter of history in which Great Britain supported the counter-claims to the disputed territory of the Griqua chief Waterboer is a most discreditable page of her South African annals. Waterboer ceded his claims to the British Government, who took possession of the diamond fields, paying the Free State 90,000*l.* by way of compensation. It was a high-handed proceeding, very destructive to Boer confidence in British good faith. At the same time, the removal of the diamond mines from Dutch to English territory ensured the peaceful development of the industry, and spared both Governments alike that endless series of disputes arising from divergent ideals

which has marked the history of gold mining in the Transvaal.

The pioneers of Kimberley had much to contend against. Communication with Cape Town was slow, difficult, and costly. The barest necessaries of life were almost unobtainable. Dutoitspan was an arid desert without houses, trees, or water. But, in spite of every drawback, they struggled on, and the Kimberley of to-day, though not beautiful, is at least well paved, well lighted, and possesses a good water supply. The latter-day history of the place is too much connected with stocks and shares to be recorded here. Briefly, it consists in the absorption of all the original diamond companies by one powerful organisation, the famous De Beers Corporation. It was found that competition and over-production were lowering the price of diamonds to a degree detrimental to their status as precious stones. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who had gone to the Fields in the early days, brought his skill and genius to bear on the subject, with the result that in 1885 all the various interests and claims were amalgamated into the one great company which now rules the roast at Kimberley. De Beers controls the output, and regulates the price of diamonds. It was undoubtedly a wise step for the protection of the industry, but it was fatal to the development of the town.

The country round Kimberley is flat and uninteresting, and the place itself has not the smallest pretensions to beauty. At first sight it conveys the impression of a wilderness of corrugated iron and barbed wire. It looks as though a respectable ironmonger's shop had gone mad, and its contents were holding wild saturnalia on the high veldt. The tin shanties of the old

mining camp remain as unlovely souvenirs of the early days. There was plenty of room for building purposes, and no attention was paid to properly laying out the town. The consequence is that the latter covers an area quite out of proportion to its population. There is an unending series of shanties in every stage of repair and decay; large open tracts of ground being also taken up by what are known as the 'floors.' How it was possible during the recent siege to hold such a straggling and unprotected place is a military mystery I shall never fathom. Since the consolidation of the diamond mines and the passing of the whole industry into the hands of De Beers, trade has naturally shrunk. Many of the outlying suburbs are deserted, and the flimsy houses tumbling to pieces convey a dreary sense of dirt and desolation. The heaps of refuse and washed mud from the mines give the whole place a most unkempt look, and the various chimneys do not add to its beauty. There are no fine streets or buildings, but the public gardens are a pleasant feature, and in this part of the town there are some substantial stone houses, surrounded by trees and flowers.

Of course there is a smart town-hall. The self-respect of every South African township centres in this emblem of municipal government. The town itself may be little better than a dilapidated village; it may be minus light and water; but if its inhabitants have a rag of proper feeling they erect an imposing building in order to visibly uphold the municipal glories pertaining to a free and independent colony. It is a very nice sentiment on the part of the council. The only pity is that afterwards they are somewhat over-apt to rest upon their laurels. I have often wished that the pavements and general cleanliness of

the South African town would try and live up to the exalted standard of the municipal hall.

At Kenilworth, a suburb of Kimberley, Mr. Rhodes has built a model village for the De Beers *employés*. No effort has been spared to bring the amenities of life within reach of the European staff. Among shady groves of eucalyptus trees, a church, a club house, and a reading-room are situated, while a large orchard supplies the inhabitants during the season with fresh fruit—no trifling delicacy in a South African summer. Siege Avenue, where Mr. Rhodes, undisturbed by Boer bombs, amused himself during the late investment by planting pepper trees, will in the future be an historic feature of Kenilworth. One wonders if the choice of trees was dictated by that same grim humour which recently prompted the founder of Charterland to present a young lion to the Pretoria Zoo.

Every traveller to Kimberley owes Mr. Rhodes a debt of gratitude for another building he has erected. South Africa is not a land of very comfortable hotels, and in the course of many varied experiences we found the Sanatorium so delectable a spot that it came near to proving our Capua. How heartily we grumbled at our neat hostel on leaving it! The Sanatorium, as its name betokens, is primarily intended as a health resort for invalids, but the most robust wanderers gladly avail themselves of its many comforts *and* unlimited supply of hot water—no small consideration in a country where an occasional sponge in Schweppe's Soda is often a luxury. No account of the Diamond City, either, would be complete without a mention of the Kimberley Club, which holds the blue ribbon for such institutions in South Africa. Naturally, I can only speak of it second-hand, but its virtues are held by those

competent to give an opinion, as many and great. Captain Tyson, the popular secretary, is quite a South African celebrity.

Kimberley may not be beautiful, but it is one of the most interesting spots on earth. We were lucky enough to fall into the friendly hands of Mr. Sutton, the meteorologist of De Beers, who most kindly acted as our pilot on the various expeditions. Not the least interesting sight in Kimberley is Mr. Sutton's house at Kenilworth, where he showed us countless thermometers of all sorts and sizes, and other instruments connected with his work. Few things are more destructive at Kimberley than the sudden mud-rushes, which from time to time cause great loss of life and property in the underground workings. They take place without any warning, and Mr. Sutton's efforts are directed to an accumulation of data as to atmosphere and temperature, from which science may deduct the secret of these unfortunate occurrences. It is a good work, in which all must wish him well.

There can be few expeditions more engrossing than a tour round the diamond mines. One is left dumfounded—first by the unique industry, then by the still more unique organisation which directs it. Geologically, the origin of the diamond is something of a mystery. The stones appear to be of older date than those funnels of diamondiferous mud which contain them. These funnels, or pipes as they are called, crop up in the surrounding strata, and are considered by some people to be extinct craters filled with volcanic mud. Volcanic agency, in any case, has certainly played a part in the history of the diamond. The diamondiferous mud is of two kinds, consisting of an upper layer of yellow rock, and a lower one of the

famous blue rock. Most of the mining is now carried on underground, but at the Premier Mine, near Wesselton, the open workings peculiar to the early days of Kimberley still remain. Here the whole formation can be seen at a glance.

The rock is excavated with pick and shovel, piled into tubs and carted away to the 'floors,' large open spaces covering many acres. It is spread about in these enclosures, and left for twelve months or so to disintegrate by the simple action of sun and air. Under these influences the large lumps of rock crumble away rapidly. It is rather amazing to think of the fortunes carted about apparently somewhat casually in the tubs, and left to lie on the floors. In reality the system of surveillance is most severe, and there are few opportunities for breaking the Catechismal injunction as to picking and stealing. All the mines, floors, and compounds are surrounded by strong fences of barbed wire, that latter-day form of defence at which our forefathers would most assuredly have mocked. However, barbed wire does its work in Kimberley as effectively as any ancient rampart or portcullis. The entrances are guarded by armed watchmen, and no one is admitted on any excuse without a pass. At night the whole place is strongly patrolled, and powerful searchlights are turned on to the floors and workings in order to discover any intruder. These same searchlights played no small part at Kimberley during its memorable siege. In fact, certain dispositions of a far-sighted company made me wonder at the time if errant Kaffirs could be their only objective.

One little incident which took place during our visit to Wesselton came home to me later on. The Premier Mine is situated within a few hundred yards of

the Free State border, and we had climbed up a hillock, half natural, half *débris*, to have a look at the searchlight. The powerful apparatus commanded the Republican territory in a somewhat obvious fashion. The possibilities of that hillock as a fortification were equally obvious. Any attacking force approaching by night from the border would clearly be at the mercy of the searchlight—and possibly of other weapons more disagreeable to face. But South Africa is a very discreet land. Its inhabitants know how to keep their counsel when they wish to do so. It was never considered etiquette at that time to speak in a casual way about the Boers or the possibility of war. Feeling was running high, and it was advisable not to provoke controversy with acquaintances of unknown political views. So we politely studied the searchlight, and looked at the distant Free State hills, and kept speculations about Maxim guns and commandos to ourselves. 'Your organisation for the discovery of Kaffirs on the floors seems most complete,' I remarked as we turned to go down. It was surely not my fault if the manager in reply gave me a wink which started us all laughing.

But to return to our diamonds, which have been left on the floors during this digression. When the lumps of rock have been sufficiently pulverised they are brought back to the mine. Such pieces as have resisted the natural process of disintegration are crushed separately in a mill. The rock is then washed, and the first rough sorting of mud and gravel takes place. The *débris* is carted away, and forms the untidy-looking heaps to be seen all over Kimberley. The residue is sent in sealed trucks to the pulsator at the De Beers Mine. The pulsator is an elaborate piece of machinery, but it may be roughly described as a series of sloping

iron trays covered with grease, which shake backwards and forwards. Over these vibrating trays water and the diamondiferous gravel are poured. The gravel is washed away, but the diamonds for some reason adhere to the greased surface of the trays. The water supply is then turned off, and the stones collected. They are subsequently sent under an armed escort to the De Beers office in Stockdale Street, where they are finally sorted, according to size, shape, and colour.

No diamonds are cut or polished at Kimberley, but they are prepared for shipment to Europe and distant Amsterdam at the De Beers office. It is the last act of the drama, and, like all fifth acts, it is perhaps less interesting than the earlier stages. A hundred thousand pounds' worth of uncut diamonds, lying about on a table, somehow conveys less idea of value than a tithe of that quantity, polished and mounted in a jeweller's window. The handfuls of stones, adhering to the greased trays of the pulsator, seem doubly striking by contrast with their rough mechanical surroundings. But an uncut diamond is not beautiful, and at the office they have reached the cotton-wool and tissue-paper stage.

A diamond is always more yellow in its natural than in its polished state. Three mines only are worked by the De Beers Company. Stones from the Kimberley shaft and the De Beers shaft are a light straw colour, and are found in all forms and sizes. The Premier Mine stone is a much better colour, and it is also the true diamond shape. On the other hand, these stones are not large, nor is the supply so plentiful as that obtained from the other mines. A perfectly pure white diamond is exceedingly rare and valuable. It is often said that the Kimberley stones cannot com-

pete for beauty with those from Brazil. The average South African diamond is probably inferior in colour to the average Brazilian one, but we were shown a handful of picked white stones which, though uncut, were clearly of superb water, and would be hard to surpass. Another rare form of diamond is the odd-looking triangular-shaped stone known as a maccle; but for the matter of that we saw diamonds of every imaginable shape, size, and colour at the De Beers office. Familiarity, though it did not breed contempt, soon vanquished our feeling of awe for those heaps of yellow stones lying about in assorted qualities on little squares of white paper. Probably Ali Baba's amazement at the treasures of the robbers' cave wore off as rapidly as ours. Thefts of diamonds are most rigorously punished. Any person found in possession of an uncut stone, without a written permission, is sentenced forthwith to five years' hard labour on Cape Town Breakwater. The illicit diamond buyers, Europeans who secretly purchased stones from the natives, were a source of much trouble in the past. Nowadays the regulations are so stringent that the I.D.B.s, as they are called, have not many chances of driving a prosperous trade. A small leakage of diamonds still takes place, but when one reflects on the small size of the gem and the large area covered by the workings, the marvel is that among so many thousand *employés* the thefts are comparatively so very rare.

De Beers employ about 13,000 men—3,000 Europeans in the responsible posts, and 10,000 Kaffirs, who work in the mines. This brings me to the most interesting sight at Kimberley: the world-renowned compounds in which the natives live. The whole system is unique and peculiar to the diamond fields. The

compounds are large square enclosures with rows of iron huts built round the four sides, the whole being surrounded by the inevitable barbed-wire fence. Communication with the outside world is absolutely forbidden. There is a netting over the top of the enclosure to prevent anything from being thrown in and out, and the Kaffirs reach the shaft through an underground passage. The compound we visited contains a hospital, a school, and a swimming-bath. All alcoholic drinks are strictly prohibited, and the native does his shopping at the stores within the enclosure. The Kaffirs sign for a term of service, which may be three, six, or nine months, and during that period they are never allowed to leave the compound. They are very well cared for, and are the most good-tempered, merry-looking set of men. The compound is an epitome of native life in South Africa, and contains Kaffirs drawn from all quarters of the country. Every class and tribe is represented here, from the lordly Basuto and Zulu to the humble Fingo and Bechuana. It is an amazing ethnological study. Now and again ructions arise between members of different tribes, old foes, perchance, in the past, whose aboriginal instincts as to little excursions on the war path have not been wholly subdued by the glories of European clothes and 24*s.* a week wages. But these episodes are rare, for when the native is ruled with justice and kindness he is as amenable as a big child. Captain Maundy, the head of the West End compound, was clearly regarded by his charges in the light of a great and beneficent father. We walked round the square and saw them all at their various occupations, some cooking, some playing cards, some smoking, some executing mimic war dances, some banging concertinas, or evoking

weird noises out of a strange-looking wood contrivance called a marimba. Kaffirs are fond of music. Madame Albani had visited Kimberley a short time before us, and the history of how she mounted a biscuit box, and drove the assembled multitude half frantic by her singing of 'God save the Queen,' is a legend proudly treasured in the Kimberley West End compound.

We paid a visit to the hospital and dispensary, where every care is taken of natives who fall ill or are accidentally injured in the mines. Finally, the Kaffir choir came and entertained us with part-songs, their *répertoire* extending from Methodist hymns to 'Rule, Britannia.' At every turn of our explorations the coffee-coloured faces beamed kindly upon us, eager to show their work, or to air scraps of English conversation. The sullen hostility shown to the white man by the Arab and the Asiatic is entirely lacking in the Bantu. Treat the latter judiciously and he responds to kindness. I left the compound with a sigh of regret, wishing that the native problem of South Africa at large could be solved with as much success as it has been locally at Kimberley.

When all is said and done, however, the most wonderful thing at the Diamond Fields is the far-reaching organisation of the De Beers Corporation itself. Never for one moment do you escape from the influence of the great company. Its ramifications control your uprisings and your movements. It may not be possible to trace the steps, but a short residence at Kimberley soon forces the inward conviction that De Beers have had a say as to the egg on the breakfast table or the blacking on your boots. It is extraordinary to think of one corporation wielding such influence, industrially, politically, commercially. Naturally, it is

much too powerful not to have many bitter enemies in South Africa. Various vain attempts have been made to bring about its downfall. As far as an outsider can judge, apart from that unfortunate chapter of history in 1895, De Beers has not unworthily played the *rôle* of a benignant despotism in the land. Certainly they rule their own dependents in a kindly way.

I have many pleasant recollections of a water *fête*, given by the company, at the Dutoitspan Reservoir, during our visit. Here the fatherly De Beers, mindful even of its children's recreations, has built a pavilion where dances can be held. We found ourselves that night among a company of resourceful-looking men. The political situation at the time was threatening, but no shadows of war were allowed to interfere with the brightness of the gathering. Kimberley was ready to fight; in the meantime it was equally ready to dance. That tall man, with the quiet, strong face, talking to his pretty daughter, is the general manager of De Beers. Americans like Mr. and Miss Gardner Williams do more for the Anglo-American understanding than pages of protocols. Mr. Pickering, Captain Tyson, and many others are here, all well-known people in Kimberley, all men likely to give a very good account of themselves in the hour of difficulty. Their names may not be written large on the pages of history, but it is well to remember these are the henchmen who, under the direction of one master mind, have helped forward that work which added Rhodesia to the Imperial Crown, and opened up the mineral wealth of the Rand. The commercial development of South Africa took its rise at Kimberley, and Kimberley after all may be summed up in the name of one personality, 'the very pulse of the machine'—Mr. Cecil Rhodes. I

have spoken all along of De Beers. Wherever that name occurs I might with equal correctness have substituted for it that of Mr. Rhodes. He, in truth, like a ruler of old, may say of Kimberley, 'L'état, c'est moi.' All honour to him that he unhesitatingly threw in his lot with the Diamond City when danger threatened its existence. The influence of his presence and energy must have proved of more value to the defenders of Kimberley than many trucks of lyddite shell. That gallant little band, from whom we parted amid surroundings of laughter and revelry, have gone through troublous times since then; but they came through their ordeal not only victoriously, but in a manner which won them the admiration of an empire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INDUSTRIAL JOHANNESBURG.

JOHANNESBURG, the leading city of South Africa, has been described such countless times that most English people feel that they are as familiar with its main features as with those of London. It is an extraordinary place this Aladdin's City sprung up, so to speak, from nowhere in the night, and the incongruities of its surroundings are very striking. For three days the traveller from Cape Town traverses a desert containing few signs of human life and none of human industry. The 'towns' passed on the way, Bloemfontein included, are only villages. Consequently, the numerous chimneys along the line of the Main Reef, which announce the neighbourhood of Johannesburg, are fairly startling in their sudden evidence of man's activity in this district. A chimney is a familiar object in England, execrated only for its ugliness; but a tall chimney in the heart of the African veldt seems very remarkable and thoroughly out of place. The different chimneys, of course, mark the different mines, and the galvanised-iron engine-houses, together with the great white heaps of cyanide tailings attached to each mine, add to the extraordinary appearance of the scene. Quite suddenly, so it seems, the desolation and silence of the veldt have given place to all the stir and activity of a great industrial centre. People, as I have

said before, generally take life quietly in Africa; but at Johannesburg the press and turmoil of modern existence are distinctly felt. Every one is in a hurry, every one is on the rush, and the mania for speculation is universal. Johannesburg is the most unlovely as well as the largest city in South Africa. It is full of architectural contrasts. On the one hand there are huge meretricious buildings, generally mining offices or banking establishments, as remarkable for their costliness as for their utter lack of artistic merit; on the other, the tin shanties of an earlier epoch still survive, as at Kimberley, in all stages of dilapidation. The streets are badly paved, drained, and lighted, and when the wind is blowing—and it generally blows hard, for Johannesburg is perched on a bleak spot 5,000 feet or more above sea-level—the dust storms, impregnated with cyanide of potassium from the tailings heaps, are most disagreeable and injurious. Still, it is all very wonderful when one remembers that the Rand was only declared a goldfield in 1886, and that this marvellous development has taken place in the short space of fourteen years. Johannesburg is not destitute in elements of beauty, for its surroundings have all that somewhat desolate grandeur peculiar to South African scenery. Trees have been planted in great numbers, and looking down from the rocky ridge of the Witwatersrand, the town already seems to be embowered in a mass of green foliage. The suburbs of Bertram's Town and Doornfontein are charming places, consisting of miles of pretty houses where the wealthy Rand magnates reside. Looking north from the crest of the Witwatersrand, there is one of those illimitable views which are the glory of South Africa. Mr. Lionel Phillips's house, Hohenheim, is situated here, and pro-

bably few houses in the world overlook such a superb prospect.

The conditions of existence in Johannesburg are quite different from what they are in any other part of South Africa. Broadly speaking, though the railway has brought comforts within the reach of all people, luxuries are the exception, not the rule, in a South African establishment. But at many houses in Johannesburg every refinement of wealth and civilisation may be found, in spite of Boer mismanagement and hostile tariffs. Still, as I have said in a previous chapter, it is necessary to remember the wealthy class at Johannesburg is extremely small, and riches are by no means the dominant note of the town. Socially, also, it is most unfair to stigmatise the population as being wholly composed of mercenary adventurers. There are some very noxious people in Johannesburg, both men and women, and undoubtedly a large percentage of scamps; but there are many charming families residing there, as every traveller to South Africa discovers. The Johannesburgers are naturally very proud of their town. They point to it as a fine example of a great city and a great industry called into existence by sheer force of Anglo-Saxon energy in the teeth of obstruction and ill-will. It has been the political cockpit of South Africa during the last decade, and when the troubles of the present are settled, further development will undoubtedly take place by leaps and bounds.

I have spoken, in the first part of this book, of the political events which have centred round Johannesburg, and it would be superfluous to refer to them again here. The economic conditions prevailing on the Rand are, however, well worth description, but I am not competent to speak of them. My brother, Arthur Markham,

who is well acquainted with Johannesburg, has accordingly supplied the necessary information and statistics for this chapter, of which I am the compiler rather than the author.

The Witwatersrand gold basin is about 130 miles long by thirty wide. This basin contains various reefs of greater or lesser value; but the bulk of the Rand output is obtained from the mines on what is known as the Main Reef series, a district twenty-six miles in length, which stretches from Boksburg on the east to Roodepoort on the west. The Main Reef series lie east and west of Johannesburg, and it is often declared that the town itself is built on the richest portion of the reef. It is this little district which has revolutionised South Africa.

The mineral wealth of the Witwatersrand is unique, and unsurpassed by that of any other known goldfields in the world. It is unique for the reason that the precious metal is extracted from a conglomerate body consisting of a series of pebble beds, whereas in all other countries gold is extracted from quartz lodes. The irregularity of quartz reefs, and their liability to suddenly 'pinch out,' are two circumstances which in all ages have made gold-mining operations a highly speculative business. The conditions of gold mining on the Witwatersrand are in every respect the antithesis of those which have prevailed hitherto. Owing to the extraordinary nature of the deposits, the industry has passed for the first time in history from a speculative to a certain stage. The industry on the Rand is not so much gold mining as gold manufacturing.

The conglomerate pebble beds, known as 'banket,' in which the gold occurs, are a geological formation

peculiar to the Transvaal. These pebble beds, lying at an angle of from 30° to 70°, have been proved by bore-holes to maintain at great depths the same uniform grade of ore as is found on the outcrop. Nature has further favoured the fields in another important manner; for the beds, after dipping for a few hundred feet, gradually flatten out, thus enabling the deposits to be won at a far less depth, and consequently less expense, than would have been the case had the out-crop dip been maintained. It is imperative to bear in mind one fact about the riches of this district—namely, that they are due entirely to the wonderful continuity of the reefs, both laterally and clinometrically, and not to the thickness or richness of the deposits. The reefs are of low-grade ore, yielding in most cases but a small percentage of metal to rock. It is owing to this fact that the bad economic conditions prevailing in the Transvaal pressed so heavily on the industry.

The Witwatersrand Goldfields were discovered in 1885, and were proclaimed as such in 1886. The discovery has already brought great wealth and prosperity not only to the Transvaal but to the whole of South Africa. It seems difficult to estimate the possibilities of the future when a sound and just government is established. An enormous development of the industry will inevitably follow better economic conditions. Gold-mining operations in the Witwatersrand are not more speculative than coal mining in Great Britain. Unfortunately for South Africa the same honest conditions of management have not prevailed there as in this country. Many of the mines have been exploited by speculative directors who have served their own ends rather than those of the shareholders for whom they are trustees. There is hardly an instance

when failures on the Main Reef series have occurred that they have not been directly traceable to the fault of man.

Interest in Johannesburg is centred on two classes—the capitalists and the workmen. It is necessary to examine the status of both, especially the former, who are often held unjustly to be responsible for the war.

A great many erroneous ideas exist as to the powers wielded by the capitalists. It is generally supposed that the wealthy mine proprietors have derived their wealth from the goldfields. This belief is incorrect. With few exceptions, the wealthy men had made considerable fortunes on the diamond fields long before the discovery of the Witwatersrand. It is true that they have largely increased their fortunes in the Transvaal, but it is an absurd contention on the part of the pro-Boer party that the Rand capitalists owe their prosperity to the sweetness and light diffused by President Kruger's Government. On the contrary, the Transvaal owed its past existence to the energy and ability of many of these much-abused men, who developed the industry in face of opposition of a peculiarly ignorant character. Some of the Rand capitalists, it is true, have formed and floated companies which they are well aware could never yield a return on their capitals. They have manipulated the share market and defrauded the public in every conceivable manner. Numerous mines have been floated with enormous capitals where a reef did not even exist. Mr. G. Albu, Chairman of the Association of Mines, gave some very candid evidence on this subject before the Industrial Commission appointed by the Boer Government in 1897.

'There may be mines over-capitalised,' he said, 'and

there are also mines in existence which have no gold, although the property was reported to be very rich at the time of flotation.' And again, 'We would have been a very extraordinary community if there had not been some of us who had taken advantage of the people who had put in money from home.' Mr. De Beers, a member of the Commission, asked Mr. Albu 'if confidence could be restored in Europe without proper proof being produced that companies are floated on an honest basis.' The reply given was 'that flotations which had not been conducted on an honest basis were finished with.'

The leading group of capitalists, Messrs. Beit, Rhodes, Robinson, Neumann, Farrar, Phillips, Eckstein, and a few others, undoubtedly work in an honest manner the large group of mines which they respectively control. It would not pay them to do otherwise, for the confidence and trust of European investors are their chief considerations in order that capital may always be available for new flotations. The great majority of mines on the Rand are honestly worked, and facts prove that this is particularly the case with those controlled by the few prominent men who have been vilified in the most gross manner, irrespective of facts, simply for political purposes. In the *Times* of January 1900, under the heading of 'Transvaal Gold,' the shares of some fifty companies are quoted. To trace the history of all these mines is somewhat difficult, but during recent years these fifty companies have been reconstructed no less than 190 times, that is to say, on an average each company has had its capital manipulated nearly four times. Turning to the mines under the heading of 'Transvaal Gold (Deep Levels),' are some thirty companies under the control of the group of men mentioned above. Few, if any, of these mines have

been wound up or reconstructed. The comparison is perhaps hardly a fair one, for the reason that capital was difficult to obtain before the Fields were proved, and the Deep Levels have benefited by the experience gained in the working of the outcrop mines. Still, these statistics prove that Messrs. Beit, Rhodes, &c., have not spent all their time manipulating companies, as Mr. Labouchere would have us believe.

Very different, of course, is the position and career of the mushroom capitalists. These are individuals having neither reputations to gain nor to lose, who collect the sweepings cast aside by the respectable men, and in so doing have brought discredit on the industry. In 1889 a company known as the Buffelsdoorn Estate and Gold Mining Company was formed, with a capital of 110,000*l.* In 1893 the capital was increased to 250,000*l.*, and in 1895 again increased to 550,000*l.* The total gross profit for six years' working to 1895 amounted to 27,259*l.* Nevertheless, in 1895 the directors suddenly declared a dividend of 80 per cent., equal to a distribution of 440,000*l.* The 1*l.* shares soon rose to 8*l.* 10*s.* per share, at which price the capitalised value of the concern represented nearly five millions sterling. Since 1895 this company has yearly lost money. Needless to say, the dividend was never earned and was paid at a period when the directors were speculating in the shares of the company; a fact proved when the gambling transactions of the directors were ventilated in the English law courts—owing to a difference of opinion between them. Then there is another group of capitalists who make large sums of money by supplying machinery for the mines, many hundreds of thousands of pounds passing in this way through their hands. Finally, the system of holding the

annual meetings of nearly every mine at Johannesburg (though nine-tenths of the shares may be held in Europe) is radically bad. In many cases meetings are called and important resolutions passed before European shareholders have been advised of the date of such meeting. The potentialities of whitewashing under these circumstances are obvious. Still, the point is this: dishonest practices of the above character do not prevail among the leading capitalists.

Not the least interesting part in the history of the successful South African speculator is his social career in London. He returns to England and is received with open arms by that most worthless section of the community, the so-called smart set, whose only object is to make as much money as they can by any means save that of honest work. A new flotation now takes place; the social flotation of the wealthy by the well-born—for a consideration. The latter, so to speak, capitalise their forbears and turn the Crusader in the family chapel into £ *s. d.* An ancestor who fought at Agincourt is a solid commercial asset nowadays. The bargain between the needy aristocrat and the speculator is a very interesting one, though probably, after some recent financial exposures, the public will look cautiously on those ventures when noblemen of no business experience exploit in their names the unfortunate investor. The former lends the prestige of his genealogy to the prospectus of the company issued by the latter. He benefits not by cash down—that would sound crude and hurt his family pride—but by an allotment of shares and a seat on the board carrying large director's fees. The speculator benefits by social advantages, such as the privilege of paying for a large house in which he entertains other people's friends who

are barely civil to him. On the whole, the impartial onlooker is forced to own that he has the worst of the bargain. That, however, is his concern, though at heart he probably values the fawners and flatterers by whom he is surrounded at their proper estimate. Thus the reflex action of Johannesburg makes itself felt in London. No doubt it is all very modern and breathes a fine democratic spirit, but a few people are still narrow-minded and old-fashioned enough to think that a great name and great traditions are a heritage ill appreciated by those who can squander it in such guise.

Turning now to the working classes of Johannesburg, one is immediately struck by their high standard of respectability. There is practically little or nothing of the mining camp about the place. Johannesburg, like all other large cities, contains a criminal section, but the police returns prove that the great majority of the population are a law-abiding community. There are certainly fewer drunken men to be seen about the streets than in many of the large industrial centres in Great Britain. The workmen on the Rand—and this is a fact seldom realised—are of an entirely different type from those to be found on any other goldfields. The reason of this is twofold. Firstly, banket mining entails regular and constant work; secondly, highly skilled workmen are required to manage the extremely complicated and delicate gold-mining machinery, and to deal with the ore in the many stages of reduction. In no district of the British Empire is there a mining equipment to compare with the plants on the Rand. The credit for the latter is due chiefly to American engineers. The exigencies of the industry have entailed these costly equipments, for the leading men soon realised that the only successful method of reducing the low-

grade ores was by erecting the best machinery that money could buy. It is hardly necessary to add that highly-skilled artisans capable of handling such machinery are not recruited from the loafing disreputable classes.

Bad government and the denial of all political rights have pressed hardly on this class, especially the married men. Skilled artisans are paid from 24*l.* to 30*l.* per month; miners from 20*l.* to 25*l.* per month, and even these high wages are not excessive when the cost of living is taken into account. It is the fashion of the pro-Boer party to urge that no genuine grievances existed in Johannesburg, and that the lot of the working man in particular was an ideal existence. Let us examine some facts on this question as revealed by evidence before the Transvaal Industrial Commission.

In the first place, a married man has to pay from 3*l.* to 6*l.* per month for a miserable tin hut containing three small rooms, a few of the mines only providing houses for the married men. Mr. Robert Barrow, a miner from the north of Lancashire, was a witness before the Industrial Commission, and gave the actual average monthly cost for families on the mines.

His statement was as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent	6	10	0
Butcher	2	10	0
Baker	2	0	0
Milk—1 bottle a day	0	15	0
Groceries	8	0	0
Fuel	1	1	0
	20	16	0

It will be noticed that this sum does not include clothing, boots, schooling, or doctor's fees. The following table of the cost of a miner living in England

with the cost of one living in Johannesburg was given to the Commission by Mr. Barrow, and, though he was cross-examined by Mr. Smit and others at great length, no attempt was made to dispute his figures as regards Johannesburg.

The figures were as follows:

	England			Transvaal		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Milk	0	2	4	0	15	0
Butter	0	6	8	1	0	0
Meat	1	4	0	2	10	0
Vegetables . . .	0	10	0		—	
Groceries . . .	1	2	0	8	0	0
Rent	0	16	0	6	0	0
Doctor's Fees . .	0	1	0	0	7	6
Bread	1	1	0	2	0	0
	£5	3	0	£20	12	6

Mr. Fyffe, another workman, also gave evidence, stating he had been appointed by the Mineworkers' Union to represent them before the Commission. His evidence as regards the cost of living agreed with that of Mr. Barrow. Mr. Fyffe produced figures to prove that it was impossible for a workman to live in a decent manner under 1*l.* per day, and 'that if the cost of living is reduced to a reasonable rate there is no workman in Johannesburg who would not be willing to accept a good reduction in wages.' It would be interesting if the pro-Boer party in this country, who maintain that the cost of living in the Transvaal is not excessive, would produce figures to disprove those given by the appointed representative of the Mineworkers' Union. Presumably the latter ought to be acquainted with the conditions of their own existence. The housing of the working classes is deplorable, and this is one of the first matters which will claim the attention of the British

Government. The brick and cement monopolies affect this question to a large degree. Machine-made bricks cost no less than 4*l.* 10*s.* per 1,000, or about five times the cost of bricks in this country. The Joint Committee of the Chamber of Commerce and Mercantile Association petitioned the Government on the cement concession in 1896, protesting against the same. The following is an extract from the petition:

'Cement furnishes another burden for the mines, increases the cost of dwelling houses, and generally has been to the great disadvantage of the community. First-class cement costs in Europe 5*s.* 6*d.* per cask of 400 lbs. gross weight. It costs 44*s.* a cask to bring here. The consumer is not only burdened with the heavy cost in freight and railage in bringing the cement to this market, but has to pay a protective duty of 12*s.* a cask so as to bolster up the local factory. The protection given the local factory is 12*s.* a cask through the Customs and 7*s.* 8*d.* through excessive charges. The local factory produces equal to 30,000 casks per annum, and is therefore subsidised by the State to the extent of 28,000*l.* per annum. We submit that such an anomaly as this subsidy to a small industrial company, which is only a parasite on the main industry of the country, should be swept away.'

Mr. J. P. FitzPatrick is largely interested in this factory and is a director of the same.

The education question is a very serious grievance. Many children grow up in a state hardly less savage than that of the Kaffirs, owing to the complete lack of schools and restraining influences of every kind. Mr. John Robinson, Director-General of the Johannesburg Educational Council, has stated 'that hundreds of children grow up in the blackest ignorance and crime,'

and that the total amount expended on the children of the Uitlanders for educational purposes is only a few pence per head. Nevertheless, Johannesburg pays about 7*l.* per head for the education of Dutch children. I have spoken elsewhere of the extortions and incompetence of the imported Hollanders. Few, if any, of the country Boers participate in the general plunder of the Uitlanders, for Dr. Leyds and his countrymen have obtained all the lucrative offices which are worth having.

I now come to the question of the monopolies which have stifled the low-grade mines and are responsible for the excessive cost of living in Johannesburg.

To those who are unacquainted with the system of concessions prevailing in the Transvaal some extracts from the Green Books of the Republics during recent years will explain how the system works. For some years past draft agreements 'entered into between the Government of the South African Republic represented by Dr. Leyds' and various speculators have been submitted to the Volksraad for confirmation. These agreements provide 'for the erection of factories for the manufacture of soap, paper, glass, bottles, oil, sugar, sweets, jam, biscuits, condensed milk, marmalade, rolled lead, piping, shot, bullets,' and many others of a like character; the Government undertaking, 'after the manufacturer shall have manufactured a certain quantity of articles, to pay a bonus of greater or less amount for a longer or shorter period, or to guarantee interest on the capital expended, or to grant a bonus in the form of a rebate on everything imported for use in the factory.'

The cyanide concession if passed would alone have imposed a burden on the mining industry of no less than 44,800*l.* a year, which the Chamber of Mines

clearly demonstrated in their memorial to the Volksraad protesting against this concession. It is interesting to note the convincing arguments which prevented this concession becoming law. Many members of the Volksraad received each a bribe of 3,000*l.*; the statements contained in Mr. Lionel Phillips's letter to Mr. Beit of June 16, 1894, published in the Green Book No. 2, 1896, of the South African Republic, being true in every respect. Again, in a letter from Mr. Lionel Phillips to Mr. Beit, dated July 15, 1894, the following sentence occurs: 'Our trump card is a fund of 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* to improve the Raad. Unfortunately the companies have no secret service fund. I must devise a way. We don't want to shell out ourselves.'

As a matter of fact, since this celebrated letter was seized and published by the Boer Government, a way has been devised, and the latest bribes made to members of the Raad in order to prevent these concessions were paid by the gold-mining companies. Mr. Lionel Phillips and the other capitalists have been severely censured for sullying the purity of the Boer mind by these bribes. It is not quite clear, however, why the capitalists should endeavour to subsidise the Raad with the sole object of making a Machiavelian attack on Boer morality unless they had ends to serve by doing so.

The question naturally arises in one's mind why the penniless Hollander officials of a few years since are now living in ease and affluence, having amassed large fortunes. It is impossible in the scope of this chapter to deal fully with the bribery and corruption resulting from these numerous concessions. Briefly, the chief concessions are the dynamite monopoly, which entails a tax on the industry of no less than 500,000*l.* per annum; the railway monopoly, which

probably adds another 500,000*l.* to the taxation, and a host of smaller concerns, entailing a tax of greater or less amount according to the value of the concession. The system of monopolies has penetrated even to municipal administration. The Johannesburg Water Company, who have acquired perpetual rights for the sole supply of water to outlying suburbs, have failed signally to carry out their obligations to the inhabitants. On several occasions they have successfully watered their stock at the expense of the British public, but as most of the directors of this company are directors of the Buffelsdoorn Gold Mining Company already referred to this is not astonishing. The Johannesburg Market concession is also administered by the same group of directors. Mr. Montagu White, a member of the Board, received 10,000 shares in consideration of his having obtained an extension of the concession from fifteen to ninety-nine years.

The railway monopoly has not one redeeming feature in either its financial or practical aspect. The rates levied by this Hollander corporation are far in excess of those ruling on all other lines in South Africa. The very great differences are shown in the following table, compiled by the merchants and traders of Johannesburg:

—	Normal per ton per mile	Intermediate per ton per mile	Rough per ton per mile
	d.	*d.*	*d.*
Cape	2·34	2	1·3
Orange Free State	2·34	2	1·3
Natal	3·04	3·04	1·94
Portuguese	4·07	3·53	2·44
Netherlands, *viâ* Cape	7·7	7·7	7·7
„ „ Natal	5·06	3·82	3·26
„ „ Delagoa	4·27	3·69	2·54

Monstrous though these rates are, the actual working of the line is more so. For some reason known only to the Boer mind a prejudice has existed for years against points and crossings. Probably the Biblical precedent is looked upon as bad, because did not Absalom find himself caught up in the fork of a bough? Be that as it may, with one or two exceptions every application from the mine-managers for a siding to their mines has been refused. The consequence is that coal has to be carried in bags to the mines from the main line. It is extremely amusing to watch the unloading of coal at the Jumpers Deep Mine, for example—extremely amusing, that is, to say, for anyone who is not connected with the industry. Lying alongside the railway track near the mine one is surprised to see 200 or 300 Kaffirs, the large majority of them fast asleep. Any English traveller naturally inquires what object is being served by their slumbers in so strange a locality. Suddenly a whistle is heard, and a coal train is seen to be approaching across the veldt. It is drawn by a sort of animated scrap-heap, which one finally perceives to be a Netherlands Company's engine. A scene of the wildest confusion then takes place. The mine-managers are only allowed five minutes to empty the coal-trucks, the consequence being that hundreds of Kaffirs have to be kept in readiness in order to throw out the bags. The sleepy Kaffirs, tired with long waiting (the mineral train being always overdue), make a rush for the waggons as soon as the equally sleepy engine-driver draws up his load. The bags are thrown out anyhow, for at the expiration of five minutes the train moves on again, and if the Kaffirs have been unable to empty trucks the mine-managers have to content themselves with such coal as has been ob-

tained. Great loss is entailed owing to the number of workmen who are kept idle till the train arrives; and the throwing down of coal-bags alongside the main passenger line is a very comic proceeding. Needless to say, the entire operation could be conducted by two or three men if proper sidings were constructed. Under British control, of course every mine will have siding accommodation, thus saving the heavy expense entailed by the present system of unloading, bagging, and transporting coal.

The passenger traffic is conducted equally badly, and without the smallest regard to the convenience of the public. It is useless to complain, for the railway is now 'one of the corner-stones of the Republic,' and Kruger cares not one iota what inconvenience the Uitlanders may suffer.

One of the most important and difficult questions on the Rand is that of native labour, which is closely connected with the liquor scandal. 'Forced labour in South Africa' is an evil the enormities of which are constantly expounded by the Exeter Hall and Little England people. This statement is wholly untrue as regards the mining industry. It is necessary to say at once that there is not a single Kaffir working on the Witwatersrand Goldfields or at Kimberley who has not chosen to work of his own free will. It is perfectly true, however, that in the country districts the pastoral Dutch farmer forces the Kaffir to work for him, the Kaffir receiving no consideration for the same save a liberal supply of sjambok. I have spoken elsewhere of that system prevailing among the Boers euphemistically called 'apprenticeship,' which is slavery under another name. The natives are slaves in every sense of the word in the Transvaal, and the apprentice system was

devised in order to circumvent the Convention. My brother tells me that when travelling in remote parts of Africa he has seen Boer farmers tie up Kaffirs to a waggon wheel and flog them in a most terrible manner for the smallest offence. As regards the supply of labour at Johannesburg, the most suitable Kaffirs for mining purposes come from Portuguese East Africa, a few from Cape Colony, and a very considerable number from Northern Rhodesia. My brother has met many parties of Kaffirs as far north as the Zambesi marching down to Kimberley and Johannesburg in order to find employment. Every traveller in South Africa can substantiate his statement, which does not bear out the allegation of forced labour.

The compound system prevailing at Kimberley, which I have described in the previous chapter, has been assailed by many purists as an attack on 'the liberty of the subject.' Yet that system is in every respect superior to the one prevailing on the Rand. The use made by the Kaffir of his 'freedom' in the latter case is a very terrible object-lesson. The curse of drink, which is the ruin of the natives at Johannesburg, is unknown at Kimberley. Under the compound system the managers are able to control the Kaffirs; at Johannesburg there is no control whatever. Twenty-five per cent. of the natives on the Rand are daily incapacitated owing to the effect of liquor. A native when sober is easily managed, but when intoxicated he becomes literally like a wild beast. The following extract from a report of the Native Labour Commissioner, Mr. Grant, may perhaps convince even the Exeter Hall party that the compound system at Kimberley is preferable to the conditions prevailing on the Rand Goldfields:

'When consulted a year ago by the State Attorney I expressed the opinion that the one and only cure was total prohibition, and I continue to adhere to this.' It is almost superfluous to point out the grave and diabolical effect caused by what is practically free trade in liquor. The native personally becomes degraded, and with the loss of his self-respect vanishes all care and regard for his home. His family in numberless cases are left to the mercy of friends and outsiders, with the natural consequence that for many consecutive months not a penny is remitted for their sustenance. Drink is undoubtedly the mainspring of three-fourths of ordinary crime, and particularly that abhorrent crime—attempts on white women. Faction fights almost invariably spring from the same cause. Government mining inspectors assert that a large proportion of deaths from accidents are occasioned by natives attempting to discharge their duties under the influence of liquor.'

The foregoing statement is a most powerful argument in favour of the compound system, horrors of this nature being unknown at Kimberley. Many of the Kaffirs from Portuguese East Africa remain for years on the Rand mines, expending the whole of their wages in drink. At Kimberley, on the contrary, they are well housed and properly cared for; Government supervision of the compounds protecting them against the possibility of despotic treatment at the hands of the compound managers. The Kaffir returns home at the end of his term of service healthy in body and mind, provided with blankets, boots, concertinas, and other charms dear to the Bantu heart, and also the wherewithal to buy two oxen, which will in turn purchase him a wife. Unfortunately, however, every influence, not only in the Transvaal but in the colonies, will be

brought to bear against the application of the compound system on the Witwatersrand, the chief reason being that it would destroy the trade of the small stores and canteens.

The British Government will have many problems to face on assuming the administration of the Transvaal. The potential resources of this extraordinary country are at present very little understood or appreciated in England. The riches of the Witwatersrand, great though they are, by no means constitute the sole wealth of the country, for gold has been found in payable quantities in many other districts of the Transvaal. Enormous deposits of coal have been found within two miles of the eastern section of the Rand. The coal is of inferior quality, but suitable for steam-raising purposes. Iron ore and other minerals yet unworked form another source of wealth. Diamonds have been recently discovered, but whether in payable quantities is doubtful. From an agricultural point of view the Transvaal must be of great value, the area exceeding that of Great Britain. As a grazing country it is far superior to any lands south of the Zambesi. Nature has further furnished this country with a good supply of water, whereas most of the adjacent territories suffer from a deficient rainfall.

These resources are amply sufficient, therefore, to yield from judicious taxation sufficient funds to provide pensions for the widows and orphans of both British and Boers who have fallen during the present campaign, and, in addition, to provide a sinking fund sufficient to pay the entire expenses of the war, and this without laying a serious burden on the industry.

Though repetition is wearisome, I must again repeat that the riches of the Rand are not due to the thickness

or wealth of the beds, but to their regularity. If the British Government neglect this highly important factor, the development of the country will be retarded, for unless taxation is considerably reduced it will be impossible for many of the low-grade mines to work at a profit. Any future basis of taxation which may retard the development of the low-grade mines will be disastrous, for they largely outnumber the rich mines. A reduction in the cost of living on the one hand and a reduction of wages on the other are necessary before these mines can pay. If taxation be reduced the profits of the rich mines will naturally be augmented; but this is undesirable till the Transvaal has repaid in full the cost of the war incurred by this country.

Again, it is neither practical nor desirable to tax the mines according to the yield of gold per ton of ore reduced. For example, the reefs on the Langlaagte Estate are no less than twelve feet thick, and, though the ore is of low grade, the mine is a first-class property, for the reason that with so large a reef working costs are very low. On the Rietfontein Estate the main-reef leader is barely two inches thick, yet the returns from this mine per ton of ore reduced are considerably higher than on the Langlaagte Estate. The mine is nevertheless a poor property owing to the high costs entailed by the working of a very narrow reef.

The solution of this difficulty—namely, the proportionate taxation of the high and the low grade mines—might be found in an application to the Rand of the system that prevails in some colliery districts of Great Britain.

Collieries in this country are generally assessed on a tonnage basis, which is arrived at by assessing the collieries according to their respective values. An

assessment committee in a Poor Law district appoint when necessary a mining engineer to assess each colliery in their district. The assessor, after examining the mines, determines the value of each, and rates the mines accordingly. He may rate one mine at 6*d.* per ton of coal raised, while an adjoining colliery may be rated at 3*d.* Assuming both mines to raise 240,000 tons of coal per annum, the first mine is rated on a capital basis of 6*d.* per ton, equal to 6,000*l.* per annum, while the latter is rated at 3,000*l.* Assuming the rate levied by the guardians to be 4*s.* in the pound, the rich mine would contribute 1,200*l.* and the poor mine 600*l.*

An early proclamation rendering illegal the pernicious system of lotteries and sweepstakes would be of material advantage. Sums of no less than 100,000*l.* are collected in small amounts by touting and advertising agents who retain a fixed commission on the money collected, the balance being divided among the successful drawers. This system has had the most injurious effect on the people of Johannesburg, and many cases of theft by young men have been directly traced to this cause. Problems and knotty points there will be in plenty to tax the resources of the English administrators, but we may fairly hope that the enterprise which has never failed us in the past will carry us successfully over the difficulties of the near future.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

THE Eastern Province owes its rise to the energy of the most autocratic Governor who has ever represented Great Britain at the Cape. Lord Charles Somerset was an arbitrary though capable ruler. Certainly he was a gentleman who liked his little comforts. A town house, a country house, a villa at the seaside, and a shooting lodge were kept up for him at public expense. In addition he was paid a salary of 10,000*l.* a year—a very large income in the year 1814. His officials did their best to emulate their chief's example, with the result that a quarter of the colonial revenue at this time was absorbed by the salaries of the English Executive. It is superfluous to add that widespread discontent existed through the colony at this state of affairs; a discontent which eventually resulted in the resignation of the Governor. But Lord Charles, though arbitrary, was a man of strongly-marked individuality, and he has accordingly left his trace on South African history. If the deplorable incident of Slachter's Nek took place during his term of office, on the other hand he opened up many new districts in the colony, and brought about the first great English immigration to South Africa. It was in 1817, after a tour on the eastern border of Cape Colony, that Lord Charles reported how fair an

agricultural district awaited development between the Fish and Keiskamma Rivers. He urged that grants of land should be made to immigrants from home, and English settlers brought out to open up the country. Emigration was at that moment the panacea for all ills in England. There was much depression, both agricultural and commercial, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, and Parliament forthwith voted a sum of 50,000*l.* towards the expenses of colonisation in this new land of Goshen. There were 90,000 applicants, only 4,000 of whom could be sent. One cannot help reflecting how different the history of South Africa would have been if even half that remainder had settled in the country. The first ships arrived at Algoa Bay in 1820. The new-comers, like all other colonists, were subject to many initial trials, but in the end they prospered exceedingly.

Among the many depressing pages of South African history it is pleasant to turn to the one which tells of the foundation and rise of Port Elizabeth—the Liverpool of South Africa, as it is called. It is an eloquent testimonial to what English enterprise can do when unhampered by the Dutch element. This immigration marks a turning-point in South African history. It marks the first great influx of the English-speaking race. So far the population had been almost entirely Dutch. Now the pushful Anglo-Saxon begins to arrive in large numbers, and the foundations are laid of that struggle between divergent nationalities, the climax of which we have reached to-day.

The English colonisation of the Eastern Province is the origin of that sharp line of cleavage existing between the eastern and western districts of Cape Colony. The dominant element in the one is Dutch,

in the other English, and truly 'By their fruits ye know them.' The western farmers occupy the most fertile and beautiful portions of the country, but, thanks to Dutch ignorance and incapacity, wheat-growing is in a languishing state and viticulture more or less neglected. Of course there are exceptions, but, broadly speaking, neither Cape wheat nor Cape wine occupies that position in the markets of South Africa to which natural advantages entitle these industries. The Eastern Province, on the other hand, is a prosperous country where farming is carried on with some regard to scientific principles: this, too, in face of the nine Kaffir wars which have devastated the land.

Port Elizabeth, the capital of the Eastern Province, is a bright, prosperous, essentially English-looking place. There is nothing in its appearance to call for any particular comment, save that it struck me as being the most unslummy town I had ever visited. All the streets were broad and well paved; the houses substantial and good. The miserable rookeries which disgrace many of our English cities were conspicuous by their absence. The well-to-do inhabitants live in comfortable villas on the hill at the back of the town, a height which commands fine views of Algoa Bay. It is refreshing to find that the trail of the Afrikander sentiment has not been allowed to paralyse the trade or the energies of Port Elizabeth. 'Little Bess,' as it is sometimes called, is a great shipping centre for the exportation of wool and feathers, especially the former. There are many large export houses and firms. Wool is sent down here from the interior; the Port Elizabeth merchants in return forwarding manufactured goods to the up-country districts.

South African prosperity is to a large degree bound

up with railway affairs. In an agricultural country where distances are great and settlements few and far between, the railway line obviously becomes the principal artery through which natural exports and manufactured imports must flow. There are three railway systems in Cape Colony connecting the coast towns with the interior—namely, the Western, the Midland, and the Eastern. Port Elizabeth is situated on the Midland system, and offers the shortest journey from the coast to Kimberley, Bulawayo, and Bloemfontein. It is also a shorter route to Johannesburg than the one from Cape Town. Accordingly, to lessen the cost of transit, heavy goods for the interior are largely shipped to Algoa Bay and also to East London.

East London, a smaller town further along the coast, is an offshoot of the same immigration movement which founded Port Elizabeth. It shares similar commercial advantages to those of its elder sister; that is to say, it is the head of a railway system offering a short route to the interior. The town is situated at the mouth of the Buffalo River, at this point quite a respectable stream for South Africa. It is not a very charming place when viewed from the sea, though it is interesting to remember that Sir George Grey started the harbour works. The bleak sand dunes, suggestive of cleeks and niblicks, might please a golfer, but they are not otherwise attractive. Some very pretty excursions, however, may be made up the river, the scenery of which is really picturesque. Like Durban, the commercial aspirations of East London have been much hampered by a bar of sand at the entrance of the harbour. Thanks to dredging works, vessels of small draught can now anchor at the wharf, and it is hoped that in time this may be practicable for larger ships.

Unfortunately, both at Port Elizabeth and East London, the outer harbour is little better than a roadstead. When a south-easter is blowing—and it is the prevalent wind—passengers have often some disagreeable experiences going to and from the steamer. There is an exceedingly heavy roll all along the coast of Africa from Delagoa Bay to Cape Town, thanks to the meeting of the warm Mozambique current with the icy waters of the South Atlantic. Very frequently the tugs are not able to come alongside the steamer, and then passengers are transferred from the one to the other by that agreeable method known as basket-swinging. A large covered wicker basket is produced and attached to a sort of crane by means of ropes. Into this cage you step, half a dozen or more at a time, with as bold a countenance as you may muster. The basket is then swung over the side, and, after a shorter or longer interval, during which time you hang between sea and sky, the ship rolling in one direction, the tug in the other, you are finally deposited with a bump on the latter. It looks worse than it is, but the operation invariably calls forth much coyness, facetiousness, and alarm among the passengers. Altogether, basket-swinging in a swell is exceedingly amusing to watch, when you don't happen to be going on shore yourself.

If one turns to the commercial statistics of Cape Colony various instructive facts are to be learnt as to its trade in feathers, wool, diamonds, gold, &c. If I were asked, however, in what branch of commerce the briskest traffic took place I should answer unhesitatingly the sale of ships' ribbons. This fashion is peculiarly rooted all along the coast of South Africa. Every self-respecting damsel wears round her sailor hat a black or white silk band inscribed in large gilt letters

with the name of a mail steamer. As the fair wearer favours the claims of the Castle or the Union boats, she proclaims the fact to the world by the ribbon she wears. Here and there some superior individual bursts forth with a band bearing the legend of one of Her Majesty's ships at Simon's Bay. But these are exceptions. Others again complicate matters by wearing two ribbons, each representing a vessel of the rival companies, on one and the same hat. The object of this I never grasped. It looked like an unworthy attempt to hunt with the hare and hounds. Perhaps the sight of 'C.R.M.S. Carisbrook Castle' surmounting 'U.R.M.S. Briton' was a prophetic instinct as to the amalgamation of the companies now achieved. When this form of millinery is perched upon the head of a Kaffir damsel the effect is very striking. It is fair to say this custom does not seem to have any hold on the Dutch section of the community.

At Port Elizabeth and East London the entire population, as far as I could make out, spend their leisure hours visiting steamers. As there are two mail boats a week, to say nothing of intermediates, the constant repetition of such expeditions might be expected to prove wearisome. But no; the vessel has no sooner dropped her anchor than a crowd of men and beribboned women swarm on board. Often have I watched them from a safe vantage-point on deck and wondered in what they found any pleasure. The joys of an expedition in a dirty tug across a heaving ocean, to be followed by basket-swinging, five minutes' scamper through the saloon, then more basket-swinging and more rolling in the tug, were never obvious to me. And yet it is an expedition of which they never tire, for it goes on year in, year out, so I was told by the ship's officers. It is yet another proof of that curious degree to which maritime

affairs enter into the daily life and interests of the coast towns.

An amusing episode took place at Port Elizabeth on board a steamer by which we were returning from Durban. I suppress the name of the vessel for obvious reasons; suffice it to say, she is one of the largest and finest boats afloat. Some festivities had been taking place in Durban which had attracted many visitors from Cape Town, and on the return journey the ——, large ship though she was, found herself with a full complement of passengers. A certain genial Scot, popularly known as Mac, was travelling on the same steamer, and, with the pawkiness peculiar to his nation, had managed to secure for himself the single tenancy of a large three-berth cabin. This he guarded against intrusion with the same jealous watchfulness which distinguishes the sole occupant of a first-class railway carriage. A large number of passengers had come on board at East London, but Mac successfully foiled any attempt at the invasion of his quarters. At Port Elizabeth, Fate, however, proved too strong for him. An ordination was to take place in Cape Town, and a large number of ecclesiastics were hurrying down the coast to be present at it. A couple of hours before we were due to leave Port Elizabeth I happened to come across Mac at the foot of the companion engaged in angry expostulation with the head steward.

'I am very sorry, sir,' the latter was saying, 'but I can't help it; the ship's full and we are obliged to put the gentleman in with you.' Apparently glad of the diversion created by my arrival, he hurried away.

'What's the matter?' I asked, for Mac looked distinctly ruffled.

'It's fairly disgusting,' he said with a gesture of despair; 'they've put a man in my cabin.'

'I have heard of that happening before on board ship,' I remarked blandly.

'But it isn't a man; it's a bishop,' he spluttered.

'Oh, a bishop,' I said. 'It strikes me, my friend, that you will have a practical working knowledge of Anglican orders before you reach Cape Town. Don't quarrel over the Free Kirk, that's all.'

'I'll have no parson in with me,' he answered firmly.

'Have you seen him?'

'No. He's coming off by the last tug; but his luggage has arrived, and they have put it in my cabin. I'll shift it, though, you see if I don't.' And he hurried up on deck without any further remark.

Mac was as good as his word, as the sequel will prove. The bishop duly came off by the last tug, and was duly escorted below by the head steward. Mac was nowhere in sight; he was reading poetry on the upper deck. The steward flung open the cabin door and a horrible scene of orgy and dissipation burst upon the dismayed ecclesiastic. The cabin was untenanted, but it reeked of whisky and tobacco. Half a dozen empty soda-water bottles were lying about on the floor, lending that air of depravity to their surroundings peculiar to depleted Schweppes. Various glasses bore witness to recent conviviality of a riotous character, as did also an empty bottle of Uam Var thrown down among the boots. Another bottle—this one half full—was reposing in the bishop's bunk with its neck lovingly propped up against the bishop's pillow. Numerous corks, bits of paper, wire, and cigar-ends were scattered indiscriminately over bunks and floor alike. It was not a pretty sight.

The bishop gasped, the bishop turned, the bishop fled. Those of us who were in the secret, and had taken up points of vantage in order to watch develop-

ments, had an edifying vision of episcopal gaiters rapidly vanishing up the companion. There was no more question of Mac being disturbed in the occupation of his cabin. He sauntered down an hour afterwards to find as little trace of the bishop's luggage as of the bishop himself. Then I am afraid we all adjourned on deck and laughed till our fellow-passengers looked at us askance. Mac was overjoyed.

'That's a dodge for all time,' he declared gleefully. 'You should have seen the barman: he was a real artist about arranging those corks and bottles.'

'It's all very well,' I replied, wiping my eyes, 'but you will play that trick once too often if you are not careful. Make sure of your victim first, that's all. I have never been to sea yet without a drunkard or a lunatic, and I attach the same superstitious importance to the presence of one or the other of them on board as sailors do to rats. Now if by any chance it was the drunkard who lighted on your *mise-en-scène* you would never get rid of him again. What a heavenly environment he would think your cabin!'

The journey to Durban and back, calling at the different ports, is a jaunt which enters largely into the holiday calculations of every colonial; but personally I do not care much about the coast trip. From Southampton to Cape Town the steamer on which one travels is as spick and span as a man-of-war, but after Cape Town she, so to speak, dons a dressing-gown and curl-papers and casts aside appearances. Passengers become secondary considerations; cargo is all-important; and a ship working cargo is not as comfortable as a private yacht. One grows to hate the sound of the winch with its 'err—bang' as the case is either hauled up or dropped over the side. The great lighters contain a

strange medley of goods. Jam and galvanised iron for Bulawayo; champagne and gold-mining machinery for Johannesburg; blacking and barbed wire for Kimberley; and many other companions as incongruous, emerge turn by turn from the hold, and are seized in due course by the railways to be speeded to their various destinations.

Striking inland from Port Elizabeth, a twelve hours' journey by train brings one to Grahamstown. It is a charming little place, lying in a saucer-shaped plain, surrounded by green hills and wooded heights. At first sight there is little beyond the tell-tale galvanised iron roofs to betray its colonial origin. The white houses, with their green painted windows and verandahs, are more reminiscent of an English village than any place we came across in South Africa. There is something very home-like, too, about the steeple of the cathedral, under whose shadow the town seems to nestle as though for protection. Grahamstown is quite an educational centre, boasting at least three colleges, to say nothing of a fine museum, public library, &c. The spiritual needs of its inhabitants are also well looked after—fourteen places of worship in a town the population of which is under 11,000 is certainly a good ecclesiastical percentage. Let us hope it is not ironically that Grahamstown has been dubbed the 'City of Saints.'

Among the historical legends of Africa there is none more celebrated than the famous ride of Richard King from Durban to Grahamstown. It was in 1842 that England definitely decided to occupy Natal. Though the Trek Boers under Pieter Retief and Maritz had been settled for two or three years at Maritzburg, the British Government had never recognised the

establishment of Natalia as an independent State. A few troops were accordingly sent under Captain Smith to take possession of Port Natal. The force was childishly small for the work it was called upon to face, but the authorities did not imagine that the military occupation would be a matter of any difficulty. It was the old, old story of English over-confidence and lack of caution as regards the Boers. Pretorius and his burghers fell upon Captain Smith, taking the troops completely by surprise. He forced the English to beat a retreat to Durban, where they entrenched themselves. The situation was most critical. The fate of Natal hung in the balance. Reinforcements were absolutely necessary if capitulation was to be avoided; but how could reinforcements be obtained? It was at this point that a young Colonist named Richard King came forward, and undertook the task of riding to Grahamstown with the news. Escaping from Durban under cover of night, he safely accomplished this perilous journey in a record time of ten days. His road lay through an almost unknown country tenanted by savage and hostile tribes, among whom he passed at momentary peril of his life. Reinforcements were sent off at once and they reached Captain Smith at the eleventh hour. When the English ships appeared off the harbour, starvation, and the bombardment energetically carried on by Pretorius, had well-nigh reduced the garrison of Durban. The burgher forces then withdrew and Natal was saved. Perhaps the day may come when some South African poet will put into rhyme this colonial version of 'How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix.'

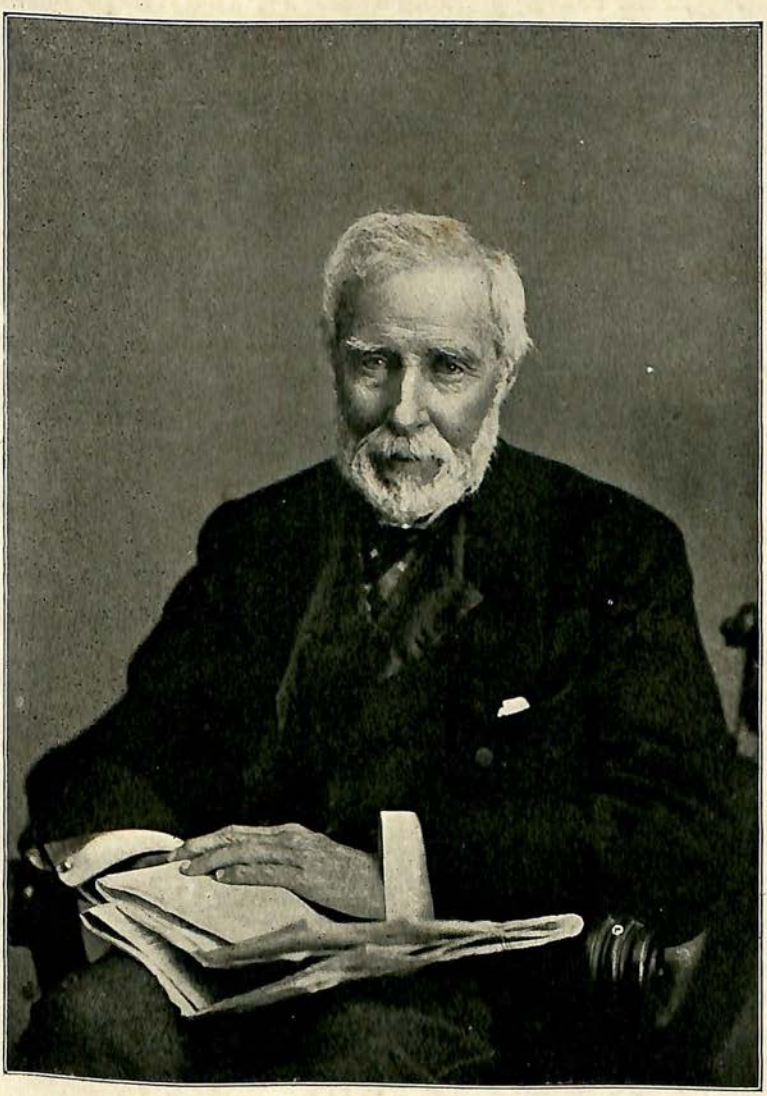
Richard King vanishes afterwards from the pages of history, but there is an old-world flavour about his daring

ride which may well appeal to the imagination of any writer. One wonders how he was received in the streets of Grahamstown and whether his horse, like other famous chargers, was toasted by the loyal inhabitants.

It has been very truly remarked of Grahamstown that it 'was cradled in bayonets.' It owes both its foundation and name to a distinguished military officer, who in 1820 established this then distant outpost at the close of the fourth Kaffir war. King William's Town, 100 miles further east, was another military post founded a few years later.

There is no greater instance of the good work done in Africa by British pluck and energy than the way in which the Eastern Province has recovered from the blighting influence of its numerous Kaffir wars. If the most autocratic of Governors opened up this district, the province owes its development to one of the wisest administrators who ever ruled South Africa. No Governor has shown greater ability than Sir George Grey in dealing with those thorny problems presented by native affairs. Under his wise and far-sighted administration great progress was made throughout the eastern districts. The native chiefs were now guided and controlled by European officials, under whose vigilance some of the worst features of native rule were broken down. Industrial institutions were encouraged, and native lads taught the useful trades of carpentry, smithy work, &c. Sir George Grey's great aim was to raise in the native mind some dim perception of the dignity of labour. The seed he sowed has borne good fruit.

An extraordinary event took place under Sir George Grey's administration which, though terrible in its con-



THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

sequences, freed the Government without any effort on their own part of a dangerous adversary. This was the self-destruction of the Kosas. This strong and warlike tribe was nominally located in the district of British Kaffraria, but practically the Kosas overran the neighbouring country to a large extent east and west. They were a very threatening element in native affairs. Heavily though they had suffered during the eighth Kaffir war, the close of the struggle left them in a most defiant state. The further outbreak of hostilities was only a question of time, when an episode took place the like of which is unparalleled in the records of any savage tribe. In 1856 two important Kosa chiefs declared that the spirits of the dead had appeared to them and had announced that the tribe was to prepare for a great and glorious struggle against the English. But strange acts were to precede this final annihilation of the white man. As a sign of faith and obedience to the spirits all the herds of cattle were to be slaughtered and the stores of grain destroyed. This done, a great day of resurrection would take place. The heroes of the past would come to life and fight in the forthcoming battle. Wonderful herds of cattle and magnificent fields of wheat would be called forth by the spirits from the ground. Far and wide the edict of Kreli, the paramount chief, went forth that the Kosas were to slaughter their cattle and destroy the crops. Then the spirits would appear and help them in their great attack on the white man. The order was implicitly obeyed. It is more than likely this superstitious folly was a scheme of the Kosa chiefs to incite their starving followers to make a mad attack against the English. If so the scheme miscarried grievously. Thousands of Kosas were soon reduced to absolute starvation, having destroyed their

entire means of sustenance. The English authorities had only to bide their time and quietly watch the self-destruction of their adversaries. When the great day of resurrection foretold by the spirits was past and gone the Kosas woke up to the dire straits of their actual position. Food was collected by the Governor and every effort made to relieve the famishing tribes, but no fewer than 67,000 people either perished during this period or were scattered into other parts of the colony. This mad act broke the Kosa power and temporarily depopulated British Kaffraria. Large tracts of land being left vacant, Sir George Grey inaugurated various emigration schemes to bring new settlers into the country. A contingent of the British German Legion raised during the Crimean war did not prove a great success; but later on a body of agricultural peasants introduced from North Germany proved to be some of the best settlers who ever landed in South Africa.

There is a remarkable drive between Grahamstown and King William's Town, crossing the valley of the Fish River. Being off the tourist track, the magnificent scenery through which the road passes seems comparatively unknown to English travellers. The character of the country is quite different from that of the high veldt further north. The lofty hills in the neighbourhood of the Fish River are covered with a dense, impenetrable mass of aloes, cacti, and other strange shrubs, varied here and there by some brilliant tree geranium or other sub-tropical plant. It is easy to understand the difficulty of military operations in such a country as this, when during the Kaffir wars the natives, by vanishing into the bush, were able to completely evade their pursuers.

Pluto's Vale, a rugged and truly Titanic gorge through

which the road winds some miles after leaving Grahamstown, is a very striking sight. I have reason to remember it, for we were benighted there, thanks to the breakdown of our post-cart. We started to walk up the pass before the brief dusk had entirely passed away. Dark clouds obscured the western horizon, and I can never remember so forbidding a sight as the approach of night in this grim silent gorge. But on the eastern side of the Fish River, at a place called Breakfast Vlei, the most beautiful view in Africa bursts upon the traveller. It is almost hopeless to attempt any adequate description of the glories of that scene, and yet I am foolish enough to try. Breakfast Vlei is a post station on the highest point of the road between Grahamstown and King William's Town. You outspan there for an hour or so, to rest the horses. The post-cart deposits its occupants with a final jolt at the door of the rambling inn, and then a minute's walk to the edge of the plateau reveals a scene which can have few equals in the world. At first glance the view is so vast as to seem almost illimitable. Range after range of hills lie spread beneath one's feet like the crystallised waves of some mighty ocean swell. Low shrubs and bush cover the nearer slopes, dark shadows marking the green and fertile kloofs. In the further distance the great brown rolling veldt reappears, sweeping away in many an undulation to a dim background of mountains. The lofty but distant range of the Amatola and Katberg Hills bounds the horizon. Over this vast extent of country so intense a silence broods that the crack of a thong from the inn yard, where a Kaffir is amusing himself with the post-cart whip, is almost as startling as a volley of artillery. Silence and colour are the two spells which weave such potent charms in South Africa. Both are to be

found here. This land is a symphony in green and brown and blue. The brilliant colouring of the bush fades into the purple and red stretches of the veldt, and that in turn gives way to the blue hills, with their soft opalescent background. One thinks of the Delectable Mountains in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and fancy easily imagines that the Celestial City must lie beyond so beautiful a horizon. But nothing lies beyond. There is no 'other side' in this land. The endless ranges stretch on and on and on, until finally the waters of the far-distant ocean vanquish and swallow up the sands of Africa. No force less mighty could subdue this great vast continent. Here and there a bush fire runs like a red streak along the hills, mingling its smoke with the fleecy clouds on the summit of the latter. A blue jay flits in the sunshine, a glittering object in the foreground; and far, far away on the road below, a waggon with its team of sixteen oxen is crawling slowly. A few gaunt ostriches are wandering among the clumps of light green cacti, and on the distant hillside the huts of a Kaffir kraal are visible. Frail and insignificant do these few tokens of human life appear. The grandeur of such a scene as this brings home the truth of Goethe's words, that Nature is indeed the living visible emblem of God.

The native element is much *en évidence* about here. The country between Grahamstown and King William's Town seems to be swarming with Kaffirs; not the tame variety, but the real, unsophisticated Red Kaffir, smeared with clay and wrapped in a red blanket. The round mud huts of their kraals look like large mushrooms growing on the hillsides. Herds of cattle roam over the country, and ostrich farming is also extensively carried on These lanky bad-tempered birds are

often seen on the way, and it is not advisable to come to close quarters with them.

King William's Town, the capital of British Kaffraria, was an important place in the old days of Imperial administration. Since the province was taken over by the Colonial Government its glories have in a large measure vanished. It is a rather depressing type of colonial town, and one hears with surprise is the cable centre of South Africa. The scenery, however, is very beautiful, and is considered to be among the most picturesque in the land.

Rejoining the railway, the line from King William's Town passes over some very hilly country in its ascent to the high plateau of the interior. Queenstown is a pretty little village at the foot of the Stormberg Range, and Stormberg Junction, the scene of General Gatacre's disaster, is a wind-swept spot, far up among the hills. It is probably one of the highest junctions in the world, for it stands at a height of 5,302 feet above sea-level. Some person with an energy rather remarkable in South Africa has marked out the name in large white stones across the hillside. For many miles the giant letters are visible, recalling memories of gilly-flowers and pebble decorations in some quiet country station at home. So lofty and isolated a spot must certainly have been an arduous objective for a night attack.

After the desolation of the northern wastes, the occasional farmhouses give a very populated look to the Eastern Province. The peach blossom was out when we passed through the country, and willow trees were bursting into leaf. The little white houses, buried in a mass of pink flowers and green foliage, looked real oases in the desert.

The 'wait-a-bit' thorn, a variety of acacia which is

covered with thick white spikes three or four inches long, grows profusely round the Queenstown district. A more aggressive-looking shrub it would be hard to find, and woe betide the dress which catches on it. It is not so much a case then of 'wait a bit' as 'keep a bit.' The milk-white thorns have a curious effect in winter time, for at first glance the whole country-side appears to be covered with masses of blackthorn in flower. The thorns of Africa are a peculiarity of its vegetation. Nearly every tree or shrub protects itself by this form of natural barbed wire.

The Eastern Province, though comparatively little visited, is a very interesting corner of South Africa. Cape Town, Durban, Kimberley, Johannesburg, are all more or less cosmopolitan; but in the agricultural districts, colonial life can be seen in its natural aspects away from the influence of the large towns. The future of a country or the greatness of a race depends upon other qualities than those peculiar to the mining centres. The mining interest is not the permanent interest of South Africa. In course of time both gold and diamonds will be exhausted. The land will remain. Cape Colony began as an agricultural country, and is likely to end as one. The commercial wealth of South Africa may come from Kimberley and Johannesburg: its moral stamina must be derived from other sources. In every age the soil has invariably turned out a finer race of men than the city. The best blood of European emigration has been poured into the Eastern Province, and it is from these men and their descendants that the real leaven of the Anglo-Afrikander race must come.

CHAPTER XX.

DURBAN AND PIETERMARITZBURG.

On Christmas Day 1497 Vasco da Gama, with three tiny ships, sailed into the beautiful bay which is now Durban Harbour.

> They were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea—

if we leave aside the somewhat mythical exploits of the Phœnicians. It must have seemed a fair spot to the weary mariners, and the day of its discovery was one of good omen. So they called this new country the Land of the Nativity, and a land of goodwill Natal has always proved, though her peace has from time to time been troubled.

A train service connects Durban, *viâ* Johannesburg, with Cape Town, but it is a long and tiring journey by rail, and most travellers between the two cities prefer the sea route. The coast of Natal is totally different in character from that of Cape Colony. Instead of the rugged mountains of the Cape Peninsula and those iron-bound shores against which the great South Atlantic rollers dash unceasingly, the eye is charmed by the beautiful park-like land, sometimes thickly wooded, sometimes dotted with little homesteads, which slopes to the placid waters of the Indian Ocean. Nature smiles upon one here. The green undulating hills and luxuriant subtropical vegetation seem doubly

beautiful by contrast with the savage karroo and arid deserts further north. It is easy to understand how Natal has won for herself the name of the Garden Colony. Thanks to the great variety but somewhat limited quantity of her natural products, unkind people occasionally call her the Colony of Samples. The Natalian will assure you this is only rank jealousy, and there is no foundation to justify the term. Durban, as it first appears from the sea, lacks the grandeur of Cape Town. On the other hand, it is bright and pretty, thanks to the houses and charming gardens which cover the low hillside rising from the bay. It might be called the city of the three B's, for matters affecting the Bluff, the Bar, and the Berea are in the mouth of every Natalian. The Bluff, haunt of picnic parties and pleasure seekers, is a bush-covered headland, with a lighthouse at the end, which juts out to sea on the western side of the port. It is nearly joined by a long sandy spit, known as the Point, and between the two is a winding channel leading into the great tidal lagoon which forms the harbour of Port Natal. The town spreads round one side of this land-locked bay, and on a sunny afternoon, when the blue waters are dotted with the white sails of many little racing cutters, Durban Harbour, protected by the green ridge of its thickly wooded Bluff, is eminently a place in which to dream away an hour.

But picturesqueness, however desirable, is not the primary consideration in a port, and the shifting bar of sand at the mouth of Durban Harbour has given the Natalians much trouble. There is excellent shipping accommodation inside the Point, but the prosperity and future of Natal are much bound up with the problem as to whether by dredging operations the Bar may be so

reduced as to permit the free ingress and egress of large vessels. Much progress has been made in this respect, principally thanks to the energy and public spirit of the late Mr. Harry Escombe. The great question every one asks in Durban is: 'How much water is there on the Bar?' Twenty feet, the present rate, is satisfactory, but every Natalian is convinced, with a channel thirty feet deep, all the Argosies of the world will be found discharging cargo on the quays of Port Natal.

The Bar problem is closely connected with that of railway extension. I have spoken elsewhere of the importance attached to this question in South Africa. Economically, Johannesburg is the centre of gravity, and influences directly or indirectly every state and colony. Easy communication with the Transvaal means commercial prosperity for the different seaports. The journey from Durban to Johannesburg is the shortest of any—save the Delagoa Bay line—and naturally diverts much traffic from the Cape Colony ports. A great deal of heartburning has been caused in South Africa over the subject of railway rates. Easy and rapid transit to and from the up-country districts is a matter of much importance for Natal. In the first place, it will lead to the further development of the valuable Dundee coalfields, which are looked upon as a great source of future wealth. Then, again, Natal, with its fine winter climate and charming scenery, might, after a time, become the Riviera of South Africa. In some visions of the future the wooded hills round Durban are covered with beautiful villas, where Johannesburg magnates come with their families for change of air and scene. If the Natalians choose to build good hotels and lay themselves out for this class

of custom, they have a good prospect of success. Few things struck me more in South Africa than the complete absence of what we call health and pleasure resorts. A young country, the wealthy population of which is confined to a small group, naturally cannot indulge in places such as Nice and Biarritz. On the other hand, there is no reason why South Africa should not have a Brighton or Torquay, and Durban offers many natural advantages in this respect.

Durban is, in many ways, the finest city in Africa. It is clean, solidly built, with handsome houses, and wide well-kept streets, the excellent condition of which would delight the heart of a cyclist. The Berea Hill, which is the residential quarter, rises at the back of the town, and here live the wealthy citizens and merchants, in houses ideally situated. It would be difficult to overrate the charm of the Berea, with its beautiful views of the bay and Indian Ocean. Varieties of flowering shrubs we treasure in our English greenhouses grow out of doors here in wild luxuriance; the great scarlet blossoms of the poinsettia are as common in Durban as the laurel is with us. It is all very different from Cape Town. There the conditions of life are Teutonic; here they are Oriental. The traveller who has reached the Cape so easily from England at last realises in the streets of Durban that he is a very long way from home. Natal, with her semi-tropical vegetation and Eastern appearance, at once conveys the impression of a foreign land. The Hindoo and the Zulu, handsome and picturesque, have replaced the tawdry Malay and Cape Boy. The white-robed coolie has brought a dash of Asiatic life and feeling with him to the land of his adoption. The very smell of the East is here, especially in the native quarters. There are parts of

Durban where the boxes in which the Oriental conducts his business—one cannot dignify them by the name of shops—forcibly recall the bazaars of an older civilisation. The Zulu policemen are generally fine-looking specimens of chocolate-coloured humanity. Fate has ironically decreed that descendants of Cetewayo's braves should patrol the streets of Durban, and they make excellent guardians of the peace.

And then the rickshaws! Who can forget his first ride in this hansom cab of the East? One grows accustomed to the little light cart drawn by a man, not a horse; but many people, myself included, never quite lose the uneasy feeling that it is not right a human being, whatever the colour of his skin, should do the work of an animal. The rickshaw boys are generally Zulus, and, as far as my experience goes, are the most good-tempered and cheery of men. By decree of a paternal Government, they are no longer garbed in the sweet simplicity of an assegai, but wear a loose white blouse, edged with red braid. Elaborate head-dresses more than compensate for any scantiness in the rest of their attire. Many a woolly top-knot disappears entirely under a close matting of coloured beads, which by some process are worked close into the hair. Others, again, decorate themselves with horns, feathers, and various awe-inspiring ornaments; relics of the war panoply of their fathers. The most entertaining sight in Durban is to sit on the verandah of the Royal Hotel, and watch the antics of the rickshaw boys in pursuit of a fare. If any one crosses the threshold, it is a signal for half a dozen warriors to rush forward, and, with many clicks and gurgles, prostrate themselves at the feet of the new-comer. There is plenty of choice, and it is generally the gentleman with the most ferocious head-dress

who wins the day. With an engaging smile, he then bids you mount his conveyance, and, once fairly started, the fun begins. It is fun the nature of which, however, should be carefully explained beforehand to nervous old ladies. Our Zulu proceeds at an even trot for some way, but, should he chance to espy a rickshaw acquaintance going in the same direction, then, with a whoop and a leap in the air—which all but sends his occupant flying out backwards—he starts in pursuit. It is hopeless to try and stop him. One holds on as best one may, whilst his Highness executes a war dance, rickshaw, passengers, and all, down the main street of Durban. It is an exciting race, and if we knock down a few people *en route* it is all in the day's work, and makes no bad feeling.

Durban is blessed with an excellent municipality, whose members have done much for the progress and development of the town. It must be remembered that Natal has only come into her kingdom, so to speak, within the last twenty years, since Sir Bartle Frere broke the Zulu power in 1879. If any justification of a policy so little understood at the time were still wanting, it would only be necessary to point to the present flourishing state of Durban. Twenty years ago, when the inhabitants went to bed most nights in terror of a Zulu raid before morning, the prosperous capital of to-day was little better than a township. Under such circumstances, there was no security in the country, no inducement to invest capital. Once the Zulu danger removed, Natal entered on a course of development from which she has never looked back. She owes much to the enterprise of her merchants, but this is not the only reason of a progress all the more striking when compared with the somewhat apathetic state of Cape

Colony. If the younger sister has left the elder behind in the race, the secret is not far to seek. In Natal the English rule according to the great governing traditions of their race, unhampered by Dutch ignorance or the intrigues of the Afrikander Bond. The Dutch element is too small to block the course of progressive legislation, an occurrence which frequently takes place at the Cape.

The history and development of these two adjacent colonies—one with, the other without, a controlling Dutch vote in its affairs—is a very interesting study, and one which may be recommended to sympathisers with Boer ideals.

There is an interesting line of railway between Durban and Johannesburg. It is remarkable not only for the variety of scenery through which it passes, but for the engineering skill by which a train is driven up gradients and round curves such as would startle an English stoker fresh from home. It is more like an Alpine excursion than a railway journey, for the train literally climbs uphill all the way from Durban to Laing's Nek, on the Transvaal border.

The colony of Natal is, roughly speaking, divided into three great terraces, which stretch from the coast to the lofty Drakensberg Mountains at the northern frontier. These terraces, called respectively coastlands, midlands, and uplands, vary in height from 800 to 5,000 feet above sea-level. Each in turn possesses its own particular characteristics of climate and vegetation. The narrow coast strip, which is only about eight miles in width, is the subtropical belt, where coffee, tea, sugar, maize, and a whole variety of fruits grow in profusion. Pineapples at a penny apiece are a very common sight in Durban. Though not large,

they are succulent, and their cheapness is a great source of delight to the English globe-trotter. It is one thing to buy oranges, pines, and bananas with circumspection at home, and quite another to find them growing by the roadside in Natal. The midlands are totally different in character, for at a height of 2,000 feet the tropical appearance is lost, and the rolling veldt begins to reappear. It is all part and parcel of the general topsy-turvydom of Africa that its soil seems better adapted to the vegetation of other continents than to the indigenous products of the country. The beautiful oaks of the Cape Peninsula are, of course, alien trees, and in Natal the eucalyptus and Australian wattle have been introduced with great success. The wattle, more familiarly known as the mimosa, grows profusely in this middle district. The trees attain proportions such as we never see in Southern Europe, and the mimosa groves, with their feathery yellow blossoms, are quite a feature of the landscape.

The characteristic scenery of South Africa has reappeared by the time the uplands of Natal are reached. They are desolate tracts of country, affording good pasturage for sheep and cattle, but showing few signs of life beyond the scattered ranches and sheep farms. The mountains grow more and more lofty as the line approaches the Transvaal border, though at Dundee and Newcastle the monotony is almost agreeably broken by the collieries of those districts. Even an ugly chimney conveys a sense of fellowship in South Africa. The desolation of these great inland tracts is so crushing that one learns to welcome any sign of human industry, however unlovely. The uplands of Natal, the scene of the struggle round Ladysmith, must have been a terrible country for

military operations. One hesitates to give an unprofessional opinion upon such matters; but months ago, when our train was slowly crawling among the precipitous hills and valleys of Natal, I remember wondering how troops would ever fare in such a land once away from the railway line. The latter, as it twists and turns, must be the all-important link to either combatant.

Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal—better known as Maritzburg—is a quiet little place, situated in the middle district of the colony, fifty-four miles north of Durban. It owes its existence indirectly to the Great Trek from Cape Colony in 1837. During the national upheaval of that period, some of the emigrant Dutch farmers, having defeated the Zulus in a victorious encounter, still commemorated by the Boers as Dingaan's Day, crossed the Drakensberg Mountains, entered Natal, and founded the city, which was named after Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz. For a few years the Dutch Republic of Natalia led a chequered existence, till the English Government suddenly awoke to the undesirability of such a neighbour, and reoccupied a country the annexation of which had been allowed more or less to lapse.

Something of Dutch apathy seems still to cling to Maritzburg, for in every way the town presents a great contrast to its bright and bustling neighbour Durban. It is popularly known as Sleepy Hollow, and certainly its inhabitants seem to take life easily. Even the rickshaw boys are only half-awake, and lack the fun and energy of their brethren on the coast. Now and again, however, a rickshaw boy tries to show intelligence on his own account, and the result is generally curious. M. was the heroine of such an incident at

Maritzburg. It was the day of our arrival, and I suggested at the station that she should go on and see to the rooms, leaving me to follow with the luggage. The Imperial Hotel is not far from the station, so I saw my friend into a rickshaw, and watched the warrior vanish with her down the street. An hour afterwards I arrived at the hotel, to find, however, no sign or trace of M. Few things are more bewildering than to lose a person in a strange place, where you have just arrived and do not know any one. However, I in turn took a rickshaw and started in pursuit. I visited the bank, the post office, and the railway station once more, but to no avail. Accordingly I returned to the hotel, and philosophically determined to wait an hour or so before appealing to the police. A woe-begone dust-covered figure arrived shortly afterwards. M. looked hot, tired, dusty, and annoyed. I remarked that I hoped she had spent a pleasant afternoon. She was hurt at the insinuation. The rickshaw boy had run away with her, so she said. He had shown her the sights of Maritzburg with a vengeance. Instead of listening to her entreaties that she might be conveyed to the Imperial Hotel, he first took her a run round the town, finally depositing her, with a beaming smile, at the entrance of the Mounted Police Barracks. Evidently he expected praise for his discrimination in bringing her without any orders to so congenial a locality. If so, he was disappointed. An orderly apparently came to the rescue, for M., though one of the most amiable of women, was goaded to such a point of desperation that she was belabouring the boy vigorously with her parasol. Finally she reached the hotel, and overpaid her runner into the bargain. Such was the story. I told her frankly I thought it most suspicious, and begged her to

have more regard for the proprieties in future. To make this bee-line to the barracks before she had been in Maritzburg five minutes, revealed depths of military ardour I had not previously fathomed. I pointed out that we were travelling alone and unprotected, and that such incidents must not occur again. Poor M.! The story will always be told against her, so I have duly chronicled it.

Maritzburg is the official centre of the colony, for the Governor lives here, and there is a handsome Parliament House, which looks rather out of place among its modest surroundings. One is inclined to wonder why this township—for it is little better—was chosen as the seat of government. However, it was necessary, in making that choice, to consider the convenience of different members of the Legislative Assembly, representing widely scattered districts. The position of Maritzburg was more central than that of Durban, and when Natal received her constitution in 1893, it was decided there should be no change in the home of the Executive.

The site is not without beauty, for there are hills and a fine rolling country in every direction, but the town itself is wholly uninteresting. Some one once said of New York that it was like living in a sum; but the rectangular plan of the South African township grows as wearisome as living in a proposition of Euclid. Maritzburg boasts twenty-seven miles of streets. They are laid out with exasperating regularity, cut at right angles with other roads equally regular. One ends by longing for a winding lane, or something to break the uniformity. It may be a very nice environment for a mathematical genius, but personally it recalled too many memories I would fain forget, of

bitter tears shed in my youth over the indubitable, but hateful, properties of the right-angled triangle.

It is easy to see at a glance, on leaving the railway station, that one has arrived at a garrison town. There could not be two questions as to the calling of those tall, well-set-up young men, who are to be met riding and driving. The military element much preponderates; for, in addition to a large number of English troops, Maritzburg is also the headquarters of the Colonial Forces and Natal Mounted Police. Colonel Dartnell, who commands the Police, is one of the best-known figures in Natal. He is a distinguished soldier who has seen much service in the course of a long South African career. The present war has further added to Colonel Dartnell's reputation, for his local knowledge rendered invaluable assistance during the critical operations in Northern Natal. Every one in Maritzburg knows and loves Mrs. Dartnell, for people truly say she is as good as she is beautiful. All sorts and conditions of men turn to her for help and sympathy. Many a homesick subaltern can testify to her kindness, and many a stray wanderer like myself. Her gracious personality is a pleasant memory which visitors to Natal long bear in mind. Having said that Maritzburg is a garrison town, it is almost superfluous to add that a love of sports is as prominent in this little capital as among any other English community. The polo and other recreation grounds bear ample witness to this fact, and there is a smart cricketing pavilion in the public gardens, near to which the Umzundusi River winds under its green fringe of willow trees. It is not a very amusing station for either officers or men, though the former are able to console themselves by frequent jaunts to the more festive city of Durban. Still, Maritzburg in

time of peace is a perfect Piccadilly by comparison with Ladysmith, that isolated northern post which has now won for itself a name in history.

Maritzburg may not be a great city, but its residents are full of kindness and hospitality, and there are stirring memories connected with the place. In strolling round the town, one comes across a monument which at first sight excites somewhat ribald merriment by its lack of artistic skill. A plump-looking angel is waving a wreath on the top of an obelisk, round which stand four miniature soldiers. But laughter dies away as we approach the column, and find inscribed round the base the names of the heroes who fell at Rorke's Drift and Isandlwana. No Englishman could look unmoved on this memorial of the Zulu war with its pathetic record of English blunders so nobly redeemed by English valour.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone and Sir Henry Bulwer are other names which have left their mark on the history of Natal, and one other great figure is closely connected with Maritzburg, that of the doughty bishop, Dr. Colenso. The controversy which waged round him in life has not ceased with his death, for it is curious to find so far from home that Natal is also divided by a crisis in her Church.

When I left England in the early spring the bishops and their recalcitrant clergy were busily engaged hurling thunderbolts at each other. We found South Africa engrossed with more serious matters than what caustic Archbishop Magee termed the use of candle ends and bits of sarcenet. Theological disputes have, however, a proverbial fascination for the human mind, and, although the Transvaal question was assuming threatening proportions at the time, I met

various people last July in Maritzburg who seemed more concerned about the ecclesiastical affairs of Natal than the political situation in South Africa as a whole. The merits of the dispute between the Church of England and the Church of South Africa are somewhat obscure to the casual stranger; but, as far as I could make out, the differences between the Colenso and the anti-Colenso party practically resolve themselves into a question of High Church *versus* Low Church tenets. One hears many stories in Natal of the esteem in which the bishop was held, though unfortunately he concerned himself more with politics than was wise or expedient. Dr. Colenso was a great champion of the Zulus and of native rights in general —a championship through which he incurred much odium in some colonial quarters. The world at large remembers him better by his studies on the Pentateuch, and the good fight he fought against the forces of bigotry and ecclesiasticism. No visit to Maritzburg would be complete without an expedition to Bishopstowe, Dr. Colenso's old home, situated a few miles outside the town. Here he founded a mission station, planted trees, cultivated the ground, and called up a very oasis in the desert. A disastrous bush fire unfortunately destroyed most of the buildings a short time before our visit. We found Miss Agnes and Miss Harriet Colenso still living quite cheerfully among the wreck of their home, and they welcomed us to Bishopstowe with all that kindness which is so cheering a feature of South African life. They are women whom it is a privilege to have met, and their names are a by-word for self-sacrifice and devotion throughout the colony.

Miss Agnes Colenso kindly took us to visit a Zulu kraal near Bishopstowe. It was a very quaint expe-

rience. I was astonished then, and on some subsequent occasions, with the cleanliness of the huts. Naturally, their condition varies very much with the character and position of the tribes inhabiting them. Considering the squalid beehive appearance, we were often agreeably surprised with the interiors. The huts are round, skilfully constructed of mud and straw, and are deliciously cool in hot weather. There are no windows or openings of any kind, save the low aperture closed by a mat through which one enters—on all-fours. Our dusky hostess welcomed us on this occasion with great dignity, and produced some beautifully made reed mats for us to sit upon. The embers of a fire were smouldering on the hard-baked floor, and a fascinating brown baby, rolling on a kaross, eyed us curiously as we came in. I have not much liking for the full-grown savage, but the chocolate babies with their big black eyes are dear creatures. This one stared at us solemnly, as though his little dusky mind were exercised by the sudden appearance of these strange white women. We squatted round the floor in the semi-darkness, and Miss Colenso explained in Kaffir that we were travellers who had crossed many miles of ocean, and wished to thank the lady for allowing us to visit her hut. To which she replied, with a bow, that she gladly threw open the doors of her house to welcome the strangers. Conversation in this lofty strain continued for a little time. The baby had crawled round and wanted to play, but we felt too much awed to take any liberties with him. I was doomed, however, to disgrace myself hopelessly when leaving the hut. The floor of the latter was appreciably higher than the ground on which it stood. Also, the exterior of the kraal was decidedly less clean than the interior. I

was groping my way out on hands and knees, but on discovering this state of affairs at the threshold, had no particular liking to land face first in the mud. Accordingly I turned round, and backed out of the narrow opening. A horrified exclamation from the woman warned me I had outraged some law of etiquette. I turned in dismay to Miss Colenso, who told me, with a laugh, that I had committed an act altogether contrary to usage. However, she quieted my fears, and having explained to our hostess I had erred through ignorance, not ill-will, the good lady was finally appeased. At whatever damage to my clothes I rigorously sprawled face first for the future, out of every hut I visited in South Africa. Miss Colenso took us afterwards to see a Christian Kaffir, who was a pillar of the Church and lived in great style. He dwelt with his wife and family in a corrugated iron hut, and boasted a brass bedstead and a patchwork quilt. Pictures of the Queen and other members of the Royal Family decorated the walls. It was a dwelling-place which suggested some curious reflections as to the transition stages of civilisation.

Gallant little Natal!—little but lion-hearted! Bravely has she endured the trials which have overwhelmed her of late. Few colonies have given greater proof of steadfast affection for the mother country or shown themselves more ready to suffer in her defence. When the dark history of 1899-1900 comes to be written in its entirety, among the brightest pages will be those telling of the loyalty and devotion of Christmas Land in a time of unparalleled trouble.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HUMOURS OF SOUTH AFRICAN TRAVEL.

'You must go to Lovedale,' said Dr. Gill, as we sat talking at the Royal Observatory one afternoon.

'Lovedale?' I echoed. 'Why should I go to Lovedale?'

'Because it is one of the sights of Africa in the first place, and you are by way of being interested in native affairs in the second. Write and tell Roberts that you wish to pay the institution a visit, and that I have sent you.'

'But,' I objected, 'Lovedale is surely at the other end of nowhere, two or three days' journey from Cape Town. It's a long way to go.'

'You don't mean to tell me that you weigh the trifling inconveniences of a journey against a unique and interesting experience, do you?' said Her Majesty's Astronomer, looking at me severely. Whereupon I collapsed meekly, and signified my readiness to go to Lovedale or anywhere else I was told.

I took my friend's advice, and his counsel on that occasion is not the smallest item in the large debt of gratitude I owe him and Mrs. Gill. The journey through the Eastern Province to Lovedale—for Lovedale is far away from railways—showed us a side of African life unknown to those who travel in saloon carriage to Johannesburg or Bulawayo. Once away

from the main line and its towns, many strange and varied experiences fall to the lot of the globe-trotter. South African inns and branch lines, to say nothing of post-carts and coaches, teem with possibilities which, according to the traveller's disposition, will either vex or entertain him. One word of advice I must proffer to any would-be wanderer in South Africa. If you have any nasty pride about you, leave it at home, because pride does not answer in a free and independent colony; and always be ready to shake hands with any one or every one who crosses your path, no matter who he or she may be. They are two simple rules of conduct, but I was long enough in Africa to watch several people come to grief through ignoring them. If you stand on your dignity you will be excessively uncomfortable, and dignity is a very chilly asset at the best.

The South African hotel-keeper impressed me as being one of the most interesting types I had ever come across. His idiosyncrasies are numerous, and in many cases they are accurately reproduced by the conditions which rule within his house. My remarks on this subject, perhaps I ought to say, do not apply so much to Cape Town and the big centres, where, apart from a certain *sans gêne* in manner, hotel-keepers and their hotels are not perceptibly different from what they are in Europe. There are one or two hotels at Cape Town—this is not a guide-book, so I do not specify them—where every comfort may be obtained. Up country, however, the conditions are different. It would be unfair to make any comparison between an English hotel-keeper and his South African *confrère*. The latter occupies a very different status from that of the former. As often as not he is well educated, and is something of a personage in his town. The hotel or

the store, as the case may be, is the social centre of its district, and the owner is a man whose opinions and remarks are received with deference by all who frequent it. Consequently, he has not the faintest idea of allowing himself to be dictated to by some stray individual who has sought shelter under his roof. Once this novel position of affairs is grasped it is not difficult to adapt oneself to the new circumstances, though some people never learn the knack, and suffer in consequence. Truth to tell, when fresh from the orientalisms of a Paris or London caravansary it is a little bewildering to be grasped warmly by the hand by a strange hotel-keeper, who welcomes you with effusion and many inquiries as to your relations at home and general prospects in life. There are travellers who resent this procedure very much, but unless they are prepared, as I said before, to put nasty pride aside, they had better remain in England, for their lot in Africa is not likely to be a happy one. It is a country in which there is much real kindness but little love of ceremony. It is a mistake to think it comes within the sphere of practical politics to walk into an African hotel and order people about. In fact, I can imagine few educational courses more wholesome for a certain type of domineering person than a tour up country in Africa.

We have all met that offensive individual who travels on the Continent and apparently considers the bullying of scared Swiss or German waiters an integral part of his holiday trip. There are tourists who make one blush for one's countrymen, and it is unfortunate they cannot be transhipped to Africa, where the necessity for better manners would be soon impressed upon them in a somewhat rough-and-ready way. The South African

hotel-keeper holds his guests in the hollow of his hand. He or she—as often as not, by the way, it is a she—is a despot pure and simple, and according as he smiles or frowns upon the stranger, that stranger will fare well or badly. He is master of the situation and he knows it. It must be remembered that, except in one or two big towns, there is no choice of hotels. You can either put up at the one inn available or you can camp on the veldt, whichever suits you best. It is a matter of pure indifference to the proprietor, who never raises a finger to secure your custom. If you don't like the place you can leave it, the only difficulty being there is nowhere else to go. In the same way, it is useless to make complaints if you are not comfortable. There is not a white chambermaid or waiter in Africa who would submit to angry remonstrances for one moment, still less the proprietor himself. It is not possible or practicable to go down to the office and create a disturbance, winding up with a threat about writing a letter to the 'Times.' Any person who thought to effect changes in this high-handed manner would find himself half an hour later sitting on his boxes in the street. There would be no hesitation about turning him out of the house under such circumstances. We came across one place in the course of our wanderings where the hotel-keeper was notorious for the capricious ejection of his guests. Perhaps he liked variety, and the constant sight of the same faces annoyed him; but the fact remained that after a certain space of time, either longer or shorter, most people found themselves turned adrift. M. and I lived in terror that this fate might befall us; but our stay was brief, and the despot deigned to smile on us while it lasted. It is easy to understand from the above, that in South Africa

the ordinary relations of hotel-keeper and traveller are reversed. The orientalisms are on your side, not on his. In England one gives an order in an hotel and one expects it to be carried out. Such a hope would be fatuous in Africa if no further steps were taken to ensure its execution. Orders, *quâ* orders, are not relished by the free and independent colonist, and he must be approached in a more tactful manner. In fact, if you want to be comfortable in Africa you must be prepared to grovel to many people who at home grovel to you. That is why I consider that a course of African travel would be such a wholesome disciplinary measure for a large section of the tourist world in whom the spirit of cheap despotism finds satisfaction in the genuflexions which prevail in an English or Continental hotel.

M. and I soon grasped the position of affairs, and, taking unto ourselves the wisdom of the serpent, decided to act accordingly. Deference is not a strong point among a certain class in the colony, but, oddly enough, we always found that the more aggressive the person the more susceptible he or she was to civility. It is a truism, of course, to remark that courtesy is at all times obligatory in any or every class of society; but when cordiality (not to say servility) ensures little comforts otherwise unobtainable, I for one should never dream of grudging the former in order to obtain the latter. Perhaps I can best illustrate what I mean by describing a conversation with a South African chambermaid, out of whom one wishes to wheedle hot water and one or two other necessaries of life. The under-servants are generally Kaffirs, but their superiors require very gentle handling, as may be seen as follows:

Scene. A South African Hotel, locality nameless. *A dusty-looking traveller, who had recently emerged from a post-cart, is vigorously pulling at a bell-rope in the hope of attracting somebody's attention. After this display of energy has continued for a quarter of an hour or more (dumb-bell exercise in the most literal sense of the word), she comes to the conclusion that the wire is broken. A Kaffir boy, unearthed after a long search, is persuaded with some difficulty to go and fetch the chambermaid. Finally the door is flung open, and a dour-looking woman with a big fringe appears. She is garbed in a pink blouse and a defiant manner.*

Chambermaid (*sourly*). Was you shouting? What do you want?

Traveller (*nervously*). Oh, I am so sorry—have I interrupted you in something else? It's only that I should like a little hot water if you would be so very kind as to get me some, for I am rather hot and dusty. I have just arrived from ——Town. (*Ingratiatingly*) What a beautiful country you have round here!

Chambermaid. Think so? Hot water?—well, I dunno; there may be a sup downstairs, but the kitchen fire is out.

Traveller. Oh well, of course, if that's the case—perhaps I could have a little cold water instead. I should be so much obliged if you would kindly fill the jug on the washstand—and do you think I might have a pillow to my bed?

Chambermaid. Pillow?—ain't it there? I'll ask the missis.

Traveller (*effusively*). Thank you so much. And

(*nervously*) I am afraid the bell is broken—it's just a little awkward, you know——

Chambermaid. Bell's been broken a long time—if you want anything you must go out on the stoep and shout. Dinner's at seven o'clock, and breakfast at half-past eight.

Traveller (*eagerly*). Ah yes; I just wanted to ask you about that. Will you please call me at half-past seven, and do you think you could manage to bring me a bath?

Chambermaid. Bathroom's across the courtyard; you can go there.

Traveller (*in a pleading tone*). But I should much prefer one in my own room, if possible. I am awfully sorry to give you all this trouble, but the fact is I am not very strong, and I am so afraid of getting a chill going out of doors these cold mornings. I should think it very kind of you if you could manage it somehow.

Chambermaid (*relaxing a little*). Been ill, have you? Well, I am sorry to hear that—you look healthy enough!

Traveller (*facetiously*). Ah well, you know, looks are proverbially deceptive. If only you had seen me when I first landed you would have thought differently. But it's your country. It's a grand country, Africa. I like it.

Chambermaid. Well, most people like it who come here.

Traveller (*playing trump card which invariably wins the trick*). I say, have you been in England? No? I somehow thought you had. Well, I dare say you can manage about calling me—and the bath—can't you? You Greater Britons are such go-ahead folk, you can manage anything you put your hand to.

Chambermaid (*thoroughly thawed and amiable*).

Oh yes, we'll manage all that for you. Half-past seven, did you say? I'll tell the Kaffir to bring you a pail of hot water then—and I'll get a pillow. Would you like some tea now? I'll bring you up a cup.

(Exit amid a volley of thanks). Traveller sits down and wipes her forehead, exhausted by these efforts at the establishment of friendly relations, and wondering what Lord Beaconsfield felt like on returning with 'Peace with Honour' from Berlin.

M. and I found tactics such as these eminently successful, and we travelled in comfort wherever we went. Still further, we heard with delight on a subsequent occasion that at one or two places we had left behind us the reputation of being 'perfect ladies.' Some people may think that our truckling was base; possibly so, but it was intensely practical and had the most excellent results. Personally, I like the South African hotel-keepers and got on with them very well. They want a little humouring, perhaps, because in a young country the democratic spirit is somewhat nervously jealous of its prerogatives; but when taken in the right way I invariably found them a kind, intelligent set of men, who came to my rescue on many occasions. Our relations consequently were always most harmonious.

As regards the actual conditions of a South African hotel, I certainly think both its discomforts and its expense are exaggerated by many people. No sensible traveller should expect luxuries, but at Cape Town, Kimberley, and Johannesburg, for example, even these things are obtainable to a certain extent. Off the beaten track it would be absurd to expect the conditions which prevail in Northumberland Avenue, but there is

plenty to eat and to drink, the rooms are generally clean, and the beds very fairly comfortable. I once had a musical mattress, composed of broken wires which played a tune like 'The Campbells are comin'' every time one moved. It was disturbing at first, but I soon grew accustomed to it. The more or less open-air construction of the houses, built as they are round courtyards, with the rooms opening on to verandahs, ensures both light and air. We had many strange adventures, but they arose rather from the idiosyncrasies of the *personnel* than any material drawbacks. There are some unnecessary discomforts, which need not exist if only a little more trouble were taken. Travelling is expensive in one way, owing to the long railway journeys and the heavy fares they entail, but ordinary hotel expenses in most localities are not very high. I do not know whether any other travellers share the following views, but, as far as my experience goes, no foreign country with which I am acquainted—Greece and Spain included—can eclipse the discomfort, dirt, bad food, and costliness of provincial hotels in our beloved England. No one who has survived a tour in Great Britain need dread a journey in South Africa.

In two respects, however, the South African hotel breaks down hopelessly. There is an almost complete absence of bells, and the struggle for hot water is little short of heroic. Baths, too, present a difficult problem, being practically unobtainable, cold ones excepted. The South African bathroom raises hopes it never fulfils. There is generally what the French call a magnificent 'installation,' with half a dozen smart taps marked 'douche,' 'shower,' 'spray,' 'wave,' 'hot,' 'cold,' &c.; the only trouble is that none of them ever work, except perhaps the douche (unexpectedly),

and as often as not there is no water in the pipes. A Kaffir boy if bribed may be induced to bring up a bucket of hot water from the kitchen, but it often gives the impression that the vegetables for dinner have been boiled in it. I shall not lightly forget a damsel of Hibernian extraction, but cosmopolitan education, who bounced into my room one morning at Durban with the laconic words, 'Yer can't wash this morning; washing's off, there's no water,' and then vanished again as rapidly as she had appeared.

But if hot water is lacking, coffee at least abounds. They bring it round at all hours, a noxious-looking beverage which tastes as though it were made of chicory and essence of tin. Coffee-drinking is a confirmed habit in South Africa, especially among the Dutch, and it is astonishing that the demand has not been met with a better supply. I was considered very perverse because I did not take kindly to this custom of the country. At Pietermaritzburg a Zulu boy who we christened Achilles undertook my conversion in a somewhat high-handed manner. The first brew of coffee appears at an abnormally early hour of the morning, and is brought round to all the bedrooms. Now, like many other bad sleepers who seldom find their way to the land of Nod the same day on which they leave it, I am a firm believer in the sapient adage which states that early risers are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon. I never had the least sympathy for the fate of the early worm. If people choose to get up at impossible hours of the morning they must take the consequences. Few things annoy me more than to be roused from my slumbers at 6 A.M., and Achilles entering the room like a young earthquake the first morning after our arrival, ruffled me considerably.

'Missis,' said a voice which sounded very far away. '*Missis*'—(*crescendo*)—'MISSIS, I say, wake up!' I awoke with a start, to find a Zulu boy in a white and red blouse, with half a pound of coloured beads worked in his hair, standing over me, holding a large cup of coffee in his hand. 'Missis, coffee.' He thrust the cup under my nose, with a genial smile.

'Go away,' said I crossly. 'I don't want any coffee.'

'Morning coffee,' he repeated. 'Missis no drinkee?' There was a note of anxious inquiry in his voice.

'Take it away,' said I. 'I don't want to be disturbed.'

He looked at me reproachfully. 'Missis drinkee by-and-by,' he said, and he placed the cup on a chair by the bed.

I am not argumentative at 6 A.M., or disposed to discuss the ethics of coffee-drinking. So long as I could get rid of Achilles, I cared less than nothing whether he left or removed the cup. 'All right,' I replied; 'put it down, there's a good boy,' and I was asleep again in a moment.

About an hour later came a frantic banging on the door, and Achilles burst in once more. 'De cubs, missis,' he called cheerfully from the threshold. 'I come for de cubs.'

This second invasion roused me thoroughly.

'The cubs?' I replied irately. 'What on earth do you mean, boy? I don't keep a menagerie. For heaven's sake go away and stay away!'

'Me fetch cubs,' he replied firmly. And then it suddenly dawned on me he meant the coffee-cup.

'Here, take it and go,' said I desperately.

Achilles took the cup, and then, with that maddening and unintelligent iteration of the same remark which

characterises the Kaffir, and I am afraid makes one wish at times to shake one's Bantu brother, he looked from it to me and said:

'You no drinkee coffee?'

I sat up in bed, thoroughly awake now, and thoroughly determined once and for all to put matters on a proper footing. 'Now look here, Achilles, my friend,' said I. 'Let us understand each other clearly, for I may be here some time. Please understand you are *not* to disturb me at six o'clock, and I never drink coffee before breakfast. You are *not* to come in here to-morrow morning—I want to sleep. Do you quite understand?'

He beamed on me with a smile which went from ear to ear, gurgled a few inarticulate remarks, took up the cup and went away. I once again resumed my interrupted slumbers, flattering myself that I had sown good seed on fair ground. I knew little of Kaffirs and their ways at that time, and I was simple enough to imagine that an order given would be carried out. Vain hope!

The following morning the whole scene was repeated in every detail, save that my temper was considerably shorter than on the first occasion. Achilles at 6 A.M. roused me with praiseworthy zeal, returning to rouse me a second time with a demand for 'de cubs.' Entreaties and remonstrances were equally thrown away on him. I felt inclined to drown Achilles in his own coffee, and told him as much. However, I hoped against hope that the unmistakable signs of wrath the sight of his coffee had evoked might warn him to desist in future.

The third morning dawned, and the preliminary bang on the door came punctually as before. This

time there was no need to wake me. I was thoroughly roused before Achilles was across the threshold, and I greeted him with a volley of recrimination before which a descendant of one of Chaka's braves might well have recoiled. I poured forth an uninterrupted flow of language for fully five minutes, during which time Achilles shifted about from leg to leg and looked coy. When I stopped to draw breath he shook his much-bebeaded head at me, and only repeated, a little sadly, the old fateful words, 'Missis drinkee coffee then, by-and-by?'

I fell back on my pillow with a groan, and then laughed immoderately. It is impossible to be really angry with a Kaffir, however much he annoys you. The door possessed neither lock nor bolt, so I tied up the handle to the washstand with a piece of string, an engineering feat of which I felt proud.

'That'll keep him out,' I thought triumphantly, giving the string an extra twist, but alas! the device by which I hoped to hold Achilles at bay proved more disastrous than all the others. He banged steadily on the door till I opened it, apparently construing my frenzied entreaties to go away into a clamorous demand for coffee. After this final effort I succumbed to the inevitable, and protested no more. Some days later I think it dawned upon him that I did not drink his beverage, and finally he left me in peace.

Achilles and I became great friends in spite of his eccentricities, and we parted with much regret on my side and lamentations on his. He was an honest boy, too, a fact of which I had striking proof, for one day I dropped two sovereigns on the floor of my room, and he picked them up and brought them to me. I presented Achilles with five shillings for his trouble,

and went down to dinner feeling rather mean that I had not done more for him. We noticed during the meal that a vague sound as of distant uproar floated in and out between the courses, and wondered what it could be. It transpired afterwards that Achilles, overcome with joy by the five shillings, had been executing a war-dance in the back regions, and that his exuberance of spirits had proved extremely inconvenient to the management. The whole establishment had been disorganised in consequence, as the other boys had joined his capers, and the dinner had suffered proportionately. M., who had been trying to get even with me for some time over the rickshaw episode, recounted elsewhere, subsequently brought me a message from the landlady to the effect that the latter would be much obliged if I would kindly not upset her servants in future by my thoughtless behaviour. How much of that message was due to the landlady and how much to M.'s imagination I never quite made out.

The noises of South Africa are another subject which call for comment. I never lived in a country surrounded by such unruly domestic animals as exist in that continent. They have no idea of the fitness of things, and invariably make a disturbance at the wrong hours. Dogs, cats, poultry, donkeys, crickets, frogs, all conspire to rob the traveller of his sleep. The chorus strikes up about ten or eleven o'clock each night, just when one wants to be quiet; dogs begin to bark, cats to caterwaul, donkeys to bray, and last, but not least, the cocks to crow. South African poultry are marked by an aggressiveness of disposition such as I have never encountered previously. It is not a case of the cock that crowed in the morn, because these birds start long before midnight and crow steadily till breakfast

time. Many people keep poultry, with the result that night is made hideous by the warblings of these creatures, who hurl defiance at each other from one back yard to another all round the town. Four rival cocks were located under my window at Pietermaritzburg, and they tried me sorely. Each bird had a distinct individuality of its own, so I christened them respectively, Kruger, Steyn, Leyds, and Joubert. Kruger was a most bellicose bird. It was he who led the quartette, and started off all the others by a fierce and throaty cock-a-doodle-doo. Steyn, on the other hand, was a very poor creature. He tried to copy Kruger, but his shrill pipe entirely failed to reproduce the raucous tones of the latter, though I am bound to say he did his gallinaceous possible. Joubert, I think, would have been quite content to tuck his head under his wing and go to sleep, but, as he could crow with the best of them, he was not contented to be left out of the running, so long as the others stuck to it. The sinister influence of Leyds soon became apparent to me. Even Kruger paused at times, as though exhausted by his efforts, but when there seemed some chance of peace and a possibility of sleep for us all, it was then that Leyds's crow, a nasty, nagging, contentious, irritating sound, invariably made itself heard. It acted on Kruger like magic. Once again he crowed his loudest, exciting Steyn and Joubert to renewed action, and so it went on hour after hour. The difficulties of the paramount Power were adequately represented by my position. The cocks were a public nuisance destructive to the peaceful slumbers of the district. Clearly they wanted suppressing, but the difficulty of the task was obvious. Over and over again I tried to throw jugs of cold water

on them, but at heart I knew there was only one remedy if one really wanted peace.

Poor Kruger! I have often wondered if he has been turned into chicken tea since then for the military hospital. I should be glad to think he had ended his vicious career with one useful act.

But apart from all the many amusing incidents which fall to the lot of any wanderer in South Africa, travelling in the country is very interesting, owing to the widely different types of men and women with whom one is brought in contact. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*; and there are few sides of life which South Africa, owing to its strange political and industrial conditions, does not turn by turn bring uppermost. The upper stratum of society is practically the same all the world over, but it is particularly pleasant in South Africa, owing to its simplicity and lack of affectation. I have spoken elsewhere of the kindness and hospitality we received on every side, but I could not speak of these things too often. The political discord is the one drawback socially, but the distrust it creates naturally affects the stranger but little. One realises its existence, but as a bird of passage one does not suffer from its inconveniences. The really interesting class to know in a new country is the section immediately below the upper class. These are the people who, so to speak, embody a colony, because their lot in life is determined by its local conditions, and is not much influenced by European ideas. One sees much of them in the little world of hotels, steamships, and railway trains, and there is far more to be learnt from them about South Africa than from colonial society in the ordinary sense of the last word. Their loyalty is a very refreshing and delightful feature. Disaffection

among the Dutch and quasi-English section is practically confined to a few people in the upper class who owe their influence to their position. The man in the street, however, is enthusiastic about Great Britain, and treasonable paraphrases are not heard from his lips. Disaffection is generally the result of disappointed ambition and thwarted aims. The aspirations of the third-rate men find some chance of expansion owing to the Bond intrigues, but the middle classes, who do not aspire to the Dictatorship of Africa, turn aside from such things with contempt. They are shrewd, hard-headed men, who set much store by kindliness; little or nothing by conventionalities. The commercial gentleman who sits next you at *table d'hôte* thinks it only friendly and natural to ask you to have what is prettily termed a 'little light refreshment' the next morning at eleven o'clock. The polite refusal of pints of champagne at odd hours of the day invariably draws forth protest. I was considerably taken aback the first time that this suggestion was made to me, and when an hotel acquaintance travelling homewards in the same train pleaded to pay my fare; but it would have been absurd to take offence at a proposition advanced in transparent good faith. The shady cosmopolitan class and the adventurers who radiate from Johannesburg are, of course, very different, and one feels no inclination to hear their views on South Africa. Some of them are most obnoxious, and little better than pest spots in the land. But the jackals of the gold industry must not be confounded with the genuine colonial. The latter is a sturdy, robust specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race, and if he has never heard of Browning or Walter Pater he has many interesting things to tell one about his up-country store or the sheep

farm he would like to go shares in, and the shipping house in which his son has just obtained a clerkship.

Life in a colony forces one to look on the world from a totally different standpoint from that of Park Lane or Pall Mall. It is bigger, broader, simpler, though lacking in many of those details which have grown all-important to our hyper-refined society. It is a life of which one is glad to have had some experience, and, still further, one returns to it willingly from time to time. The limitations of Africa are the inevitable limitations of a young country, in which art, literature, and science have not as yet had time to strike deep growths. The development up to the present has been necessarily material. Africa has made too much history during the present century, and the consequence is she has had little or no time to think. A period of rest and political inaction will benefit her in more ways than one, for when she is no longer struggling for existence she will be able to pay more attention to its details. The art of putting up with drawbacks is, I think, too much practised by everyone. People submit to conditions of existence which a little energy might overcome with great advantage to themselves. It is not a question of luxury, but of a higher standard in the small niceties of life. Untidiness in one's material surroundings has after a time a dangerous tendency to produce mental untidiness. Undoubtedly far greater efforts are necessary in a colony than in England to ensure things being approximately right. The servant difficulty is very great, the climate is hotter, and it is often impossible to make purchases owing to the small choice of goods in the shops. Still, there is no necessity to keep a chicken coop on the doorstep, or plant out geraniums in Huntley & Palmer's biscuit tins with-

out giving the latter a coat of paint. The numerous pretty houses which exist in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, Durban, and Johannesburg, prove that such things are not necessary. It is a mistake to ignore the æsthetic side of life, for beauty is not only a delight but an education.

There is a very well known house in the neighbourhood of Cape Town which was always a joy to me. To cross its threshold was to forget all about the jar of politics without, and to enter another world, a restful world of books, and pictures, and beautiful *objets d'art*, which satisfied every craving. One grows very weary after a time of hotel life, and the plush swans and china shepherdesses which decorate the sitting-rooms. The House Beautiful, as we christened it, was a real haven of rest to us, with its atmosphere of Europe and of home. I was allowed to come and go freely in it, and it was a privilege I valued highly. It contains the finest library in Africa, and a collection of books which is unique; but, best of all, its inmates themselves sum up and illustrate the charm of their surroundings.

It is the spirit of that House Beautiful which it would be well to cultivate more in Africa. However troublesome the task may be at first, it is far better to aim at the best, and create a demand for its supply, than to acquiesce perpetually in the second best. For this spirit is not merely an æsthetic matter concerning cretonnes and wall-papers, but has a most practical side. Take the question of food, for example. In an agricultural country, in which cattle abound, it seems extraordinary that tinned milk should be as frequently, if not more frequently used than fresh milk. Up-country one makes allowances for the difficulties of transport, but even in the coast towns this abomination

is common. I do not remember seeing cream more than once or twice during the whole time I was in Africa. It was practically unobtainable, so we were told. Cream is a luxury, at the absence of which no one ought to grumble; but fresh milk is a necessity. Everybody has their pet aversion; mine happens to be condensed milk. On board ship there is no device to which I would not stoop in order to avoid its horrors. I am prepared, if necessary, to go to the surgeon and unblushingly affirm that I am suffering from half the maladies in the medical dictionary, and must accordingly be put with the children and invalids on the fresh-milk list. I certainly did not expect to have to cope with tinned milk in the large African towns, but at times it was necessary to agitate in order to avoid drinking it.

When I sought an explanation for such a state of affairs in a country where cattle are considered to be a great source of wealth, I was told that, owing to constant droughts and other drawbacks, dairy farming is carried on under circumstances of much difficulty, and that the yield of milk per cow is far less than what it is in England. All this is undoubtedly true, but I could not find that any proportionate effort had been made to meet the difficulty; special studies or experiments undertaken, for instance, as regards feeding, and inquiries made as to whether scientific farming might not to a certain extent improve the conditions.

It struck me that in many ways the agricultural possibilities of the country are not developed. Frozen beef and mutton are imported in large quantities; also tinned foods of every kind. There is even a large trade in tinned imports indigenous to the country, such as the tomato. Yet one would think that the influx to

Kimberley and Johannesburg should be beneficial to the farmers, for the mining centres, with their rapidly increasing wants, must be good markets for South African produce. So far, agricultural organisation has been lacking. The wants of the new-comers have not been met by an energetic development of the natural resources of the country. The energies of South Africa have been diverted to the mineral enterprise, and few clever men turn their attention to those agricultural concerns which might flourish under the shadow of the gold-mining.

Nothing could be more desirable at the conclusion of the war than the settlement in the Transvaal of a number of the English and Colonial farmers at present serving with the troops. They are men who thoroughly understand an open-air life, who would develop the agricultural resources of the country, and last, but not least, they would win the confidence of the Boers, as the mining class could never do. Quite apart from a political consideration, it is very desirable that the Boers should have English neighbours who appreciate their out-of-door tastes and pursuits. If the Government could be induced to make grants of land and money for the purposes of agricultural settlement in the country, their action would have beneficial results as regards the racial feeling.

A man (or a group of men) with brains and capital might carry on a successful business in South Africa by a better organisation of the fruit, vegetable, milk, and egg markets. These things are necessaries rather than luxuries; yet at some seasons of the year they are difficult to obtain. Market gardening round Cape Town is entirely in the hands of the Malays, and, owing to the lack of system and organisation, the

quality of the produce is often inferior. When it fails entirely, people fall back on tinned delicacies. The only danger is that when the food of a population comes entirely out of tins, their ideas, after a time, are apt to do the same. Tinned food marks a rung in the ladder of civilisation, but it is not by any means the highest one. A perpetual toleration of it in a country the natural resources of which are great, shows a perpetual acquiescence in a state of things neither wholesome nor pleasant. In that frame of mind lies the germ of a spirit which is undesirable.

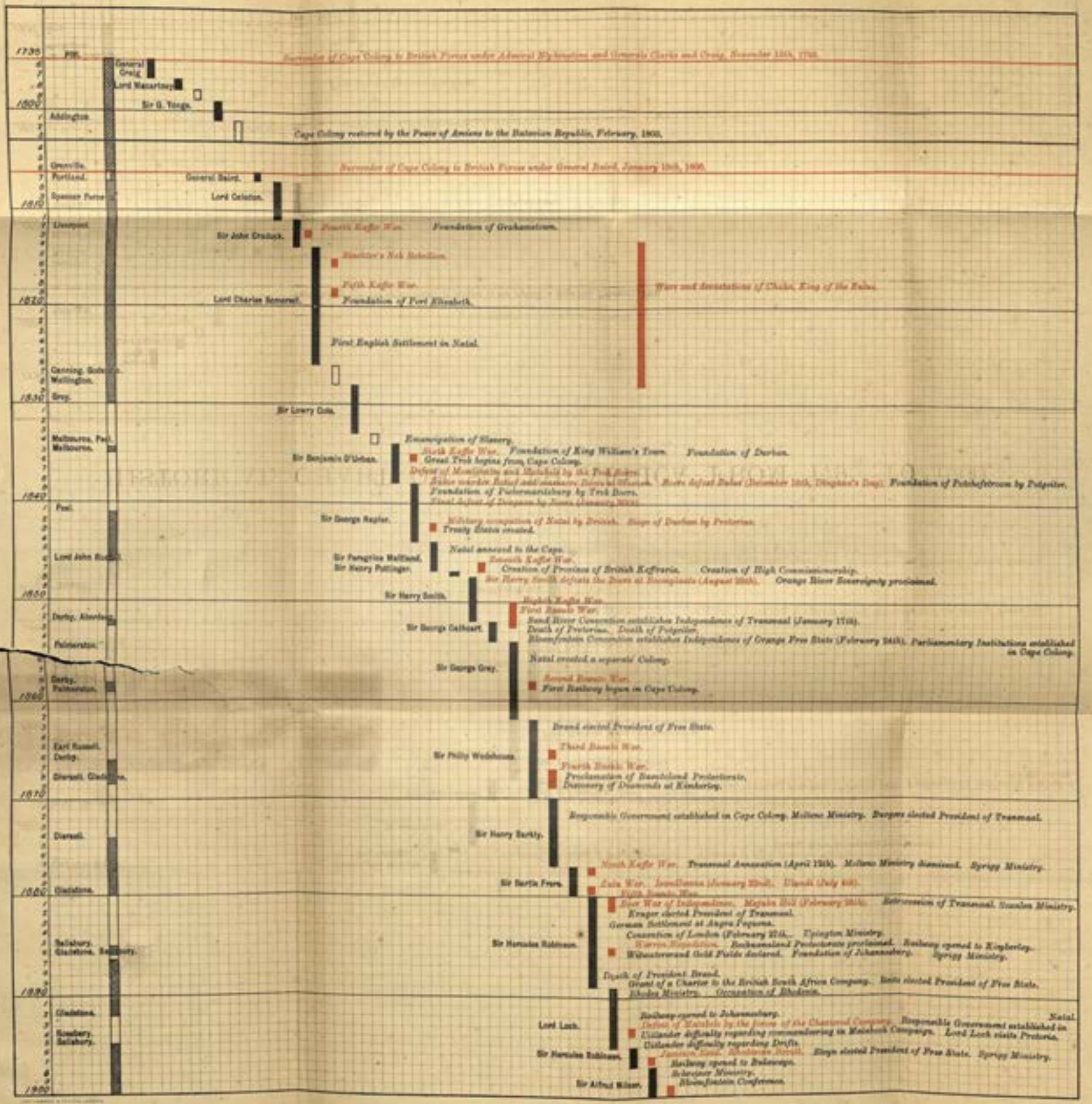
I trust my South African friends will pardon me this small criticism, for indeed I have nothing but affection for their land, and the days I spent in it count among my happiest recollections. South Africa is a country in which the most confirmed cynic might regain a few illusions, for, leaving politics aside—and one is forced to own that politics are a drawback—the universal kindness which one meets with is as delightful as it is spontaneous. It is a land of happy memories to many of us; and I know, speaking personally, when the end of all things came, there was a moment of keen regret as the steamer's head swung round, and we bade farewell to Table Mountain in that imperial African twilight which is of purple and gold. At that moment not even the thoughts of home and the little Island in the Northern Seas could obliterate the pain of parting from many friends for whom one's affection did not seem a thing of yesterday, or likely to prove such. But Africa begins and ends with Table Mountain, and, as the grand old rock speeds one forth on the homeward way, and one gazes sadly and for the last time at its familiar outline, it seems to murmur: 'You have dwelt beneath my shadow, and the land I guard has

become dear to you. Some day you will return, for all return who love me.'

Five centuries ago the Portuguese, who were the first comers in South Africa, regarded with horror the savage headland they named the Cape of Storms. It seemed to their distracted imaginations that devils and evil enchantments provoked the wild gales and furious seas which prevailed in this quarter of the globe. South Africa was to them a land of terror, to be shunned and dreaded accordingly. They affirmed that this cape was the most dangerous cape in the world, and one to be avoided by all mariners. Sir Francis Drake, who passed it on his journey round the world, thought otherwise, for he writes: 'We ran hard aboard the Cape, finding the report of the Portuguese to be most false. This Cape is a most stately thing, and the finest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth.' Others shared, apparently, Sir Francis Drake's opinion, for in course of time the menacing name of the Cape of Storms was changed, and the land became the Land of Good Hope.

May the augury of that change be fulfilled for South Africa in a future widely different from her past! She has been to us a Land of Storms, rent in twain by angry passions and fierce desires; but may she in years to come prove that she is a true land of Good Hope, a land of peace and contentment, filled with high aims and noble endeavour; a land of which all men may say in highest truth, because not alone in the material sense, that it is 'the finest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth!'

HISTORICAL CHART OF SOUTH AFRICA FROM 1795 TO 1900.


1795
Pitt.
General Craig.
Lord Macartney.
Sir G. Yonge.
1800
Addington.
Cape Colony restored by the Peace of Amiens to the Batavian Republic, February, 1803.
Grenville.
Portland.
Spencer Perceval.
General Baird.
Lord Caledon.
1810
Liverpool.
Sir John Cradock.
Fourth Kaffir War. Foundation of Grahamstown.
Slachter's Nek Rebellion.
Fifth Kaffir War.
Lord Charles Somerset.
Foundation of Port Elizabeth.
Wars and Annexations of Chaka, King of the Zulus.
First English Settlement in Natal.
Canning, Goderich, Wellington.
Grey.
1830
Sir Lowry Cole.
Emancipation of Slavery.
Sir Benjamin D'Urban.
Sixth Kaffir War. Foundation of King William's Town. Foundation of Durban.
Great Trek begins from Cape Colony.
Defeat of Moselekatse and Matabili by the Trek Boers.
Foundation of Pietermaritzburg by Trek Boers.
Peel.
Sir George Napier.
Military occupation of Natal by British. Siege of Durban by Pretorius.
Treaty Boers created.
Lord John Russell.
Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir Henry Pottinger.
Natal annexed to the Cape.
Seventh Kaffir War.
Creation of Province of British Kaffraria. Creation of High Commissionership.
Sir Harry Smith defeats the Boers at Boomplaats (August 29th). Orange River Sovereignty proclaimed.
1850
Sir Harry Smith.
Eighth Kaffir War.
Derby, Aberdeen.
First Basuto War.
Sand River Convention establishes Independence of Transvaal (January 17th).
Sir George Cathcart.
Death of Pretorius. Death of Potgieter.
Bloemfontein Convention establishes Independence of Orange Free State (February 24th). Parliamentary Institutions established in Cape Colony.
Palmerston.
Natal created a separate Colony.
Sir George Grey.
Derby, Palmerston.
Second Basuto War.
First Railway began on Cape Colony.
1860
Earl Russell, Derby.
Brand elected President of Free State.
Sir Philip Wodehouse.
Third Basuto War.
Fourth Kaffir War.
Proclamation of Bamboland Protectorate.
Discovery of Diamonds at Kimberley.
Disraeli, Gladstone.
1870
Disraeli.
Responsible Government established in Cape Colony. Molteno Ministry. Burgers elected President of Transvaal.
Sir Henry Barkly.
Ninth Kaffir War. Transvaal Annexation (April 12th). Molteno Ministry dismissed. Sprigg Ministry.
Sir Bartle Frere.
Zulu War. Isandlwana (January 22nd). Ulundi (July 4th).
Gladstone.
Fifth Basuto War.
Boer War of Independence. Majuba Hill (February 27th). Retrocession of Transvaal. Gordon Ministry.
Kruger elected President of Transvaal.
German Settlement at Angra Pequena.
Convention of London (February 27th). Upington Ministry.
Sir Hercules Robinson.
Warren Expedition. Bechuanaland Protectorate proclaimed. Railway opened to Kimberley.
Witwatersrand Gold Fields declared. Foundation of Johannesburg. Sprigg Ministry.
Salisbury, Gladstone, Salisbury.
Death of President Brand.
Grant of a Charter to the British South Africa Company. Steyn elected President of Free State.
Rhodes Ministry. Occupation of Rhodesia.
1880
Gladstone.
Railway opened to Johannesburg.
Natal.
Lord Loch.
Defeat of Matabili by the forces of the Chartered Company. Responsible Government established in
Uitlander difficulty regarding franchise. Jameson Raid. Rhodesian Revolt. Lord Loch visits Pretoria.
Sir Hercules Robinson.
Uitlander difficulty regarding Drifts.
Jameson Raid. Rhodesian Revolt. Steyn elected President of Free State. Sprigg Ministry.
Railway opened to Bulawayo.
Salisbury, Salisbury.
Salisbury Ministry.
Sir Alfred Milner.
Bloemfontein Conference.
1900

The Chart is divided into decades by the black transverse lines, the fainter lines representing each a year.
The black vertical columns show the terms of office of the respective Governors.
Acting Governorships are marked thus [ ]
The parallel red columns represent wars. All military operations are marked in red.
The column to the left shows the contemporaneous British Ministries. Liberal Administrations marked [ ]. Conservative [ ].

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